DECEMBER 1990 NO. 31

CINEMA Papers

$5



MATILDA MAY IN
IAN PRINGLE'S
ISABELLE EBERHARDT

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

MARTIN SCORSESE ON 'GOODFELLAS'

PLUS

IAN PRINGLE AND 'ISABELLE EBERHARDT'

ALAN J. PAKULA AND 'PRESUMED INNOCENT'

JANE CAMPION AND 'AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE'

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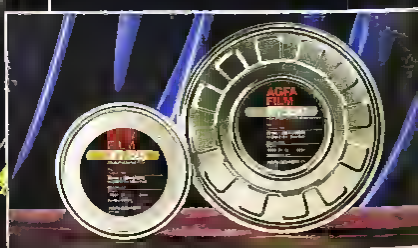
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TORONTO'S 15TH FESTIVAL OF FESTIVALS

IVAN HUTCHINSON REPORTS

A FOUR-HOUR FLIGHT from Vancouver, leaving at 8am in the morning, should have deposited any movie enthusiast racing to get accreditation and an invitation to the Gala opening presentation of "The 15th Festival of Festivals" well on the ground and on the way long before the 7.30 pm starting time.

However, there was a small matter of a three-hour time difference, so the touchdown, though dead on time, read 3pm, not the expected mid-day. That, plus the first heavy rain of the autumn and the Toronto traffic, ensured mild panic had set in by the time the taxi arrived at the hotel. Credit card suited, registration completed, baggage dumped in the room, and off to find the headquarters of the Festival.

Three wrong turnings, and an hour later, feelings of acute stress were finally assuaged, and kindly minions were handing out the necessary press passes, cups of coffee, invitations to the post-official opening party, which, in the event, was not attended, exhaustion having set in not long after the 7.30 movie began. And a performance from Robbie Coltrane couldn't hide the fact that director Yves Simoneau's heavy hand killed most of the humour stone dead. Local references and one or two smart lines kept the audience vastly amused, but not this visitor.

Toronto's 15th Festival of Festivals was spread, like Los Angeles strung, all over the town. The number of films on display seems daunting ("nearly 300 films from 47 different countries") but was nothing compared to the difficulties facing strangers trying to see some of them.

There was no single, central cinema complex, but a variety of venues. To the out-of-town visitor, just finding where a particular film was being screened turned out to be difficult enough. Even with the aid of the brisk, clean underground system, energy and agility were necessary to get to the various areas on time.

When one did arrive, round-the-block queues were often the first thing seen. Whether press or paying public, everyone joined the queue which formed often up to 90 minutes before the popular screenings. A token was handed out which ensured a place but, unless you didn't care where you sat, leaving the queue was unwise. It also proved an exhausting and boring experience, although it did give one plenty of time to consult maps and programme times in order to get to the next movie queue of your choice.

Most festivalgoers thought the procedure fair and reasonable and perhaps they were right – it at least made you choose your film carefully.

The emphasis this year at Toronto was on the cinema of Portugal. Some 14 films made in the 1980s, plus a retrospective of the work of the now 82-year-old director Manoel de Oliveira, were on display. There were 19 Canadian features and many shorts in the "Perspective Canada" section, a batch of the latest cult horror flicks (shown at midnight, of course) and a number of new American and British movies, some having their World Premiere at the Festival.

Celebrities were shuttled in and out of screenings (Clint Eastwood, Liam Neeson, Maria Berenson, Ron Silver and many others) and everywhere the whoosh of Festival fanatics racing from one end of the city to the other could be heard.

At the magnificently restored Elgin Theatre, a throwback to the movie palaces of the 1930s, after a brief appearance on stage by the Star-Director-Producer himself, Clint Eastwood's *White Hunter Black Heart* failed to deliver. Based on Peter Viertal's 1965 book about the events during the making of the film *The African Queen*, the movie supposedly examines the complex personality of director John Huston (called John Wilson in the film), but reveals little more than the fact that Eastwood, as Huston, is far less interesting than amusing, and mostly dull. Surely Eastwood's past track record at the box office got this eccentric self indulgence before the cameras.

Dealing with the other showcased movies, *Interrogation* from Polish director Ryszard Bugajski was shown earlier this year at the Melbourne and Sydney film festivals, Bruce Beresford's *Mister Johnson* is one of his best works, an excellent adaption by novelist William Boyd of Joyce Cary's novel (a book once under consideration by John Huston), and the cast first class under Beresford's non-sentimental, brisk direction (the film brings together Beresford and actor Edward Woodward for the first time since *Breaker Morant*); and *Everybody's Fine*, the new film from the director of *Nuovo Cinema Paradiso*, says little more about life than don't expect too much of your children. Marcello Mastroianni plays the Sicilian father who goes to visit his grown-up family all over the country, and carries the film through its sentiment and sub-Fellini style with his customary brilliance. This remarkable actor seems to be as essential to the Italian film industry as Depardieu to the French, but even he can't save this film from an excess of sentiment.

The Long Walk Home dealt with the boycott by the blacks of the bus system in Alabama in the mid-'50s and its effect on two families – one upper-middle-class white, one working-class black. With impressive performances from Sissy Spacek and Whoopi Goldberg, and low-key direction by Richard Pearce, it is a movie which is worthy but probably out of tune with the demands of cinema audiences these days.

The Field, director Jim Sheridan's second feature film (his first was the phenomenally successful *My Left Foot*), was based, unfortunately, on the play which seems almost a compendium of every event and character common in Irish Tragedy. Performed with gusto by Richard Harris (replacing the late Ray McAnally, who had played the central role on stage), John Hurt and others, the movie ends in a welter of tragic events which make Synge's *Rulers to the Sea* seem like light comedy.

Many of the films screened at Toronto have come straight from Cannes in May and Montreal in August. These included, among others, Karel Kachyña's *The Ear*, Andrzej Wajda's *Korczak*, Jean-Paul Rappeneau's *Cyrano de Bergerac* and de Oliveira's *Voyage to Glory of Command*, all discussed in some detail in the report from Cannes in the August *Cinema Papers*. Tavernier's *Daddy Nostalgie* was also praised there, but, since it has been one of the most memorable films in Toronto, it deserves a further recommendation here. A film of great tenderness and nuance, subtly played, it has stayed in the mind in spite of the plethore of movies seen since.

While I found David Lynch's *Wild at Heart* ridiculous, it never bored me and *Hidden Agenda*, Ken Loach's first film in some time, is surely a most engrossing film (and far better acted) than the report from Cannes suggested.

There seems to be great enthusiasm in Canada for Canadian films whether in English or, if made by Quebec filmmakers, in French. *Getting Married in Buffalo Jump* and *Une Histoire Inventée* are as different as chalk and fromage, but the audiences loved the synthetic sentiment of the first, and laughed like loons at the tiresome eccentricities of the latter. The former, obviously made for television, should at least be a popular success when it goes to television – it has already been sold to the BBC and Australia – and the Alberta scenery alone will enchant audiences.

Finally, the bleak crime fiction of writer Jim Thompson has caught the interest of Hollywood filmmakers. James Foley (*Reckless, At Close Range*) chose *After Dark, My Sweet*, a visually impressive

LETTERS

mix of melodrama and comedy (the laughs sometimes unintentional) about a kidnapping that goes disastrously wrong. Far more interesting was Donald Westlake's adaptation of another Thompson book, *The Grifters*, with Angelica Huston, John Cusack and splendid newcomer Annette Bening as three con artists outmanouevred not by clever con men but their own greed and, naturally, the heavy hand of fate. Director Stephen Frears appeared on stage to briefly introduce his first made-in-America movie, and the first release from the new Martin Scorsese Company. Frears called Scorsese a man of great humanity and compassion and added, "I think he'd have made a fine priest."

Even at three films a day, only a small percentage of the total of films screened was covered. Among those seen which seemed a complete waste of time were Jean-Charles Tacchella's *Dames Galantes* (excruciatingly boring) and Michel Deville's *Nuit d'Été en Ville* (excruciatingly pretentious). Among those missed which have since been extravagantly praised and/or enthusiastically condemned in the various queues in which one has waited were Paul Schrader's *Company of Strangers* (Canada), *Mindwalk* (Australia-U.S.) and *Time of Servants* (Czechoslovakia). Hardest movies to get a seat for were: Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, *The Wonderful World of Dogs* and Jane Campion's *An Angel at My Table*.

The Critics Award went to *An Angel at My Table*, while the John Labat Classic Award given to the film voted most popular by the Festivalgoers themselves went to *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The $25,000 Toronto-City Award for Excellence in Canadian Production went to *H*, a first feature by director Darrell Waysk, a grim study of drug addiction. ■

COMPOSERS

An Open Letter to Peter Weir from The Australian Guild of Screen Composers

Dear Peter,

We read with interest the *Greencard* interview with you (*Cinema Papers* August 1990). Some of our membership wish to express appreciation that an Australian director with international credentials is post-producing his film here. We feel that co-operative internationalization of our craft will ultimately improve our own filmmaking and create more varied opportunities for all.

However we do wish to point out an anomaly in your opening comments. You say, "The two things that aren't Australian are the subject matter and the fact that there are no Australian actors."

As we understand it, you are bringing Hans Zimmer to Australia to compose the music score for *Greencard*.

The Australian Guild of Screen Composers supports the idea of co-production treaties. Indeed, we support the free international exchange of talent (except where the project involved is funded by Australian taxpayers). Further, we recognize and respect your right to choose whoever you wish to write the music for your film. Hans is a fine composer who will undoubtedly do a great job on *Greencard*.

It is our aim to enhance industry perception of the important role music plays in the medium of film. We are also quite naturally interested in furthering the cause of our members, many of whom understandably ask questions when Film Finance Corporation money is being used repeatedly to import overseas composers.

It needs to be said that a great deal of excellent music for film has been composed and recorded by Australians in recent years but, with so few of these films gaining significant overseas release, we are finding it difficult to gain an international profile.

It is a shame that our internationally successful directors such as yourself (and with the exception of Fred Schepisi) have not forged relationships with local composers in the same way as you have with editors and cinematographers.

It is also a shame that you don't rate music worthy of a mention when you are assessing your film's "Australianness" with regard to that film's eligibility for FFC funding.

Some of our members have now begrudgingly joined the 'brain-drain' exodus and gone to live in the U.S.

This letter is an appeal to you and others like you who have the strength of position to help save and perhaps even build an international perception of this unique culture we are trying to hang on to.

Come and check us out, Pete!
We're hot.

The Australian Guild of Screen Composers.

AFI NOMINATIONS

In the May issue of *Cinema Papers*, Scott Murray wrote about *Driving Miss Daisy*'s winning Best Film at the 1990 Academy Awards and how,

"The major disappointment ... was the non-inclusion of [Bruce] Beresford in the Best Director category. How can a film which is judged to be the best not also be the best directed? so many queried. But the Oscars are not about logic and every year they have inconsistencies. What has been little remarked in the summations is that the Best Director nominations are submitted by the Screen Directors' Guild of America. Academy members can vote only on those on the Guild's [pre-selected] list. This patently unfair system, where internal politics have too great a chance of influencing things, is something that should be changed. Strangely, it is similar to the pre-selection model adopted by the Australia Film Institute in its annual awards."

The following letter was received in response, arriving prior to the announcement of the 1990 AFI Awards.

Dear Scott,

We at Cascade Films read with interest the *Cinema Papers* report of the glaring omission of a director nomination for Bruce Beresford at this year's Academy Awards.

As you rightly point out, how can a film which is judged amongst the best in so many categories not also gain a nomination in the Best Director category?

We, too, are questioning the turn of events at this year's AFI nominations in the case of *The Big Steal* which, you are no doubt aware, has been nominated for 9 AFI awards including Best Film

NEW AFC CHAIRMAIN

Writer-director Chris Noonan has been appointed Chairman of the Australian Film Commission. He succeeds Phillip Adams, who is retiring after seven years in the position. Noonan's appointment was effective from October 27 and is for a term of three years.

Noonan is a co-director of *The Cowra Breakout* and *Vietnam*, and director of *The Riddle of the Sands* and *Police State*. He was one of the first graduates of then Australian Film and Television School, is a former president of the Australian Screen Directors' Association and is an alternate member of the board of the Australian Film Finance Corporation.

Cathy Robinson, the AFC's chief executive said: "Mr Noonan is a practical filmmaker with an intimate knowledge of the industry on all levels. [His] appointment comes at a time when the AFC is focusing more on its development role as part of the changed environment within the industry, one in which tax shelter status has given way to risk financing.

"At the same time, the AFC acknowledges the enormous contribution Phillip Adams has made to the AFC and to the Australian film and television production industry generally." ■

and each of the acting categories. Like Beresford's film. It did not receive a nomination for Best Director. How was it so that *The Big Steal* was not judged to have also achieved excellence in direction?

It seems implausible that *The Big Steal* was a self-directed film. Given that the director is the pivotal inspiration of the many elements which come together to realize a film, we feel that Nadia Tass' omission from the Best Director category is indeed a parallel situation to Beresford's. Nadia is delighted her film has done so well in being nominated for 9 AFI awards. We wonder, however, if your perception of Beresford's reaction to not gaining the nomination as "a sense of a personal chance so narrowly and perhaps unfairly missed" might also be the case this side of the Pacific.

The current AFI Awards system with its pre-selection process – 20 nameless/faceless judges nominating the films for the various AFI categories – we believe is an unfair and undemocratic method of ultimately selecting the films which vie for the highest achievement in each category.

That such significant awards as the AFI's can be open to abuse and to being influenced, as you suggested of the Academy Awards scenario, by internal politics is a great pity, which in the long run diminishes the credibility and worth of the AFI Awards.

We congratulate *Cinema Papers* on opening up the debate with what turned out to be almost intuitive foresight, and encourage you to continue the debate with gusto for the benefit of the Australian Film Industry as a whole, let alone the future of the awards themselves.

Yours sincerely
Aida Innocente
on behalf of Cascade Films.

Scott Murray replies.

As to the AFI Awards pre-selection process, there is little if anything to be said in its favour, which is what I wrote in the April 1982 issue of *Cinema Papers*, at the time the pre-selection was brought in by the long-gone but never forgotten AFI executive director, Kathleen Norris. The industry reacted quickly and strongly at a Sydney meeting of the Features Division of the Film and Television Production Association of Australia (FTPAA), which carried a motion urging the AFI to abandon pre-selection. When director Michael Thornhill got up and spoke for the motion he was greeted by Norris telling him to "go blow it out your ear" which set the tone for much of the future response.

That was eight years ago but how little things change. Especially curious is the shortness of collective memories particularly in organizations where new administrators seemingly take no heed of what has happened and been learnt in the past.

On a recent ABC television interview, I was asked if the AFI Awards system was the best way of discovering the finest Australian film of the year. The answer, paraphrased here, was no. I pointed out the absurdity of a film like *Return Home* being nominated for Best Director but not Best Film. I continued by criticizing the pre-selection process and calling the pre-selectors "faceless and nameless" (the names were released much later, but no indication was given of which section they pre-selected a cop-out position if ever). In closing, I quoted the percipient Thomas Keneally who said of Australia that it "almost congenitally values mediocrity", adding "The AFI Awards is proving him right."

Needless to say, the AFI did not take kindly to such views and the phones to the ABC and me ran hot. Most curious was the AFI representative who criticized me for not having informed the AFI of my reservations before going public? What?! I have for years so regularly and intemperately berated the AFI over its handling of the Awards that I believed there was no one left out there who wanted to hear from this correspondent ever again on the topic. When informed of all this, the AFI representative said he had no idea people had been so critical of the AFI Awards. Surely, this is organizational amnesia on a grand scale. The AFI Awards have always been, and this year most particularly are, the most criticized of all the AFI's activities.

But despite years of people hoping and working for improvements, things get worse. (When challenged on ABC radio about David Stratton's strong and sane criticism of this year's Awards, the present AFI director chose to speak glowingly about the "smooth professionalism" of the ABC presenters. She must have been referring to a different show.)

Given the AFI's inability to fix the Awards (which is really quite simple: people should be free to see and vote for all films in their categories), it is time to think of other strategies. A boycott might be a good start. ■

FILM FINANCE CORPORATION FUNDING DECISIONS JULY – SEPTEMBER

29 JULY

FEATURE

BACKSLIDING (90 mins) Cast Films. Executive producers: Simon Target, Charles Target. Director: Simon Target. Alison, a born-again Christian, marries Jack, a man with a violent past. Together they take an isolated posting in the empty heart of Australia, but in the heat and struggle Jack's memories of his tortured childhood emerge and Alison discovers that fear can replace love.

MINI-SERIES

CRACKERS (2 x 2 hours) Southern Star Xanadu No. 2. Executive producers: Kim Williams, Scott Meek, Penny Chapman. Producers: Sandra Levy, John Edwards. Set in China this is the story of Dr Will Flint and his search for an old Chinese professor whom he believes can help him find the answers to his son's death. Based on the novel by Nicholas Jose.

DODGER (6 x 1 hour) Grundy Motion Pictures. Executive producer: Ian Bradley. Producer: Bill Hughes. When *Oliver Twist* closes one is left wondering about the fate of the Artful Dodger. This is his story: his trial, his transportation to Australia and his arrival in Ballarat as the gold rush begins.

BUSH NURSES (2 x 2 hours) Primetime Television. Executive producer: Richard Boland. Producer: Steve Knapman. Two young nurses, posted to the outback in the 1930s, make a life for themselves in the deprived harshness of the inland and are forced to confront their own weaknesses. Loosely based on the book *In nanuncka* by Elizabeth Burchill.

DOCUMENTARIES

LES MURRAY (3 x 55 mins) Don Featherstone Productions. Producer: Don Featherstone. Director: Don Featherstone. Les Murray is Australia's greatest living poet. This combination of interviews, readings and dramatizations, will examine Murray's model of human reality as expressed through his poetry.

INDONESIA (3 x 55 mins) Curtis Levy Productions. Producers: Curtis Levy, Christine Olsen. Director: Curtis Levy. In just fifty years Indonesia has gone from being a Dutch colony to a fiercely proud nation – the most powerful in South East Asia. This series will attempt to reveal what lies behind the momentous social changes taking place in this country.

The Board also approved a Print and Advertising loan to **TURTLE BEACH**, the feature film produced by Matt Carroll for Village Road Show Pictures (Australia). The film is directed by Stephen Wallace and stars Greta Scacchi, Jack Thompson, Art Malik and Joan Chen.

3B AUGUST

FEATURE

A WOMAN'S TALE (90 mins) Illumination Films. Executive producer: William Marshall. Producers: Paul Cox, Santhana Naidu. Director: Paul Cox. Script: Paul Cox, Barry Dickins. Principal cast: Sheila Florance, Gosia Dobrowolska. An eighty-year-old woman, still full of imagination and spirit, faces a crisis when the authorities want to commit her to a home for the aged.

21 SEPTEMBER

FEATURE

OVER THE HILL (110 mins) Glasshouse pictures. Executive producers: Graham Burke, Greg Coote, John Tarnoff. Producers: Robert Caswell, Bernard Terry. Directors: Nadia Tass, David Parker. Script: Eleanor Witcombe. At sixty, Alma Harris suddenly decides to leave her family in Iowa and head for Sydney to visit her daughter. When greeted with less than warmth, she sets off on a journey around the continent to prove that she is not yet "over the hill".

DOCUMENTARY

KIDS FIRST (60 mins) Negus Media International. Executive producer: Col McLennan. Producers: George Negus, Kirsty Cockburn. Director: George Negus. Presenters: Peter Ustinov, George Negus. A special one-hour international programme based on the first-ever World Summit for Children held at the United Nations headquarters in New York on 29-30 September 1990. Attended by presidents, prime ministers and kings, it was the largest gathering of world leaders in history. Hosted by Peter Ustinov, the programme will focus on the universal problems affecting children and on the first global attempt to come to grips with this preventable state of affairs.

28 SEPTEMBER

DOCUMENTARY

BRAN NUE DAE (60 mins) Jotz Productions. Executive producer: Chris McGuigan. Producer: Tom Zubrycki. Director: Tom Zubrycki. A filmed record of the world premiere of the musical *Bran Nue Dae*, with an examination of the life of Broome songwriter and playwright Jimmy Chi.

1990 AUSTRALIAN FILM INSTITUTE AWARDS

FEATURE FILM AWARDS

BEST FILM
Flirting (Producers: George Miller, Doug Mitchell, Terry Hayes)

QUANTAS AWARD FOR BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN DIRECTION
Ray Argall (*Return Home*)

CINESURE AWARD FOR BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
David Parker (*The Big Steal*)

BEST ORIGINAL MUSIC SCORE
Phil Judd (*The Big Steal*)

BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN SOUND
Antony Gray, Ross Linton, Phil Judd (*Blood Oath*)

BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN PRODUCTION DESIGN
Lawrence Eastwood (*Flirting*)

PACVEST GROUP AWARD FOR BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS IN A LEADING ROLE
Catherine McClements (*Weekend with Kate*)

GOYTS GROUP AWARD FOR BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR IN A LEADING ROLE
Max von Sydow (*Father*)

BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS IN A SUPPORTING ROLE
Julia Blake (*Father*)

BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR IN A SUPPORTING ROLE
Steve Bisley (*The Big Steal*)

SPECTRUM FILMS AWARD FOR BEST EDITING
Robert Gibson (*Flirting*)

BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN COSTUME DESIGN
Roger Kirk (*Blood Oath*)

SAMUELSON AWARD FOR BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN CINEMATOGRAPHY
Jeff Darling (*The Crossing*)

•

KODAK NON-FEATURE AWARDS

BEST DOCUMENTARY
Handmaidens & Battleaxes (Rosalind Gillespie)

BEST SHORT FILM
Sparks (Robert Klenner)

BEST ANIMATION
Picture Start (Jeremy Parker)

BEST SCREENPLAY IN A SHORT FILM
Sparks (Catherine Zimdahl)

BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN CINEMATOGRAPHY
Don Beebe (*The Space Between the Floor & the Door*)

BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN EDITING
Lindsay Frazer (*The Wonderful World of Dogs*)

BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN SOUND
Browyn Murphy, Rex Watts (*Land Bulong Islanders*)

•

SPECIAL AWARDS

1990 ATI MEMBERS PRIZE
Flirting

RAYMOND LONGFORD AWARD
Peter Weir

BYRON KENNEDY AWARD
Denis O'Rourke

•

TELEVISION AWARDS

AFIAP AUSTRALIA AWARD FOR BEST TELEVISION SERIES OR TELEFEATURE
Come in Spinner
(Producer: Jane Chapman)

BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN DIRECTION
Robert Marchand (*Come in Spinner*)

BEST SCREENPLAY
Chris Warner (*Girl from Tomorrow*)

BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS IN A LEADING ROLE
Rebecca Gibney (*Come in Spinner*)

BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR IN A LEADING ROLE
Frankie J. Holden (*Police Crop*)

IEMAC AWARD FOR BEST TELEVISION DOCUMENTARY
In Search of Dr. Mabuse
(Varcha Sidwell)

•

CONGRATULATIONS!!

ROBERT GIBSON

for winning the

1990 AFI

SPECTRUM FILMS

BEST ACHIEVEMENT

IN EDITING AWARD

for

'Flirting'

Film Victoria

is proud to have supported the following
1990 AFI AWARD winning feature films

☆ THE BIG STEAL
Best Screenplay *David Parker*
Best Supporting Actor *Steve Bisley*
Best Original Music Score *Phil Judd*

☆ FATHER
Best Actor *Max Von Sydow*
Best Supporting Actress *Julia Blake*

☆ RETURN HOME
Best Achievement in Direction *Ray Argall*

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Ian Pringle

In an industry concerned with sectionalizing its talents, director Ian Pringle has traditionally been viewed as "fringe" or "alternative". His cinematic and thematic concerns were seen to be European and his films regarded as low-budget personal works which touched little the mainstream industry. But so do realities and perceptions change. Pringle is now completing Isabelle Eberhardt, *a big-budget Australia-France co-production starring Matilda May, Tcheky Karo and Peter O'Toole, all major names on the continent and elsewhere. At a time when the journeymen directors of the mainstream are at their most tepid, it is those who were once exiled to the edges who aesthetically dominate local production - Jane Campion, Ray Argall, Pringle, et al. Pringle's features are notable for their starh presentations of characters caught up in "extreme situations". His first feature,* The Plains of Heaven *(1982), concerns two men working in a hind of self-imposed exile in the Victorian mountains, one trying to live in tune with the environment, the other overwhelmed by it. The next feature,* Wrong World *(1986), is set in a bleah, night-shrouded Melbourne and the mysterious twilight world of Bolivia. It is remarhable for its intense portrait of a nihilistic, materialist society in decay, and for the characterizations of Mary (Jo Kennedy) and David (Richard Moir), who feel alienated within it. As in all Pringle films, including the recent and moody* The Prisoner of St. Petersburg, *relationshtps are transient moments of shared directionlessness. His characters are literally and emotionally homeless, but always there is a sense of emotional expanston, of a journey forward, however small. Despite the darh images his films invohe, Pringle is in essence a romanticist, though he may well prefer the word optimist. It was during the post-production on* Isabelle Eberhardt *that Ian Pringle spoke with Scott Murray.*

IN FOR THE LONG HAUL

Ian Pringle

The Australian film industry is often divided by writers into "mainstream" and "fringe". How does Ian Pringle perceive his position as a filmmaker?

It is always hard to give an accurate reflection on where you might sit in other people's eyes. From my point of view, what I have tried to do is be true to the ideas that I have and find the best way to get them made. I have never delineated between any specific areas.

Obviously, though, there is a big difference between the types of films that had to be made under 10BA and a more adventurous indigenous cinema that could have emerged. The things that I was interested in oscillated somewhere between the two and, as I have found out, they seem to have more legs overseas.

Do you think there has been an unnecessary sectionalization of filmmakers within the industry here?

Yes. And it is unfortunate, because it stifles talent.

Australia has not really had a good system for encouraging talent. What the people in positions of influence must now do is take a more adventurous approach. We are in a position where people have to make braver decisions about Australian talent and how to encourage it. That didn't happen in the past.

Of course, we have been very fortunate to have had an organization like the AFC, which for such a long time was the backbone for anyone trying to make a film. But the AFC's role would have been more effective if there had been a link with television, especially the ABC.

So you think it is time to be more selective about whom to support and not spread the funds around so widely?

Absolutely. You only need look at all the scripts that have been written and projects that went into development but which never got anywhere. That's a shame.

This is not a complaint on my part, just an observation. In fact, I think I have been very lucky. But I have seen other people with talent who have not had the good fortune to go on.

It could be argued there has been a very tokenist approach towards people making personal films. Paul Cox, almost alone, has had near constant support. The others seem to have been unfairly marginalized.

Yes, that has certainly happened. And the inevitable result is that some survive and some don't – not because of cinematic worth, but because of sheer bloody tenacity. That is not always fair. But then, who is to say there is justice out there?

Which raises the problem for many directors of finding producers who can protect them from some of the worst pressures.

Precisely. The greatest lack in this country is producorial talent. It is as important to have talented producers as it is to have talented directors: you cannot have one without the other. What we have largely had was a lot of individuals whose greatest skills were in taking advantage of the subsidy model. That's the way I see it.

You have been a producer on most of your own work. Is that something you naturally wanted to do, or was it necessary to further your career as a director?

It was a natural thing to do, because when you start out making films you have to make the running yourself.

I then went through a transition period where I realized that the people I had imagined to have abilities, and whom I one day thought I might have to depend on, didn't know any more than I did. So, I decided to keep doing at least some of the producing work myself. The only handicap is that it taxes you a bit much, and you have to be very careful and disciplined about how to divide your time.

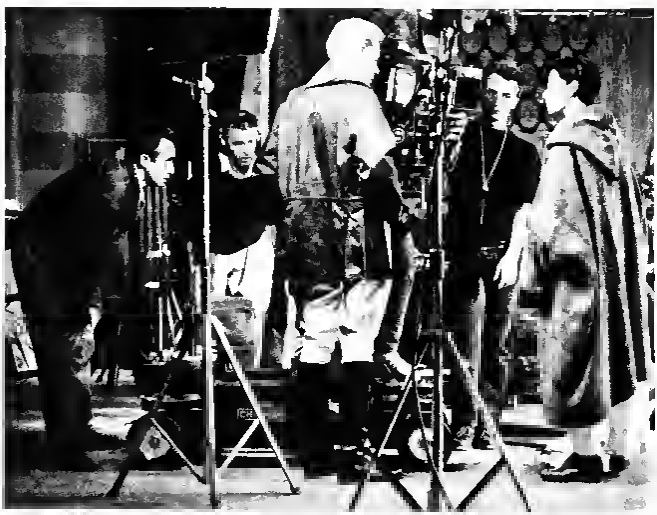
Where I was very fortunate was that I had already developed some years ago a friendship with [producer] John Cruthers. So when I came to do larger works, he was there to help. We made the first feature together and that was a rewarding experience, knowing I could rely on his knowledge and input.

Now I am working with Daniel [Scharf], who has been an important part of everything I have done over the past three years. Daniel has quite exceptional talents and we have a fabulous arrangement whereby we do everything in tandem. We have done co-productions on the last two films, which are not easy and there is a lot of work involved, but Daniel and I have a very good system of dividing up the work.

Why did you move from Australian-based productions into co-productions?

In the end, I found it impossible under 10BA to even understand how it worked. It was such a homogenizing process. But the move overseas was more a natural step for myself than a matter of dissatisfaction. The subject matters I am interested in aren't immediately identifiable as Australian.

Australia sits at the bottom of the world. It is just one small part and is a long way from everybody. For me, one of the really evident things is the real emergence of the world's being a global media village. And unless Australia catches up with it, we are going to get left behind. It is a dangerous time.



DIRECTOR IAN PRINGLE, PETER O'TOOLE, MATILDA MAY AND CREW DURING FILMING. FACING PAGE: CROSSING THE NORTH AFRICAN DESERT. IAN PRINGLE'S *ISABELLE EBERHARDT*.

"The core of my work is individuals in extreme situations. The colour of the stories that follow is secondary. I have never had an affinity for just paying homage to the Australian culture, whether it be suburban or historical."

Do you see unionism having played a detrimental role in that distancing?

I wouldn't specifically blame the unions, though they have to learn that there are opportunities in trying new approaches such as co-productions. Basically, I think the problems we have represent a hangover from 10BA, which left everyone fat and lazy. We had it too good for too long.

But unionism has been responsible for an increasingly isolationist policy at a time when the rest of the world has recognized that national boundaries in a cultural sense are virtually meaningless. For a Parisian to be filming in Leningrad, or wherever, is just a natural part of the film process, whereas Australia sets up all these rules which interfere with the universal nature of cinema.

Absolutely. I totally agree. However, I think the unions will learn that we need to be more flexible, and more intelligent in our approach to the matter. In some ways, I understand why they react the way they do, and it is going to take time for them to realize why it is important to change.



As an Australian filmmaker, how have you been received in Germany and France?

I have never had a problem. Ultimately, you are judged on your ability.

In Germany, I had an extraordinary experience. We had very little money to do that film [*The Prisoner of St. Petersburg*], but that was no hardship. It was exciting, an adventure. And I was so impressed with the Germans' technical expertise. We had a fantastic crew.

In France, again you are judged on your ability to deliver – to the crew and all those involved. The French and Germans have different systems, and as a filmmaker the opportunity of experiencing both can only enrich you. That is why I feel so fortunate.

What about in terms of working within foreign cultures?

There is an enormous benefit in that. It opens your eyes and brings out the best in you. You have to draw on so many resources that you would not have to call on when working here. That is a fabulous challenge, the same I expect as it would be for an Australian working in America. Yet so many Australians complain about working in America. To me, it is so easy to be negative. But you have to accept that is the way it is over there and learn to work within it, whether it be Spain, or wherever. You must remember they have their own temperament, their own culture, and that can be one of the great benefits of working somewhere else.

You said earlier that the sort of films you wanted to make led you to work overseas. What specifically was it you wanted to accomplish that necessitated that move?

[Long pause.] If it was one specific thing, it was a sense of personal history. The core of my work is individuals in extreme situations. The colour of the stories that follow is secondary. I have never had an affinity for just paying homage to the Australian culture, whether it be suburban or historical.

Doing the last two films has opened things out for me, ironically to the point now where I feel I would like to do something in Australia. When I do this story, if I get to do it, it will have a lot of what I have learned working overseas. It doesn't have to be culturally specific, but it is at the same time.

In Australia, there is a sort of cultural and historical literalness which colours the cinematic impulse. If in a period film you want a wall painted a certain colour, because you feel it is right for the emotional texture of a scene, surely it is irrelevant whether anyone would have had such a wall at the time. If a prop or a dress can't be found in a *Women's Weekly*, then it must be wrong and cannot go in the film.

I know, absolutely. I think that is a product of our being a young industry. People are not flexible enough with their ideas, not exposed enough to outside influences.

However, I do think though there are some people who have broken the boundaries a little bit in Australia. That is why I am interested in Brian McKenzie's work. He and others have got out of what you described, which is encouraging.

Generally they are people who occupy that loosely termed area called the "fringe".

Sure, but I think that division will be broken down, though it is going to take time. We have a very small population and a very young culture that is still finding its feet. The face and colour of Australian society is changing very quickly. For us to take benefit from that, we have to learn that the outside world is changing faster.

You have been making films for some time, starting with Super 8 at high school. Has yours always been a strongly personal voice?

Yes. I never had the illusion that I could go out and direct anything. Maybe that has changed a little bit now. But then it was very personalized. And though my ambitions were very modest, those days were just as exciting as the more recent times.

One of your early collaborators was Ray Argall.

Yes, Ray and I go back a long way to when we made *Wronsky* in 1979. That was great for me, because Ray is really gifted. He is one of those cinematographers who will always search for the voice of the director.

Did you expect Argall to become a director?

I always hoped he would be, because it was something that he had wanted to be for a long time. His passage to making *Return Home* was

Ian Pringle



ABOVE: AFTERMATH OF DESERT WARFARE IN NORTH AFRICA
FACING PAGE: ISABELLE EBERHARDT (MATILDA MAY) AND SLIMEN (TCHEKY KARO)
IAN PRINGLE'S *ISABELLE EBERHARDT*

hard and bitter for him, in that he had a lot of setbacks and a lot of waiting time. But the evidence is really there that he has the talent. *Return Home* really is Ray.

Your early films were often attacked by critics, including this one, for being too influenced by European directors such Wim Wenders. Not only did such criticism prove incorrect, it tended to marginalize your work. How did you react to that perception of your films?

To me, criticism is never a problem. Of course, those reviews which obviously get things wrong are much easier to dismiss. Sometimes things are just out of proportion, but it never bothers me.

Look, everybody goes through periods of searching for a cinema they like. But if you start to imitate, you are soon found out.

I think critics had a hard job in the early 1970s understanding the way cinema was evolving in Australia. I think even now critics are in a quandary. It is fascinating to read the intellectual tracts on the state of cinema in Australia and see how so many writers are desperately trying to find a way to pigeonhole what is happening. Rarely does it make any sense. They have lost an understanding of the fact that the industry is changing rapidly - far more than anyone is really aware of. And it will continue to do so as we go through this enormous crisis.

Crisis in what sense?

Well, the lesson has been learnt that it is very hard to participate in or imitate the American cinema. Those that try will be found out and have only very limited success.

Our major directors have gone to America, and some have been very successful, but they have ended up making, by and large, American films. That is not a criticism of the directors, just a statement of what has happened.

Do you think links with Europe will become stronger, rather than those with America?

We will have a balance. We will become more like a servicing industry to America, and we will make occasional films that are successful over there. But inevitably a balance will emerge when it is realized that we have an opportunity in Europe to engage in something significant.

With the European link, the advantages are very obvious. A personal cinema will emerge, which is what this country desperately needs. Those films give us a window on our culture that is vital.

The American cinema, for example, is obsessed with characters who win. It is hard to do *The Prisoner of St Petersburg* in an environment like that.

You wouldn't even try.

Even though your films are often set in very dark worlds, there is always an optimism, even a romanticism, at work. The positive moments between people may be very fleeting, but still they exist. One does not leave your films, despite the bleak description, with a feeling of pessimism.

That is certainly what I always aim for. What I hope my films are ultimately about is those little essences of hope that can be found in the world. I always try to find a way of showing how important it is that such essences still exist. And when you put them into a context of extreme situations, they become even more valuable. Because we live in such an expedient and disposable society, those values become increasingly important.

However, the essaying of those elements is so hard, and so rarely accurate. It can be found in literature, but not often in film.

You never do what one imagines most American directors would do, which is to go for a cathartic ending where good triumphs nobly. Right to the end, you refuse to sentimentalize, to allow more than a hint of positive growth.

I think that is part of the heritage of my growing up in Australia. It is being true to the way I have developed a view of the world.

What has been very important for me in the last couple of years is my working with Stephen Sewell. His theatre work is fundamentally heading in that same direction, and he has really expanded my approach to what I want to achieve.

We first wrote a script called "Traces", which has not been made yet. And then he wrote *Isabelle Eberhardt*, which, while a collaboration, is fundamentally Stephen's work. He gave it the voice.

We have now worked on two more scripts, one of which is quite advanced. It is a wonderful feeling this heading into unexplored territory. It seems that everything I have been doing has been leading to these moments now – not only in learning the craft, but learning a language which can express a view of the world.

"The greatest challenge in writing the script was dealing with a life which was so chaotic . . . we had to make the difficult but necessary decision to ask ourselves what was the essence of the character and from that select our important moments . . . Once we had done that, and released ourselves from the day-to-day accuracy of what happened, we were then able to write a script that worked."

ISABELLE EBERHARDT

There is quite an expectation about *Isabelle Eberhardt*. Do you see it as a watershed film for you?

Every film that I make is an absolute love affair and one is no more important than another. However, *Isabelle* is slightly different in that it goes back such a long way, to when I first read Paul Bowles' introduction to a book of Eberhardt's short stories, *The Oblivion Seeker*. Ever since that time, I hoped that one day I might get the chance to make a film about her.

I kept trying to resurrect the project over the years, with not much success. But it was always there for me. Fortunately, things happened in the last year and a half that made filming it possible.

It was interesting to observe that I had changed so much from when I first embraced the story. That was a major situation for me to contend with.

Isabelle is a watershed in the sense that it has allowed me to explore the beginnings of a style that I want to take much further. I am also dealing with a story that is very hard to tell. It is the most elusive life I have ever tried to capture on film, and really a challenge.

The experience has also galvanized for me things that had been welling up inside for a long time about what I wanted to do next. So, it has been a deeply passionate involvement.

How had your approach to Eberhardt's story changed over the years?

I became less romantic and idealizing of the character, more interested in the inner essence of what made her tick. I also became less interested in her as a writer and more in her personal relationships. I ended up with quite a different approach to that which I would have taken had I made the film when I first discovered the material.

Have you concentrated on a particular section of her life?

We deal with the last part of her life, from when she returned to North Africa from Europe and her journey down to El Oued and her involvement in the problems there. After an assassination attempt on her life, she returned to Marseille, but later went back to North Africa and became involved with Colonel Lyautey, which led up to her death.

Isabelle was born the daughter of an ex Pope of the Russian church and the adulterous wife of a general in the Czar's Army. The children from the general's family, with the mother, fled to Switzerland, where Isabelle was born. She grew up in a very claustrophobic environment. Trophimovsky, the father, denounced the church and embraced the Bakunian philosophy of nihilism. To that end, Isabelle grew up in a fairly neurotic atmosphere and dreamt of escaping.

Isabelle had a prodigious intellect and wanted to be a writer. She was fluent in five languages and became intoxicated with the occidental. She found in that a way to escape, a way to freedom.

The greatest challenge in writing the script was dealing with a life which was so chaotic. When we put down on paper all the major events, we found there was no dramatic through line. Finally, we had to make the difficult but necessary decision to ask ourselves what was the essence of the character and from that select our important moments. Sometimes you have to do that with drama. Once we had done that, and released ourselves from the day-to-day accuracy of what happened, we were then able to write a script that worked.

It was only very late in the piece that I fully appreciated how melodramatic her life was – almost operatic. So I tried to push the film that way. In fact, I would like to have perhaps pushed it even more, to give it a slightly super-surreal element. Fortunately Stephen's dialogue is very poetic and wonderful, so it slips into that concept very easily.

In what sense does *Isabelle* represent the beginning of a style you wish to pursue?

It showed me something that was like a crack in the curtain. It is extremely exciting and I feel as if a rebirth is going on.

Are you talking visually or structurally?

I don't think so much cinematically, because I will always find the cinematic form. As a director, you have that inside in you. When you film, you direct more with your stomach and your emotions than your intellect.

When I say I sensed a crack in the curtain, I mean that while making this film I found other ideas for films, which were lurking somewhere deep down in the back of my mind, suddenly start to filter through. And, on reflection, I can see that this is because of the types of characters I was dealing with while making *Isabelle* — It's hard to explain.

At times, *Isabelle* gave me the opportunity to do certain things cinematically that I may not have done otherwise. I knew that when we would be shooting in North Africa there would be many occasions where we'd be working in extremely small environments. That's why I chose to use 16mm and 18mm lenses [i.e., wide-angle]. They give you the chance to create an atmosphere and sense of space that otherwise is difficult to achieve. But, of course, when you track and pan in such small spaces it creates problems for lighting.

I also discovered how much of a problem it can be for the actors. In an extreme close-up, the bellows of the camera are only inches away from the actor's face, and in many instances we had heavily dialogued scenes with that type of coverage. Invariably, it left the actor



BELOW: PETER O'TOOLE WHO PLAYS COLONEL LYAUTEY: "[O'TOOLE] IS AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN... I WAS PROFOUNDLY SURPRISED AT HOW WORLDLY AND HOW WELL READ AND KNOWLEDGEABLE HE WAS." FACING PAGE: MATILDA MAY AS ISABELLE EBERHARDT. IN AN ARAB COFEE HOUSE "I THINK MATILDA DREW SOMETHING OUT OF HERSELF THAT SHE HASN'T DONE BTFORE "*ISABELLE EBERHARDT*



with a blind eye-line to the other actor. The real challenge was to be able to integrate that type of coverage for both interiors and exteriors.

In your films, dialogue tends to be poetic and about essences; it is at the other extreme to the false naturalism of *Neighbours*. And in the case of *The Prisoner of St. Petersburg*, that led to some pretty negative responses.

That is a part of the way I make films. I always try to find a way that is different – not to be different for its own sake, but to explore territory that is unknown. I admit freely that I am not always successful, but one day I will find a way to do it. That is what is good about working with Stephen.

There are so many elements in making a film that it is like conducting an orchestra. Every time you go out, you learn something new; there is something more you have to master or become more proficient with. Sound, for example, takes such an enormous part in film, but directors rarely make an effort to learn about it.

One of Bresson's maxims of the cinema is that if you can replace an image with a sound, you should do so immediately. The ear works faster than the eye and creates a more poetic and powerful vision than can the interpretation of a flickering image. But one imagines many people here would see that as anti-cinema.

Such a response would be naive, because it follows over into music as well. You should be thinking music while you are shooting.

Who is doing the music on *Isabelle Eberhardt*?

Paul Schutze. It is still early days, but the work Paul has done so far is very satisfying, I think it meant for him going into new territory as well.

Ken Sallows, the editor, has also been instrumental in guiding the music and sound in the right direction. The same with Dean Gawen, who is doing the [post-production] sound on the film. I like that sense of collaboration and encourage it.

All those individuals are world class. They could work anywhere in the world and hold their own. I have no doubt about that. It is a privilege to have individuals like them working here in Melbourne.

The really important thing in a creative environment is to allow that talent to work, and not regard them just as workers. They are contributors to the piece, they share, or should, any kudos a film might get. It is always a collective effort on a film. Okay, so you have one bunny up there who is director, but he is dependent on so many people to pull it all off. That is why I mentioned Daniel early on. I could never have done these things without Daniel. He is a rare individual and a truly gifted producer, just as Ken is a gifted editor, Paul a musician and Dean a sound person. I was very lucky to get these guys. They are gems.

Was the film shot in English?

We filmed in English and there will be a French dub for the French territory. All the actors spoke English, though there were some Tunisians who weren't very fluent.

I never minded the diversity of accent. We have Australians in it - Richard Moir, Arthur Dignam, David Pledgere – and they bring wonderful accents with them. Richard went to the end of the diving board with his, as did Arthur. As for Tcheky Karo, his English is very different to Matilda May's, although they are both French. And then we have Mr O'Toole, whose voice in English is extraordinary ... By the way, his French isn't bad, either.

The casting is intriguing. Whom did you cast and why?

Obviously, the most important decision was casting Isabelle. Early on I spoke to Isabelle Huppert, but that fell through for a number of reasons – all for the better in the end. Then there was Tilda Swinton, an English actress, and Laura Dern. We even spoke about Jodie Foster at one stage. Finally, we chose Matilda May. I must say that while the casting of Matilda was not a mercenary financial decision, it was certainly part of it, simply because of the budget of the film. In Europe, Matilda is a big name.

Had we cast someone like Tilda, who is an extraordinary talent, the film would have been very different. But I think Matilda drew something out of herself that she hasn't done before.

As for Tcheky, he is someone with a tremendous reputation in France and perhaps one of the finest actors I have ever had dealings with. He was born of Turkish parents and has lived in France all his life. In some ways, the casting of Shmen was the one I had the most trouble with – until I saw Tcheky. He is in Luc Besson's *Nikita* and he did *The Bear*. The guy's range and method is phenomenal.

And how was Mr O'Toole?

He is an extraordinary man, just on a human level. I was profoundly surprised at how worldly and how well read and knowledgeable he was. The opportunity to work with him is something one can never forget. His is a substantial part of the film.

He does such a lot of preparation on his character. In the end, he knew everything about Lyautey. He is from a school that relies entirely on technique. He has a wonderful sense of timing, and moving between the extremes of the big gesture and the small gesture. He can do it in an instant. It was a tremendous experience to work with him.

In a recent issue of *American Film*, Alan Parker and Michael Apted interview one another. A lot of the time is spent moaning about working with stars and all the baggage they bring with them. This film had several names of an order you have not worked with before. How different was it?

No different, really. There is of course a sense of excitement when you encounter an icon, but the work on the day is the work on the day, and it was no different. Of course, every actor is like a child and

"If you have visions of directing features, then you have to say to yourself, 'I'm in for the long haul, no matter what.' And you have to accept the fact that there is no justice out there . . . you have to be absolutely convinced that you have something to say, and believe in it."

you have to find their handicaps, their inhibitions and their problems. That is a part of being the director: to learn that and work with it. Of course, working in this situation, which was a much bigger film for me, and working with a very large crew, it brought out the best in me. That is what I felt.

How was the French crew?

We had a few problems, and in part that was to do with the difficulty of the project. There were a couple of things that I don't want to mention, because they are not of benefit to mention. I always try to regard what I do as an opportunity to learn.

There were some quite extraordinary people on the French crew. The sound recordist [Bernard Aubouy], for example, was exceptional. I had never worked with someone like that before. He is a mercenary, I never had to look around, he was always there, no matter how small and difficult the location. And he had a boom operator [Laurent Poirer] who did things I couldn't believe it was possible to achieve.

During the height of 10BA, there was what came to be known derisively as the "mid-Pacific" film. Co-productions were seen as a compromise. How have you found the experience?

Compromise is not a word that springs to mind. Naturally, when you make any film there are compromises and, unless one faces that, one is living in a fool's paradise. But, for me, co-productions have been a wonderful opportunity to work in different areas and explore new things. Taking a chance is the most important thing, because once you lose the ability to go into the unknown then you have lost something, not just as a filmmaker but as someone who wants to create. You start to imitate, to regurgitate, and it shows. But if you do have the good fortune to keep working, then maybe you can find your voice.

And that can take a long time. Hitchcock made twenty-odd features before he fully found his voice.



Exactly. If you have visions of directing features, then you have to say to yourself, "I'm in for the long haul, no matter what." And you have to accept the fact that there is no justice out there. That doesn't mean you have to be a cut-throat, but you have to be absolutely convinced that you have something to say, and believe in it.

I really understand how people can get upset, because you put everything, say, into writing a script and some jerk sits across the other side of a table and tells you you're no good. It's demoralizing, particularly for those who have been able to prove themselves on certain levels. But you just have to pull yourself up and go back. It is about perseverance.

It is like Geoff Wright [*Lover Boy*] at the moment. Daniel and I are hoping to produce his first feature. He is going through a tough time right now, because he finds it hard to accept that there is no justice. He really believes in his script, "Romper Stomper", and it truly is wonderful. He is very dynamic person and all he can think about in life is making that film, which is what it's about. But there will be an element of tragedy if he doesn't get it made.

One could argue that if there isn't that potential for tragedy, then the film isn't worth making in the first place. The biggest problem with 10BA was that almost all the films looked as if they were made by people who had absolutely no passion for what they were doing. If another project had come along with a bigger pay cheque, they would have happily switched to doing that.

That is a very important point because we have to overcome that attitude in the industry and find ways to lift people out of that state of mind. Film is very specific and, as soon as that mentality enters into it, you are as good as dead. People who work in the industry must have a passion about what they do, at every level. And that comes from giving respect to the crew and their work. Every job is important, and that is the way you have to go about it – not in a parading way; you have to demonstrate it. My experience has shown in the main that people then rise to it.

You mentioned earlier Paul Bowles. Is he someone you would be interested in adapting?

I can remember reading *The Sheltering Sky* years ago, but I felt as if I had already found a story in that terrain. Naturally, I will be interested to see what the Bertolucci film is like.

Like you, Bowles deals with characters caught up in a frighteningly nihilist world. But he is very much a "God is dead" writer and, not only does he not allow flickers of hope, he is totally opposed to them. In that sense, he is the complete opposite of you.

I agree. That is very astute of you to pick that up.

I must admit that I read Bowles' work a long time ago and when I come back to it I may see it with different eyes. But he is a wonderful, extraordinary writer. He is so much his own person, and always has been. He has also done a tremendous amount for the Islamic writers of North Africa, which is very rarely recognized. He has translated and published many writers from that part of the world.

To what degree does *Isabelle Eberhardt* look at a person wishing to be part of a culture other than her own? And in answer to that, how does that parallel your going overseas to make films in Europe?

The film is essentially an interior journey. There are elements of encountering a new culture, but it is not that important to the story. It is more to do with the relationships she has with people. But it is certainly part of the tapestry, the backdrop, of the piece.

Actually, I never thought about it relating to my own position. But I suppose inevitably it does.

DEADLY



Esben Storm's DEADLY *was the first of the five features funded by the FFC's Film Trust Fund to go into production. Andrew L. Urban reports on this drama about an Aboriginal death in custody.*

Arguably the most controversial issue raised in an Australian film of recent memory was the disappearance of Azaria Chamberlain. Fred Schepisi's *Evil Angels* adapted one of the most bizarre and divisive stories of modern times, a complex and contemporary subject as socio-political as one can get. But, despite its cinematic qualities, it failed to do well at the box office. Perhaps Australians were not quite ready to be stirred up by their own cinema.

Into this void of cinematic tradition steps a new movie that also has the hallmarks of controversy, but this time more subtly embossed on its underbelly. *Deadly* is not going to parade its social relevance or political baggage too far up front. Australians don't live in a dictatorship (bureaucratship, yes) and we don't look to filmmakers for revolutionary sentiments.

"We didn't want to make a 'cause' film", explains first-time producer (but frequent actor) Richard Moir. Not that it will be a 'safe' film: "I think it'll be tough, and there will be people who will not be pleased."

Moir and writer-director Esben Storm started developing the film from a different perspective. Says Storm: "I saw the question of deaths in custody as a sort of 'whodunit'. Who killed the black fella?"

It was from that point of view that Storm enlarged his ideas for the film, sharpening the focus of the script on the personal issues of the characters. "We wanted to make a romantic thriller."

During this early conversation, Moir, Storm and the crew are crammed into the temporarily unused State Bank premises at the Sydney Showground, as preproduction is drawing to a close. Files, papers, blackboards with schedules and racks of wardrobe crowd the banking chamber.

Our next conversation took place in Wilcannia, 256 kms west of Cobar, pretty much in a straight line along a road littered with the corpses of kangaroos. For seven winter weeks, Wilcannia was home to the cast and crew of *Deadly*, and the "dream factory" tag for filmmaking seems oddly out of place. The other word that simply doesn't jump to mind is glamour.

Once a busy port on the Darling with 5000 inhabitants, Wilcannia now has a

population of 1000, 80 per cent of them unemployed, mostly Aborigines. It is perfect for the film, standing in for Yabbabri, the fictitious little country town where Sergeant Tooy Bourke (Jerome Ehlers) is sent to investigate the death in police custody of Jimmy Bryant, a young Aborigine.

It wasn't that many years ago that Wilcannia was shattered by the tragedy of the real thing - hence the apprehension among some of the locals that making this film there would scratch off the scab from old sores and let the real blood flow again.

Driving through town, and stopping at the Club Hotel, there is little sign of such tensions, although the newsletter that passes for the local paper makes it a front-page issue and attacks the council in no uncertain terms for letting the filmmakers in.

On the set, 30 kms out of town, an Aboriginal elder says he has no problems with it. Neither have any of the dozen assembled Aboriginal extras. Everything is relative, after all.

But *Deadly*'s primary aim is to take the audience on a dual investigation. On one level, Sergeant Bourke arrives in Yabbabri and begins searching for answers to how Jimmy came to be dead in his cell.

Sergeant Bourke, young and once a promising cop, has been under a cloud for some time, drinking too much, breaking up his marriage and finally shooting an innocent bystander in a fatal accident. He is hardly the ideal romantic figure at this stage, but his journey will uncover things not only about Jimmy's death, but about his own life. That's the second investigation we share.

Sergeant Bourke's inability to have meaningful relationships with women is cured by the end of the film, and, much to his own amazement, he falls in love with Daphne, a black girl in town (Lydia Miller). ➤







FACING PAGE: EDDIE (JOHN MOORE) IN ESBEN STORM'S *DEADLY*, THE FIRST FFC FILM TRUST FILM. THIS PAGE, TOP TO BOTTOM: EDDIE, DAPHNE (LYDIA MILLER) AND SERGEANT BOURKE (JEROME EHLERS) FRANK GALLACHER, WHO PLAYS LOCAL POLICE SERGEANT MICK THORNTON EHLERS AND DIRECTOR ESBEN STORM. JIMMY'S FUNERAL, WITH DAPHNE AND JENNY (JULIE NIHILL) IN THE BACK ROW AND EDDIE FRONT ROW RIGHT *DEADLY*

The impact of the film will be largely measured by the performances and the direction, but it is easy to see that an actor had a hand in casting, since the entire team is notable for talent, from Bill Hunter and Julie Nihill to Caz Lederman and Frank Gallacher - and the new young black actor from Perth, John Moore, who co-stars with Ehlers and Miller.

The final mix of political message and human interest will, of course, be determined during filming and editing. The script is merely the structural framework, and Storm's nuances will be crucial to our emotional responses.

> It is a love story, between a black and a white. Tony Bourke had never thought about blacks, but, by the end of the film, he's in love with one. And his journey is not only huge, it's also very quick. The time span of the film is just three days. By the end of the film he's exhausted.

In explaining what he is after, Storm reaches for comparisons.

> Neither *The Fringe Dwellers* nor *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* is relevant, this is much tougher. Films like *Wake in Fright* and *In the Heat of the Night* come to mind. And it has a classic three-act structure, with developments in each.

Storm's third collaborator on the script was Raland Allen (*The Crossing*). They met in a Sydney pub to talk it over, and then in March 1987 had a further meeting with Richard Moir. Straight after, Storm went home to Bondi and that night wrote the entire storyline. "It all just clicked", he says, and the next day he had 30 pages typed and ready for Moir. Storm:

> Richard and Raland acted as sounding boards. And we had several discussions in which some basic decisions had to be made, like we're looking at this from a white man's point of view, and not at any one specific incident.

Storm says that Sergeant Bourke's condition is just as central to the script as the death in custody.

> It's just as much a story of the Australian male. At the start, he denies his sensitivity, but he's brought into naked contact with his emotions. For example, the funeral scene illuminates the fact that this person [Jimmy] was a son, a lover, someone who had hope. He wasn't just a passport or a boong.

It is also just as much about inter-racial relations. The question, of course, is whether these complexities will shimmer and simmer





in the cinematic light, or will they be hurdles in the story-telling process. In other words, we will be always watching for what is beneath the surface. For example, Frank Gallacher's role as the town's police sergeant, Mick Thornton, is pivotal. He is a white cop in a powderkeg community, with his own way of achieving a workable balance. Says Gallacher:

> Thornton plays the death down. He doesn't appear racist - on the surface. And his private problems impact on the story. His is a sterile marriage, literally and emotionally. And he revels in his power.

Thornton, a complex man with deep gullies in his psyche, is genial enough at first, but as media attention begins to focus on the riot in Yabbabri - and on him - he gets desperate.

Sergeant Bourke, on the other hand, gets less and less desperate: he solves the mystery death, finds himself and avenges the girl. Perhaps he even drinks less.

But Tony Bourke is only one of the heroes, the other two are Aborigines, Eddie (John Moore) and Daphne. Says Storm:

> They are the positive forces. Usually, the white guy is the hero - like in *Black Rain*. The Japanese detective is cute and wise, but it's Michael Douglas who comes and saves the day.
>
> But in *Deadly* all three characters have an active role in the resolution of the story. So some lad at Fitzroy Crossing can see a black guy on screen just as heroic as a white guy. And Daphne runs a motel, she's not a victim. Plus, there's lots of humour on both sides.

As well as humour, there is an effort being made to avoid over-compensation, and Storm is showing good whites, bad whites, good blacks and bad blacks. "Just because you're black," he remarks, "doesn't mean you can't be an arsehole. We're all human."

Indeed we are. And as we walk and talk between scenes, I can't help remarking on the trendy, full-length, brown leather coat Tony Bourke is wearing. Nice wardrobe for a crumbling cop. Says Ehlers:

> Well, you've honed in on the heart of the matter, the one sore point around here. But when I saw it, I wasn't going to let it go. Besides, I can justify it: we decided it's Tony's one little quirk.

On a more serious note, Ehlers begins to unfold the Sergeant Bourke he has fleshed out from the script, especially in respect of the romance with Daphne.

> At first, his slightly predatory streak comes out. His first pass doesn't work and he's attracted by her fire. But he becomes aware of a sense of

STORM: "It's just as much a story of the Australian male. At the start, he denies his sensitivity, but he's brought into naked contact with his emotions."

home, and he starts to connect in his mind with his eight year-old son. This woman is someone he admires: she's extraordinarily kind and passionate, and cares about her people.

Ehlers, who had earlier sauntered around between takes with a brown police revolver in one hand, and the Elia Kazan autobiography, *A Life*, in the other, is a late starter. He hadn't been to the theatre until he was 23. He was a mature student at NIDA, and he still doesn't think of himself as a natural actor.

But he has always loved films, and actors, especially Al Pacino and Jack Nicholson.

I got a love for the psychology of it through these guys. The first film that got to me was *Serpico*. I still remember images from it, and I knew that something had emotionally happened to me. I discussed the film with friends, and we talked about how Pacino changes through the film. After that, I kept looking for actors who were interesting.

The first film that enraged me was *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. There was real pain in it. It made me realize that movies could make you mad. I wanted Nicholson to kill that nurse, it seemed the morally correct thing.

Producer Moir had said earlier that they cast Ehlers because they wanted a "real leading man, and they're hard to find". Over dinner one night, I put this to Ehlers. While openly ambitious, saying that ambition is very much a natural part of acting, Ehlers is still working on just what is that notion of a leading man.

At NIDA, I didn't imagine I'd be a leading man. It wasn't a clear idea, and I'm still guessing, still trying to work out what it means, although I'm not sure I should. But good actors *are* leading men.

Ehlers' studies are not over: he loves to work, and hates holidays. When he is not working, he watches videos "by the thousands. I watch for actors' performances and for directors. I also like to show films I like to other people."

Sweetie is not one of them, neither are Peter Greenaway's films. He likes *Withnail and I*, *The Big Chill*, *One from the Heart*, all of Coppola's work, and the Katharine Hepburn-Cary Grant comedies. As an actor, he says he would like to be quirky. Perhaps that explains the brown, full-length leather coat. ■

FACING PAGE, LEFT: SERGEANTS THORNTON AND BOURKE. *DEADLY*. TOP: JEROME EHLERS AND CREW ON THE SET OF *DEADLY*. BELOW: ESSEN STORM WITH ABORIGINAL EXTRAS.



THE FFC FILM FUND

Australia's mainstream production slate for the financial year to June 30 is estimated to have been $164 million, of which the Film Finance Corporation provided almost $85 million. Not all of this has yet been spent, as some productions are still to draw down their moneys.

Of the total, $97.5 million was spent (or will be) on feature films, of which $47.5 million came from the FFC. Television drama accounts for $53 million ($29 million from FFC) and documentaries a further $13.3 million (FFC: $8 million). The rest of the funds were provided by a variety of private sector sources, by way of pre-sales, distribution guarantees or direct investments, as in the case of Village Roadshow Pictures' *Turtle Beach*, which was recently shot in Thailand.

The FFC notes that all funding approvals for the year in fact total $114.5 million (on budgets totalling $212.5 million), but some of the projects are still in the process of negotiation and do not yet constitute commitments.

The 1989-90 aggregate is well above the previous year's total of $121.8 million, of which the FFC provided $75.4 million.

A year ago, the FFC announced a bold new plan, something that would be a departure from its so-called hard-nosed, commercial approach to funding Australian productions. The FFC had been set up that way: private sector involvement was – and is ever more so – an essential element in a proposal, before the FFC would even consider a film for finance. That meant producers had to pass the market test: if a commercial buyer was prepared to put up 50 per cent or more of the budget, the FFC would come to the party.

This, some said, was too restrictive and closed off options for those innovative filmmakers who really had something, but couldn't get the commercial market to recognize it.

In response, the FFC decided to fully fund five films under a Film Trust scheme. Underwritten by BT Australia and the FFC, the films have an aggregate budget of just over $20 million. The public was offered first recoupment of monies, 100% tax deduction, plus up to 170% profits. There was $6.4 million available for such public investment, but only $4.5 million was taken up.

The projects are going ahead, and the FFC believes they have a good chance of making money, even though the budgets are all around $4 or $5 million.

Deadly was the first into production. The other four are:

GAGGO

Producer: Hugh Rule. Director: Ron Cobb. A tale of love, of the search for truth, of individual courage and of municipal sanitation. [Production]

THE GIRL WHO CAME LATE

Producer: Ben Gannon. Director: Kathy Mueller. About a loving, stable relationship, and how to get it. And Nellie's horse. Or thinks she is. [Production]

THE LAST DAYS OF CHEZ NOUS

Producer: Jan Chapman. Director: Gillian Armstrong. A desperate little comedy. [Pre-production]

SPEEDWELL

Producers: Timothy White, Richard Brennan. Director: Mark Joffe. A sweeping saga of two suburbs in the 1960s, and a time/motion man. [Post-production]



MARTIN SCORSESE

It isn't difficult to get Martin Scorsese started. You just have to bring up the subject film. Once he gets on the track, though, it's almost impossible to stop him. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry", he smiles, realizing that his words were gushing out at an almost hallucinatory speed, or, better yet, in unformed sentences more similar to frames than phrases. "I can go too fast at times." • One has to understand that films are to Scorsese more than his life. They are his food and

GANGSTER AND PRIEST



oxygen and pleasure and, most of all, his passion. "You have to think about films to know how to make films", he says, referring to his two-year tenure as a teacher in his alma mater, the prestigious New York University School of Film. "My only influence over my students was this: How to make films in a sense is how to give passion to them."

AN INTERVIEW BY ANA MARIA BAHIANA

MARTIN SCORSESE

Besides film, only music and Robert De Niro can speed Scorsese's speech one notch up. He gives constant musical references when talking about his work, and is known for playing the future soundtrack on the set. To inspire actors and guide his own work, he filmed one climactic sequence in his newest offering, GOODFELLAS, while Eric Clapton and Duane Allman's soaring guitar riff in "Layla" was blasting from the set's speakers. "I happen to see things to music", Scorsese admits, adding that his taste can be as eclectic as his filmic appetite. "pop and rock and Italian folk songs and opera and country and western, and church music".

De Niro, a life-long friend and collaborator in almost all of his films, is "someone very, very special. He's family. You'd have to be there to see how he works, how he still surprises me."

De Niro has a somewhat back seat in GOODFELLAS, Scorsese's scorching, casually epic view of the intimate life in organized crime, based on journalist Nick Pileggi's non-fiction best seller, WISEGUYS. But he'll play the lead in Scorsese's next venture, a remake of the thriller CAPE FEAR (Jack Lee-Thompson, 1962), originally starring Gregory Peck and Robert Mitchum.

"You have to do some things for yourself and some things for the market", Scorsese muses. "This one will be for the market. This is America."

In *Goodfellas*, you have a world populated entirely by "bad guys". There are no heroes, no uplifting morals, no judgements, no lessons, and certainly no ethics and no redemption for your characters. What was the intention behind that?

Well, this question comes up with every person I speak to. In all the history of theatre and cinema, novels or whatever, characters who are on the bad side are always more interesting than the good guys. It goes all the way back to Greek tragedy. You always had an antagonist who is more interesting than the protagonist.

Because we are human beings, and there's good and evil in all of us, these guys, these villains, act out the worst part of ourselves, the things we always feel. We like to live vicariously through these characters. We also like to see them get punished at the end – in certain cases, not all cases.

In this film, there's no discussion of guilt of any kind. I think there's no mention of God. I have a feeling the guilty characters don't feel [a need for ethics]. They have special ethics and, because of that, or the lack of ethics, it brings attention to it. That was the plan: just show how they act and then let the audience judge or think about, what their actions reveal as characters.

As far as redemption, I don't know. The story still goes on.

There is also a good deal of very graphic, and almost casual, violence. Some critics here in the U.S. were offended by it.

I don't know what are the criteria of the deans of American film criticism, or what their credentials are in terms of knowing what that lifestyle is like, of knowing what violence is really like in the streets. Have they grown up with it and lived with it as a daily expression?

One has to deal honestly with the enjoyment of violence at certain times in growing up, when one doesn't know if it's good or bad. You see how people act and realize, after a while, that it's not right. But some people don't [realize that]. There's a kind of thrill of violence, an attraction to violence and in living that way. In certain characters, certain people, there's a thrill. But I do question the credentials of those who pontificate from a very safe distance about others' lifestyle.



"In all the history of theatre and cinema, novels or whatever, characters who are on the bad side are always more interesting than the good guys. It goes all the way back to Greek tragedy. You always had an antagonist who is more interesting than the protagonist."



ABOVE: JIMMY CONWAY (ROBERT DE NIRO), ONE OF THE MOST FEARED MEN IN ORGANIZED CRIME AND PROTÉGÉ HENRY HILL (RAY LIOTTA) FACING PAGE: HENRY AND HIS SOON-TO-BE-WIFE KAREN (LORRAINE BRACCO) SPEND A NIGHT AT THE COPOCABANA IN MARTIN SCORSESE'S *GOODFELLAS*.

How did your own upbringing influence your vision in making *Goodfellas*?

Over the years there have been a lot of great pictures made of underworld figures where gangsters are shown as very solemn, very serious people. I'm not saying that they shouldn't be presented like that – there must be some gangsters who are that way – but it's not what I remember from growing up in an area where there was a certain percentage of small underworld figures.

It is a small parochial area on the east side in lower Manhattan, Elizabeth Street between Prince Street and Houston Street. We never went six or seven blocks over to the west side, because we had everything we needed in our neighbourhood. It was an incredible place filled with great life and vitality, and a village mentality – not a Greenwich Village mentality, but a Sicilian village mentality.

I knew the minor crime figures from when I was eight or nine years old, first as people. The person whose candy store I stood in front of was very nice to me, always very jolly and happy. But across the street we couldn't stand in front of this other guy's store, he didn't want kids there for some reason. Of course, it really wasn't a candy store, it was a place where all could congregate and do business.

At the time, you just took them as people, you don't know what they did and only later did you find out what was going on. And when you discovered that certain lifestyle, you were faced with certain choices - street choices.

You have to be tough to survive on the streets. If you have severe asthma, like I did, you have to survive another way. It's very difficult surviving in the underworld if you aren't physically capable of defending yourself, so you defend yourself by your wits. You work out your values another way.

So, I became more attracted to the church, which was the other main force in that neighbourhood. You had a choice, either to become a gangster or a priest. I told this to Gore Vidal and he said, 'It's great. You became both.'

But did you entertain thoughts of choosing the underworld?

When you're a kid you look and see these guys and they're very interesting people. To a kid, they are beautifully and elegantly dressed, and they command a great deal of respect in your small world. And it is the quieter ones who are always the most powerful. You see an older gentleman in front of the candy store, let's say, on a chair and wearing a mohair suit, you see the change in the body posture of the people passing by him. Nobody gets in front of him or does anything disrespectful. That's an amazing amount of power for a man who doesn't have to lift a finger.

Naturally, those sort of people become role models to you and, at a certain point, sure you think, "Oh boy, I'd like to be respected like that person." But to be able to do that you have to live that

MARTIN SCORSESE



ABOVE: JIMMY AND HENRY'S CELEBRATION AFTER THE LUFTHANSA ROBBERY IS SOURED WHEN JIMMY DISCOVERS ONE OF THE GANG HAS BEEN TOO FREELY SPENDING HIS CUT BELOW: JIMMY ASKS HENRY TO GO ALONG ON A HIT BUT HENRY SUSPECTS HE MAY BE THE VICTIM. GOODFELLAS. FACING PAGE: SCORSESE ON LOCATION DURING THE FILMING OF GOODFELLAS.

lifestyle of violence and violent behaviour, and a contempt for any kind of morality and codes of living

Then you see that the other kind of person who is pretty much respected is the priest – pretty much, but not too much

So, in a way, this film continues a series of neighbourhood tableaux that you started with *Mean Streets*?

I'm attracted to the same subject matter the same material It's like looking at the world again from a slightly different angle There s a direct line between *Mean Streets*, *Raging Bull* and this film It's almost a trilogy

Mean Streets is pretty much about myself and my friends The period covered in that film is when I was a film student at New York University, going back and forth between the two worlds, the east side and the west side *Mean Streets* is a very clear, almost autobiographical movie of that time I hopefully have a couple more in mind to chronicle that lifestyle

Were you surprised when *Raging Bull* was chosen best film of the 1980s in almost all lists compiled by the American press?

I was very surprised and very, very pleased because up to that point I thought it was pretty much well, not forgotten, but sort of played down And it was chosen by individuals whose votes were collated, not worked out politically in some room, like by a jury at a film festival, when you have to encourage certain kinds of filmmaking as opposed to others

The other thing is that *Raging Bull* was filmed in 1979 and released in 1980 That means it stayed in people's minds for more than ten years, and that's pretty good I hope it stays in people's minds

You made *Raging Bull* at a turning point in American cinema, when the spectacle, effects and big budgets were becoming more and more important. How do you relate to American cinema now?

I don't now The '80s were a difficult time because I couldn t get films made and the films that were being made were very broad audience-participation films like *Flashdance*, Spielberg pictures and Simpson-Bruckheimer films [*Top Gun*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, etc] They are high concept films, quote unquote I'm not putting them down, or saying anything negative about them, and they were megahits

Hollywood is very American The film industry is very, very concerned about making money A lot of the energy and talent went into trying to make megahits during that period Now it seems to be coming around a little bit the other way

Which films couldn't you get made in the 1980s?

After *Raging Bull*, Bob De Niro and I tried to make *King of Comedy* very quickly and I found I couldn t make it quickly It had a very difficult shooting procedure It was a very hard picture to make and I think it got caught in the politics of the studio changing hands And when the film didn't perform the way the studio thought it should perform for the amount of money that it cost to make, they dropped the film from distribution I no longer cared

Then I proceeded to start on *The Last Temptation of Christ*. But after working on it a year, and just as we were about to start photography, the studio pulled the plug on us That left me with the realization that I couldn't get made anymore the kind of pictures I wanted to make

How did you find your way out of this impasse?

I figured what I had to do was start all over again and learn how to make pictures for the least amount of money Then I could afford to make riskier films in this country You see, unless I do something that doesn't relate directly to my personal experience, it is very hard for me to do things in England or Italy or France or Spain It's difficult because I'm really American So I kind of put the pieces together and did *After Hours*, which was a very low-budget, $4 5 million film, all included.

Then I raised the stakes a little by doing *The Color of Money* a year later It was a very commercial venture in a way, a straight *Mean Streets* kind of movie made with a movie star That was made cheaply, too



"I like so many movies, so many directors! The first director I can remember liking, and I was too young to understand what a director did, was John Ford. I just saw his name in all the movies I liked. Then there was Orson Welles, when I learned about what a director really does."

Then the people at Creative Artists Agency [the most powerful artists' representation and packaging agency in the business] took notice of *The Color of Money* and suggested that I come over to their agency, which I did. They asked me which film I'd like to make most, and I said *The Last Temptation of Christ*, the most impossible film to get made in Hollywood. I hadn't been able do it, not because of the money, but because of the exhibitors. They simply would not show it in the theatres. So it had become a kind of a joke in Hollywood like "You have as much a chance of making this film as in making *The Last Temptation of Christ*." It became a total humiliation.

How did *The Last Temptation of Christ* finally get made?

Within one month or so of my signing with CAA, there was some movement at Universal. Mr Tom Pollock came in [as President] and Michael Ovitz [UAA's owner and powerbroker] spoke to him about the project, which was by now a *cause célèbre* in Hollywood. We had this meeting at Universal and talked about making the film for $7 million all in, with no salary for me and scale for the actors. And it was made that way.

It was a very difficult period the 80s. From 1981 to 1987, I thought that I'd never be able to get another film like *Raging Bull* made again. After '87, things started to get back on the track.

Is there any particular reason for doing this remake of *Cape Fear* right now?

Basically just because it's a thriller, a mainstream film. It's like going back to school.

Usually, the pictures I make are for myself. I can't, no matter how much I try, make a film like Spielberg does. He has a certain sensibility and a certain command of the craft which is quite remarkable and that's what commercial means. But very often in America you have to be able to make one or two of these pictures that do fairly well at the box office so you can make two or three of your own.





So, for you, it must be especially hard to shoot a film like *Cape Fear*.

Oh yeah, very hard. You do the best you can. The problem is that I really prefer stories that are not told in a straight sense. To make a film, I prefer a story that's broken up and told in a more interesting way. But to make a thriller, you have to tell the story in a certain way, with certain moves and certain moments. And you have to know how to hit that, which is pretty hard.

I like thrillers but they are hard to do and dangerous in that I can get very bored. But I can't afford to bore myself, nor can I make the film too flashy because I might destroy the mood. I have to find that fine line. It's a big challenge. We'll see what happens.

Which director do you think has had the biggest influence on you?

I like so many movies, so many directors! The first director I can remember liking, and I was too young to understand what a director did, was John Ford. I just saw his name in all the movies I liked. Then there was Orson Welles, when I learned about what a director really does.

At the same time, I was living with movies by Michael Powell. I saw them on television all the time. And those by Carol Reed and Sam Fuller and Vincente Minnelli... it goes on and on. There are so many, so many.

Is there any particular reason why we are now seeing so many gangster movies?

I don't know. There's no reason other than things happen in cycles. What was the other recent one? Comic book heroes. And films like *Big*, with people switching roles and children becoming adults. I don't know.

Francis' *The Godfather* was very important in the '70s because of Watergate and the end of the Vietnam war and how we all felt in this country. He was showing a law, a code. Now he's coming out with *Godfather III*. I think Francis really felt he was able to find an angle on the story of *The Godfather* at this point.

But the appeal of gangster films? I don't know. It's the old story, I think. The bad guys, quote unquote, are more interesting than the good guys. ●

"From the opening shot of *Goodfellas*, one knows one is in familiar territory. The camera careers up to the rear of the car, pulls out alongside and then overtakes it. There is an

GOODFELLAS

AN AFTERWORD BY RAFFAELE CAPUTO

"There is a saying in Naples: I have shared my sleep with a friend."
Giuseppe Marotta, *Don Vincenzo and Don Eligio*.

MARTIN SCORSESE has said of *Goodfellas*, "It happened very casually, sort of old friends getting together again, which is the spirit of the film ..." (*Scorsese on Scorsese*, Faber & Faber, p. 115). From the opening shot of *Goodfellas*, one knows one is in familiar territory. The camera careers up to the rear of the car, pulls out alongside and then overtakes it. There is an immediate feeling of recognition: this shot is to be found in the past, in the closing sequence of *Mean Streets* (1973) just before Charlie (Harvey Keitel), Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro) and Teresa (Amy Robinson) are hit by Michael and his hired hand, Shorty (played by Scorsese himself).

Coupled with the sense of familiarity, however, is also an ominous, grating sense of dissatisfaction lurking about the film. It as though the get-together with old friends has lost some of its magic, though the spark is certainly still there, the feeling that things have changed is more definite and overrides the magic. By all accounts, there are the obvious signs of a return to one's roots, but the reconciliation just isn't the same. It is probably this kind of spirit that Scorsese is really pointing out.

There are a number of things that cannot be reconciled in *Goodfellas*. Perhaps it is because *Goodfellas* is a little too familiar. For the moment that's just a "perhaps". There is probably another reason. From the opening sequence, it is difficult to reconcile the words that have become the film's guiding inscription – "As far back as I can remember, I've always wanted to be a gangster" – with the freeze frame of the face of Henry Hill (Ray Liotta). It is not because of the freeze frame itself, but the brief, incredulous expression it catches on Henry's face at the instant Tommy DeVito (Joe Pesci) and Jimmy "The Gent" Conway (Robert De Niro) respectively hack into and blast away at the half-dead victim stuffed in the boot of the car.

Certainly, the expression takes its cue in an ensemble of action with a timed purpose – the build-up to the final, violent dispatch of the victim, the camera zeroing on Henry's face, the Roadrunner-like freeze frame, and then those mnemonic words over the momentary, incredulous stare – that works to great comic effect. But, as with the opening shot, where is this expression to be found? The sequence as a flashforward singles out Henry's expression as something to return to: that indeed it also suggests something of a moral stance, and that part of the film's movement will be toward understanding that expression.

As most would already know, Scorsese is one to structure and thematize his own personal desires in relation to cinema's history. But with *Goodfellas* it appears double-edged, for what cannot be mistaken with all the close-knit marks of a return to his earlier films, especially *Mean Streets*, is that *Goodfellas* also inscribes Scorsese's own place within film history. In one way, Henry's stare does tend to look to what has become the classic trajectory of the Scorsesean figure: the passage through hell to the point of redemption. Still, one cannot be so sure. What also has to be emphasized is not only Scorsese's doubled-edged inscription, but that this includes the spectator's precarious fascination with cinema, and Scorsese's cinema more so. Again, where is Henry's stare to be found?

Well, for one thing, it can certainly be traced to a past, and at least we know it is the story's past. Immediately following the



immediate feeling of recognition: this shot is to be found in the past, in the closing sequence of *Mean Streets* . . ."



opening sequence in 1970 is a flashback to 1955, where Henry, himself a spectator, gazes trance-like through the blinds of his window down at the congregation of gangsters across the street. With the camera's slow-motion insistence on the emblems of gangsterism (the cars, the shoes, the rings on their fingers, the suits, the cigars), and all revolving around a nodal abstract, power, this segment lays claim to Henry's desire to be a part of this world, to be a "somebody in a neighbourhood of nobodies." It is a perfect, fantastical lifestyle set at play in one's consciousness.

Yet, there is something of a tiny crack that appears in this seductively hermetic world: something that is so much a part of this world and still it arrives as if purposely embedded. There is the point where a man, shot, staggers to the doorstep of the local mafia's hangout. When everyone else scatters away, Henry wraps aprons around the man's wound. Henry cannot explain why he did that exactly, except that Paulie Cicero (Paul Sorvino), the mob chief, would have shut the door on the guy. But Henry just couldn't let him bleed all over the place. This scene certainly differentiates Henry from the others, and points the spectator in both directions: it draws us back to Henry's incredulous expression, and, in so doing, pulls us further along to its return.

Now it is time to move Henry to some place else in the film. What becomes discernible are more tiny cracks turning into fissures, moving in tandem and reflecting back on one another. Another thing that cannot be reconciled in *Goodfellas* is Henry's belief in a glorious time where "we could go anywhere and do anything" with this belief's visual realization, and how, in part, this relates to his extraordinary friendship with Jimmy Conway and Tommy DeVito. For a man who is continually on the move and who can virtually have whatever he desires, there's the burgeoning sense that Henry's belief in this dictum is a false one. That is to say, the people who can actually "go anywhere and do anything" in *Goodfellas* are the ones who do very little and do not move very far. The one obvious figure to spring immediately to mind is Paul Cicero, it is even Henry who cues us in very early on with "Paulie may have moved slow, but that's because Paulie didn't have to move for anybody." Power is measured not through one's actual movement, but through one's ability to mobilize others. Paulie sits as if on a throne, dispatching orders with the mere nod of his head, or communicates through underlings running back and forth relaying telephone messages for him.

Next are Robert De Niro's Jimmy Conway and the repulsively attractive Tommy DeVito, though, unlike Paul Cicero, how power is rendered with regard to these two figures is both more complex and more subtle. For DeVito his power rests in his ability to transgress codes, to turn them inside out – all codes, including the mob's – irrespective of the consequences. In visual terms, this is brought out through the space which is occupied before him, or which is in his sights. On the one hand, he can be mobilized as a proficient killer with a logistical purpose, as with the murders of Stacks (Samuel L. Jackson) and Morrie Kessler (Chuck Low). On the other hand, Tommy cannot be contained: his killing of Spider, the stuttering waiter, and Frankie Carbone, the "made-man" and boot victim, come about impulsively, uncoded, in the netherworld of jokes taken as insults. Perhaps this is the significance of his mother's painting: one dog looks in one direction, the other dog looks the other way – two sides of the same coin.

In this sense, the distance between the two types of killing Tommy performs is minimal, for the locus of his power in both instances is always outside of himself: it becomes a fact that anyone

THE BOYS: HENRY HILL (RAY LIOTTA), JIMMY CONWAY (ROBERT DE NIRO), PAUL CICERO (PAUL SORVINO) AND TOMMY DEVITO (JOE PESCI). PUBLICITY STILL FOR MARTIN SCORSESE'S *GOODFELLAS*.

who stands before him is a potential target. One should recall the tense grilling Tommy gives Henry over an off-hand remark: "What do you mean I'm funny? I'm a funny guy, you said it! What's so fucking funny about me?" Jokes turned into insults, insults back into jokes. But the point at which this knowledge is suddenly testified is the chilling, sad moment of his death. It is also the point at which Tommy himself realizes this knowledge: he gets whacked precisely at the moment he opens the door for his initiation as a mob chief, and all that he comes face to face with is an empty room.

If Tommy's power resides outside of himself, Conway's power, on the other hand, is inside him, in his being and what it can suggest. When we first meet Jimmy, unlike all the others gathered about the gambling house, he glides through the door in a blue shimmering suit. It is as though light emanates from his body. He gives out one hundred dollar bills for even the most insignificant of duties, and it is as if to touch him is to have some of his magic rub itself on to you. But this is also deceptive. Jimmy is as liberal with death as he is with his magic, with his charm. One of the most curious scenes having to do with his power is the scene where he suggests to Henry's wife, Karen (Lorraine Bracco), that she pick out a Dior dress. It becomes such a menacing scene because of the gaping deception of where this man's power resides. In a way, like Tommy, Conway's power rests on the confusion of particular codes having to do with his expressions and gestures, again in the netherworld of uncertainty concerning his charm.

An essential condition of Scorsese's films is that what we are watching seems to somehow unwind naturally and directly onto the screen from the consciousness of the central character. Given his voice-over narration, it would appear that Henry is at the centre of *Goodfellas*. Yet, in placing Jimmy Conway and Tommy DeVito together, there appears to be another centre, one that has all along the line displaced Henry. There are a number of instances one could cite. For example, there is the scene already mentioned of Tommy's grilling Henry with his incessant questioning about being funny. No other central Scorsesean figure has suffered this indignity, it is usually the other way around. Then there is Jimmy's very serious playing off of Henry's position within the make-up of their friendship in a sort of game of inclusion and exclusion. This is certainly played out with Henry in regard to Morrie Kessler's murder, setting up the hit with Henry, then cancelling it, in order to kill Morrie without Henry's knowledge. In other words, for a man who is continually on the move, Henry is hardly the agent of that movement.

But there is one moment in particular that brings this out, and, yes, returns the audience to the opening sequence. It begins just before Tommy's arrival at Henry's bar, with Frankie Carbone, celebrating his return from prison, offering a drink to his "Irish friends". Conway's response is an innocently telling one: "There's only one Irishman here." Who, in the film's scheme of things, could Conway be referring to but to Henry. But there is more. Characters appear to be forever making returns, for after Frankie has insulted Tommy with his "go get your fucking shine box", Tommy returns to take his revenge. To the exclusion of Henry, it's as if Conway implicitly knows of Tommy's return, and awaits him, and both take out their revenge. Indeed, one could say this scene occurs as though Jimmy and Tommy have already planned the murderous scenario. It is also here that once again we come across Henry's incredulous expression, not due to the brutality of Conway and DeVito's violence, but at the moment DeVito, placing the tablecloths on the floor, utters the words, "I don't want to get blood on your floor." Where does this point to? Where else but the scene of Henry wrapping the man's wound with aprons. But these two scenes do not belong to the same world. It is as though to re-confirm that the kind of world we have been watching through Henry's eyes is a false one, an illusion.

There is only one place where Henry's point of view can be reconciled with another's. It is that of Karen's. Their voice-overs are virtually identical, especially when their extraordinary life in the mob world is "all the more normal". What could this be about but the sad truth that Henry and Karen are really normal and ordinary nobodies?

In the aftermath of Henry's betrayal, there are three ways in which to read the ending of *Goodfellas*, all of them are complementary. The camera pans along a nondescript neighbourhood at ground level until it meets the figure of Henry walking out the front door to collect the morning paper. Here is the first way. Henry gazes out into the camera and our gaze meets his. He is our reflection, average nobodies. Where is his expression to be found? In the audience.

The second way: Henry's gaze is also met with the image of the killer pointing his gun. By the codes of the mob, this image is the informant's projection of his fear that there will always be a killer waiting no matter how well protected.

And the third: the image of the killer is that of Tommy DeVito. Once realized it is as if this image passes back over the film. It was a glorious time and now it is all over, and what Henry misses most is "the life." Henry speaks about loss, but it is a loss which is also about our implication in Scorsese's yearning to return and the impossibility of that return. As already stated, the get-together with old friends just isn't the same. But with the image of Tommy, Henry's loss is also speaking about his desire and our desire. It brings to mind one of the nobler dictums of the mob, put beautifully in the short story by Marotta, quoted at the beginning: "I have had friends for as long as I can remember and I hope it will be a friend who closes my eyes for me." What is it that Henry says at one point? "They come with a smile, they come as your friend." ●

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Jan Epstein looks at FATHER *and* THE MUSIC BOX, *two films concerned with war-crimes trials and father-daughter bonds.*

FATHERS & DAUGHTE

IT IS NOT ONLY through direct action in military conflicts (Gallipoli, Vietnam, the Persian Gulf) that young countries lose their innocence and isolation. If Ivan Timofeyevitch Polyukhovich recovers sufficiently from his gunshot wounds to stand trial later this year in Adelaide for the alleged murder during World War II of 24 Jewish men, women and children from the Rovno district in the Ukraine, and for complicity in the deaths of another 850 people, Australians will be confronted with complex legal and moral issues that up till now, at a national level, we have been able to avoid. And judging by the debate in the media which followed the announcement last January that Polyukhovich's trial under the War Crimes Amendment Act is the first of a series planned for Australian courts, it seems many Australians would prefer that the status quo be maintained, and that the trials don't go ahead.

In *The Age*'s "Access" column of 7 February 1990, a reader [M. F.] was quoted as saying:

> Regarding the war crimes trials, we must remember that after 45 years memories are blurred, identification is almost impossible. The quirks of war and the deep-rooted bigotries which accelerated it would never be understood in an Australian court. In case we deepen these ancient animosities, remember Shakespeare's words: 'Old men forget.'

This prompted a rejoinder the next day from another reader:

> [M. F.] said 'Old men forget.' It is not true. My uncle is 82 years old and he still remembers when and how the Nazis murdered his family.

Implying a moral imperative to remember, this argument supporting war-crimes trials – perhaps the most persuasive of all – was dismissed out of hand by another reader whose curt comment had the effect of stumping further debate in the column:

> If [L. Z.'s] uncle, 82 years of age, is unable to forget a 50-year-old tragedy, that certainly is a case of an old man failing to adjust. I do not want my taxes to be misused to support a vendetta that is totally irrelevant in this day and age.

It is very timely, then, that two films recently shown in Australian cinemas confront the issue of war-crimes trials head on. *The Music Box*, a powerful drama by Costa-Gavras which explores the very concerns waved aside so peremptorily by the writer above, and *Father*, an Australian film directed by John Power, which adds to the debate about war crimes by drawing attention to categories of evil.

The storylines of *The Music Box* and *Father* bear an uncanny resemblance to each other. A young woman (called Ann/e in both films) much doted on by her father finds to her shock and disbelief that her loving, kindly father has been accused of war crimes committed against Jews during World War II. In spirited defence, the daughter arranges legal representation for her father, who is brought to trial swiftly in his country of adoption. Despite harassment by some elements of the public and the media, the father is sustained by his daughter's love and the love of his grandchildren, to whom he is a revered figure. In the lead-up to the trial and the trial itself, the daughter experiences doubts as to whether her father is innocent or not, but when he is acquitted, through the discrediting of witnesses and other evidence, she is overjoyed. Her joy, however, is shortlived. Immediately following the trial, the daughter learns that her father is the man responsible for the crimes, and she cuts herself off from him forever.

However, despite the almost identical storylines, the two films have important differences, and in much the same way as it is interesting to compare different interpretations of the same piece of music, or, more appropriate, different retellings of the same myth, it is worth comparing the political preoccupations of Costa-Gavras in *The Music Box* with the more philosophical, speculative concerns of *Father*.

Costa-Gavras has been associated for a long time with films that deal with political subjects. Concerned less with political analysis than political morality, his films, *Z*, *The Confession*, *State of Siege*, *Missing* and *Betrayed*, all political thrillers, are dominated by strong, courageous characters driven by a deeply felt humanity to expose conspiracies, racism and political corruption. *The Music Box* is no exception.

... in much the same way as it is interesting to compare different interpretations of the same piece of music, or ... different retellings of the same myth, it is worth comparing the political preoccupations of Costa-Gavras in *The Music Box* with the more philosophical, speculative concerns of *Father*.

The film is set in Chicago, and his war criminal is Mike Laszlo (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a Hungarian who emigrated from the old country to America after the war. When we first meet the upright, still-handsome Mike (known as Mishka to his family and friends), he is dancing with his tall, beautiful daughter Ann Talbot (Jessica Lange), a successful criminal lawyer. At first we have some difficulty establishing the location. The band to which Ann and her father are dancing is dressed in folk costume, and a woman singing a nasal, foreign song is wearing peasant headgear. The room where people are dancing looks old-fashioned and somewhat dated, but when we see an American flag, prominently displayed, we know instantly where we are. This is a Hungarian club and these are Hungarian-Americans who are proud of both their old and their new cultures.

This scene setting is important because

JOE MUELLER (MAX VON SYDOW) AND DAUGHTER ANNE WINTON (CAROL DRINKWATER). JOHN POWER'S FATHER.



RS

Costa-Gavras' film is not only about the trial of a man for crimes past, it is about anti-Semitism past, present and future, and the way xenophobia and racism perpetuate themselves. Costa-Gavras and his script writer Joe Eszterhas have set their story firmly within the socio-political framework of Mishka's attachment to his native Hungary where he inherited both his anti-Semitism and his anti-Communism, and, to underline the links between the two, they have devised a sinister sub-plot involving Ann's father-in-law, Harry Talbot, which draws substantially upon evidence brought to light in Marcel Ophuls' chilling documentary, *Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie*.

Harry Talbot is also a lawyer, and though Ann is divorced from his son (who plays a shadowy role in the film), she works out of Talbot's office, preparing her father's defence when Mishka is accused of war-time atrocities in Hungary. Mishka, says the U.S. Office of Special Investigations, lied when he declared on his U.S. citizenship papers that he was a farmer during the war, and, if the charges against Mishka are proven, he will lose his citizenship and be extradited back to Hungary. With a conviction born of loyalty and love, Ann knows that the charges are false, either an honest mistake or an attempt by enemies to destroy her father for his anti-Communist activities. Talbot, on the other hand, is not so sure about Mishka's innocence – not that he cares – the important thing is that Mishka is acquitted.

Costa-Gavras is an old hand at conspiracies. His best political thriller was *Missing*, based on true events during the 1973 coup in Chile, and his worst was *Betrayed*, a mixture of fact and fiction, scripted by Eszterhas and made implausible through a contrived plot and psychologically faulty characterizations. *The Music Box* is better scripted than *Betrayed*, and the Right wing conspiracy of interests, though never completely explained except as a metaphorical device, is altogether lighter and more deadly.

Talbot, Ann learns in a conversation with lawyers in his office, once drank whisky with Klaus Barbie. There is no follow-up to this information. It is neither laboured nor explained, rather it is insinuated. Ann registers it cynically, with a raised eyebrow, but it is stored away in her memory as it is in ours. This first doubt about Talbot is twinned with Ann's deeper anxiety about her father. When Ann learns from Talbot that Irwin Silver, a Jewish judge, will preside over her father's trial, she is surprised at his response, a mixture of elation ("He'll have to bend backwards to be fair!") and contempt ("The Holocaust is the world's sacred cow! ... Holocaust survivors are saints"). Worse is to come. What is she to make of Talbot's secretly telling her eleven-year-old son, Mikey (Lucas Haas), that the Holocaust is a big exaggeration and all made up? Is Harry's support for Mishka simply a matter of family loyalty? If not, where does it place her, when she is driven to Talbot in a last, desperate attempt to save her father?

The strength of *The Music Box* lies in its lack of ambivalence about men such as Mischka, who took to committing atrocities like ducks to water, and U.S. Counter-intelligence men such as Harry Talbot, who after the war helped these men escape punishment, recruited them, covered up their crimes for them, and used them in the post-war struggle against Communism. When Ann, discouraged by the evidence mounting against her father by witnesses she can only seek to discredit, not refute, visits Talbot in his office to ask him

for help she also takes the opportunity to question him about Barbie. "Is it true you drank whisky with Klaus Barbie?" Not him, he tells her, but others like him. And they weren't monsters. "They were all salt-of-the-earth types like your old man."

In court, Ann defends her father as if she has no doubts, withholding nothing from the fight to gain his acquittal: she discredits honest witnesses, impugns the integrity of the federal prosecutor. In private in an attempt to rattle him in public, uses Talbot's CIA contacts to question the validity of her father's Special Section (Death Squad) ID card, and taps into Mishka's international network of friends to vanquish the last remaining obstacle to her father's full acquittal. And she succeeds. Without doubt Ann is a loyal daughter and a skilful lawyer, but, beyond this, she has a sense of justice and a concept of futurity. Reared as an American, having imbibed the liberal values of America and choosing to practise the law of the land, Ann finds her integrity violated and her loyalty to her father shattered when she is given, quite by accident, the music box that contains incontrovertible evidence that her father is the beast she has feared him to be.

In another context, Camus once wrote: "If I have to choose between justice and my mother, I will choose my mother." In this context, Ann chooses justice, and the fact that her choice rings true is integral to the success of the film.



Ann's decision at the end of the film to betray Mishka to the federal prosecutor, and through him to the world via the press, is predicated upon three things: her revulsion at the atrocities he has committed, proven by the photographs found in the music box; her father's lack of remorse; and, most important, his naked coveting of Ann's son for himself, when he realizes he has lost his daughter. "He's my boy, my son", Mishka shouts at her, becoming violent and snatching the boy to him. "You will poison his mind, like they have poisoned yours!"

This scene more than any other makes Ann's repudiation of her father credible. She must sacrifice her father to save her son — break the power of both the grandfathers for her son to have a future.

An analogous reason for a daughter's repudiation of her father can be read into the last scene of John Power's *Father*, but this is never articulated. The uncertainty as to why Anne Winton (Carol Drinkwater) takes the step to forever leave the family home and her father, Joe Mueller (Max Von Sydow), after they witness the suicide of a Holocaust victim and confront each other about his past, threatens the film with an ambivalence and ambiguity that goes beyond the filmmakers' intentions.

Does Anne Winton reject her father because he is a coward, because he is selfish or because he is evil? Surely a daughter will not repudiate her father because of selfishness and cowardice, common enough failings. The reason must be that he is evil. But what sort of evil man is Joe Mueller?

The storyline of *Father* is not as dense as *The Music Box* or as locked into the psychological tensions of the trial. It is looser, less schematic, more Australian in the best sense of conveying a feel of local colour and place.

Joe Mueller is a new Australian, an imposing looking elderly man who came out to Australia after the war to "make a clean break of it", as he says later, defensively, at his trial. He is a local character, well liked by his customers at the inner-suburban Melbourne pub/restaurant which he built up from scratch over the years, and by the other parents at the nearby school to which he walks his two young granddaughters each day. As far as the film gives any indication, Joe has no cultural or political attachments to the old country. He attends no social clubs where people gather in national costumes, neither does his house display any Bavarian bric-a-brac. Apart from his accent and his dapper bow tie and hat, he is no different from any of the people among whom he lives. He is, in short, representative of a very different man to Mishka Laszlo, having none of Laszlo's pathologically gratuitous sadism, and seeking none of the network of contacts in the present that Laszlo needs to prop up his paranoid and racist view of the world.

At the heart of Costa-Gavras' film is the powerful metaphor of the folksy, charming old European music box churning out murderous and obscene images to the accompaniment of tinkling music. There is no such ironic and ugly metaphor used in *Father*. Though the film begins with a scene of a European massacre – 120 naked bodies lying in an 18-metre trench, out of which is crawling a survivor, twelve-year-old Iya Zetnick who will eventually track down Mueller, her parents' murderer, to Australia – the focus of the film changes from Europe to Australia as the film progresses. And references are made to other wars that Australia has been involved in, including Vietnam. As the film's emphasis shifts to Australia (rightly, since this is an Australian war-crimes trial), the film's sympathies shift subtly from the victim to the perpetrator, albeit a perpetrator acting under the orders of others.

"Achtung, you old bastard!", calls out Joe's cleaner at the beginning of the trial after a solidarity booze-up with him at his pub. "Up yours digger!", Joe laughs back. Someone else says, "The war's been over nearly fifty years. One thing you learn, you know who your friends are!"

Joe's son-in-law, Bobby (Steven Jacobs), sums up the thinking in the film. At the celebration marking Joe's acquittal, Bobby cautions Anne that once the party is over she is going to start doubting Joe again. He doesn't believe Pappy is innocent. "I was in Vietnam. Would I have said no if I was pushed? It's in all of us", he tells her.

This is persuasive. It draws attention to the beast in us all. No one can be sure of how they will act under duress and under the conditions of war. But there is a difference between carefully planned atrocities committed as part of an organized programme of genocide extending over many years (Nazism, the Pol Pot regime, Australia's policy against the Aborigines of Tasmania, for example), and atrocities committed impulsively in jungles by half-drugged soldiers uncertain of why they are there (Vietnam, with all its horrors, was not Babi Yar, or Iya's trench).

The preparation of a mass grave for 850 Jews from the Serniki ghetto who were shot and clubbed to death in September 1942 was described this way recently:

> An army engineering unit arrived in the village and, with German precision, dug a grave exactly 37 metres long, three metres wide and three metres deep, and running exactly north and south. Even the prob-

lem of getting the Jews [to walk] to the bottom of this huge trench had been taken into consideration – the army unit built a gently sloping walkway which ran down one side. Then the Jews were rounded up. There were not only the inhabitants of the Sernik ghetto. Villagers remember trucks bringing other Jews from surrounding villages, and the grave possibly contains far more bodies than the 553 that the forensic section of the Australian Special Investigations Unit counted earlier this month.[2]

Father's scriptwriters Tony Cavanaugh and Graham Hartley say that neither of them are prepared to categorize Joe Mueller, who admits to killing 120 people with a smile on his face, as a good or evil man. For Cavanaugh, Bobby's "It's not the war, it's in all of us" is the most important line in the film. "We all have the potenual to do things and maybe it is wrong for his daughter to condemn him, maybe not. There are no actual resolutions", he is quoted as saying. This ambivalence is why the film doesn t succeed dramatically as well as it should.

Anne's decision to repudiate her father is far less convincing and believable than Ann Talbot's. The scene where this happens, however, is handled well. It follows Iya's suicide and the handing over of Iya's burden to Anne. Anne watches Joe's reactions to this death with horror. He is excited, glad it is all over, unconcerned about the body lying on the floor. Angered by his reaction, and made certain by Iya's death that her father is guilty, she asks him how he became that way. She can understand that he had to kill people, but with a smile? His answer chills her: "I did it to survive – to prevail is everything", he tells her. "You think I invented the war? It surrounded us – it was my duty. I feel no shame. There s nothing special about me."

We have heard these arguments before in the film, they are reasonable ones. There is nothing in Joe's manner or words similar to the mad paranoic ravings of Mischka Lazlo. Why then does his daughter reject him so utterly? Can't she forgive him as many of the audience will be prepared to do?

Father is not as powerful as it should be. Unintentionally, the scriptwriters have emotionally exonerated Mueller. In analogizing the massacre out of which Iya crawled to such massacres as My Lai, or Australian soldiers to Nazi collaborators, they fail to discriminate between what Iya's experience and My Lai represented. If the Nazis had confined their attack on European Jewry to a few mass graves dotted over the European countryside, the Holocaust would be no different to countless other slaughters of innocent people. But behind Iya is the "sacred cow" of which Harry Talbot speaks, a vast organized machine that culminated in the destrucuon at its peak of 24,000 people a day in Auschwitz. By seeking to contain the enormity of the Holocaust through comparing it to My Lai, it is possible to understand Mueller and sympathize with him, but this is a false understanding which shifts sympathy from the victims of Mueller to Mueller himself.

The film portrays Mueller as elderly, frail and loving, when he had been brutal, uncaring and cruel. But, worst of all, through no fault of Juha Blake's acting, they have made Iya, the victim of a great crime, neurotic, obsessive and cunning – a pariah still, in a shabby coat and funny hat, as if she was a madwoman to be seeking justice.

Bobby, the lens through which most of the film's sympathetic judgement about Mueller is expressed, voices the opinion that Mueller may have committed the crimes then, during the war, but not now. "That's all we can be sure of", he says. But what can we be sure of? Mueller expresses no shame or remorse for what he did because he doesn't believe he did anything wrong.

Primo Levi spoke about forgiveness in the Afterword of his volume *If This Is a Man and the Truce*, explaining that he wasn't willing to forgive any of his persecutors unless they showed first by deeds and words over a period of time that they were conscious of their crimes. Then, and only then, "an enemy who sees the error of his ways ceases to be an enemy".[3]

The flaw with *Father* is its moral ambiguity. Despite its attempt to be even-handed, it fails to explore deeply enough the allegorical symbolism of the characters it is dealing with. Because the Holocaust like Hiroshima towers over the twentieth century, a film about these mythological events has no choice but to state clearly, and without ambivalence, where it is coming from. If a character proclaims as Mueller does in his defence, "To prevail is everything", he must be condemned because the informed conscience, if it is a moral conscience, must find itself deciding in some circumstances to act against its own best interests. To prevail is not everything. Anne indicates her opposition to this belief by her departure from him, but the reason why she does so is never spelled out. Because of her children being infected by him? To punish him? Simply because she is revolted? We are not told, and the subtext of the film works against such a harsh judgement.

FACING PAGE: MIKE LASZLO (ARMIN MUELLER STAHL) AND HIS DAUGHTER OBFENDER ANN TALBOT (JESSICA LANGE) IN COSTA GAVRAS' *MUSIC BOX*. BELOW: REBECCA WINTON (SIMONE ROBERTSON), JOE MUELLER AND AMY WINTON (KAHLI SNEDDON) IN JOHN POWER'S *FATHER*.



Ambiguity about why Anne left her father or whether she should have done so is acceptable. A daughter may stay, and continue to love her father – this is comparable to a mother loving her son the murderer. What is not acceptable is that there should be any ambiguity about her father s being wrong. Unfortunately, *Father* conflates the two.

With more rigour, a clearer definition of the issues involved, and by allowing Iya to become a more fully developed character who can speak more articulately for herself and what she represents, *Father* could have been a major Australian contribution to the war-crimes debate.

NOTES

1. This shift has cultural validity as we see from another "Access" letter: "E. H. s letter (31/1) expresses clearly the opinion of most true Australians who are against this fiasco and sham of so-called war crimes trials which are based on evidence provided by senile witnesses of doubtful integrity. I agree the only losers will be Australian taxpayers and the accused."

   Note how the victims are "senile witnesses of doubtful integrity" (similar to Iya s discrediting at her trial) and sympathy is only directed to the accused. Undoubtedly many feel this way. This response is morally questionable to say the least.

2. *The Sunday Age*, Phillip Knightley: "After 48 years, the horror of Sernik returns", 29 July 1990.

3. Primo Levi, *If This Is A Man and the Truce*, Abacus, 1988, p. 382.

Based on the autohiographies of New Zealand writer Janet Frame, *An Angel at My Table* extends Jane Campion's preoccupations, which

An Angel At My Table

JANE CAMPION INTERVIEWED BY HUNTER CORDAIY



she so distinctively estahlished in her earlier work – a girl's childhood; creativity; a woman's sexual experience – into a compassionate, three-hour study of Frame's life. Originally made for television, the film is now in theatrical release after a premiere at the XLVII Mostra Internazionale d'Arte Cinematographica in Venezia, where it won the Special Jury Prize and several critics' awards.



...IST FRAME, AT ROOK WITH THE
THREE ACTRESSES WHO PLAY HER AT VARIOUS AGES
IN JANE CAMPION'S *AN ANGEL*...
KAREN FERGUSSON

You have said elsewbere of *An Angel at My Table* that "It's the story of ber [Janet Frame's] life but it could have been my life." Was that the starting point of the film for you?

I said that because one of the things that really inspires me about the autobiographies is that I feel I can really see myself in her story. That makes it attractive and personal for me. I feel other people will see a part of themselves that they hadn't valued before, because what Janet suggests is all the vulnerability and shyness that exist in people. Many people haven't suffered to the degree that she has, and I found it very liberating.

Is there a particular sort of personality that you want to make films about?

It is not something I consciously think about. But there is always something that has attracted me to telling anti-hero stories, and seeing the heroic aspect of them. I'm a lover of the perverse.

Where does that originate?

Maybe coming from New Zealand where you say "small is beautiful",





because everything in New Zealand is small compared to the rest of the world. Maybe in that way you learn a kind of respect and regard for the backward, the shy, the countrified.

And the perverse?

That may be my own little domain.

In *Sweetie*, you explored the personality of a troubled artist. Janet Frame is also a troubled personality.

Yes, I think that's true. What's exciting about troubled people is that they're in action with life, they're not sitting back and contemplating their success but trying to work something out. I find something incredibly endearing about that human effort, a sincere and not cynical effort to try and understand this life we've been given.

I'm reading *War and Peace* at the moment and Tolstoy is grappling with the same questions all the time. Why are we here? What are we here for? And when you see characters or people really struggling with those ideas and not just resigned to getting a mortgage and a job. I think they carry with them the whole meaning of human existence in that struggle, that attempt, to make some sense.

***Sweetie* shows how creativity isn't understood; if someone is creative, they have to be troubled so we won't try and understand them. Is that a universal problem?**

Yes, a lot of creative people are misunderstood. But I've also heard a very funny situation where someone was describing their father, who was obviously a drunken pig and liked intimidating everyone, and the umbrella she put him under was to say he was "very creative". So there are all sorts of ways it can be used and abused.

There is also the idea that if we don't understand someone we can call them mad.

Or creative.

***An Angel at My Table* was essentially made for television. How was that decision arrived at?**

Obviously with some degree of error at times, I always felt that this was a project that had an unreasonable length to it. I couldn't imagine it any shorter than three hours, and Janet thought at one stage it would be nice to have a feature film of each of the books. That wasn't a project I wanted to do, but I could imagine it as a sensational three-part series for television, treating it as a medium that deserved respect. That was the idea.

At first, I couldn't see how you could release three one hour episodes for cinema. But a number of things have turned that around. For one thing, the surprising success of *Sweetie* all over the world, apart from Germany, has meant there are distributors keen for something else. People have seen theatrical opportunities with *An Angel* that we as filmmakers were intimidated by. If I had made it for cinema, I would have wanted a budget like that on *Lawrence of Arabia*, and more time to do a more cinematic response to the work.

You said you wanted to treat television with respect. Is it not usually treated that way?

People have an abominable attitude towards the television audience. They think they're total cretins. My argument is that every human being is really struggling with the big questions, such as "Why am I here in my life?" And while a lot of us go sleepy on it, that's the way I want to address people. I find that every time you speak to a person in that manner, they respond.

Do you think different stories deserve different size screens? Are there some more destined for cinema or television?

I don't know, I'm so confused now! I feel I have it wrong and right. But whatever you do, if you treat it with care, love and respect, it's an unknown how far it can travel. If you only do it as "good enough for television", you can be sure that's all you'll get from it. I didn't behave with *An Angel at My Table* like that, I was just trying to honour the books, which I love. I brought as much quality to them as I could.

How different did you find directing for television?

I thought my love was the big screen, but when you address any problem, in its specifics, it becomes interesting. Television is basically a square, which is great for faces, and it's so nice to know that when it's put on video the integrity of the frame will be intact. I get nightmares about people watching *Sweetie* on tape without the

letterbox masking – it's horrible. So, it's really great to know you've taken one of the major considerations of the world in hand and that *An Angel at My Table* will look great on tape. That's one of the good things.

One of the major breakdowns for me was that there's a tradition that television is shot faster than film and we had a 12-week shoot which included overseas travel. We were averaging about 5 minutes a day, which isn't very high for television. Really, we made two feature-length films in 6 weeks each. Some features are made in that time, but usually not very good ones. Six weeks isn't very generous so we couldn't expect too much and some shortcuts had to be taken. But the pre-production was really hard to fit into the time we had, and I think a project's success is almost entirely equatable to the quality of the pre-production.

I'm a bit of a perfectionist so I wouldn't have been happy if someone had said we're releasing these as features as well. What a bargain – two features back to back in 12 weeks.

In your introductory remarks at the Sydney Film Festival screening, you mentioned there was a moment when you thought Frame's books might be unadaptable. Can you describe that process of adaptation?

My vision on this has been really opened up through this experience. It wasn't *my* feeling that the autobiographies were unadaptable, but that of a lot of other people. I had such a strong love and feeling for them that I was just convinced there was a way to do it. In a lot of ways, I think it's that sort of attitude that makes adaptation possible. Someone has a total belief that they can see it on the screen, and they create the belief and the energy to make it happen. Episode One is basically an essay on childhood and people thought that would be extremely hard to adapt.

You have done several films where there are special moments from childhood, put them together in a sequence and built up a story. Your films give a sense that what's important are the little moments in people's big lives.

It's nice of you to say that, because one of the aims in the first episode was the idea of how your memory develops. I wanted the first bits to be like little slides, visual impressions. If you look back to your very first memory, you can't even put a story together – it's just a picture. So I wanted Episode One to build up the storytelling with very short scenes that get longer and longer, as would a memory. By Episode Two, it's normal storytelling. That was one of the challenges for me, and probably why I like it best.

Did you consider the finished script a rigid text?

No, I see it as a kind of architectural blueprint and you're a fool not to relate to the 'building' that's going up. Things are happening there that you can't see on the paper, and the intentions, the feelings, are in those bits of paper, but you have to put them aside and understand its spirit and feel, rather than the literalness of it. Laura [Jones] has a great trust and it's nice to have that from a [script] writer.

How closely did you work with Jones? What was your contact with the script as it developed?

Long conversations and friendship. Then she just did the entire work. It didn't surprise me ever, because I think Laura is a very clever and subtle writer, except that it was always much better than I was hoping for.

I think I got more courage as I went on, especially with the third episode. I had some worries about it being interesting and exciting and finally I think that worry and fixation probably made a difference. I don't think it's in any way the fault of Laura or Janet that Episode Three feels less strong. It's just that the middle episode with its extremely strong material made the third a bit harder. Also, Janet



ABOVE (LEFT TO RIGHT): JANET (ALEXIA KEOGH) READS *TO THE ISLAND* IN CLASS. JANET (KAREN EGERGUSSON) READS IN BED BESIDE HER YOUNGER SISTERS ISABEL AND JUNE. JANET (PERRY FOX) TELLS HER FAMILY SHE HAS SCHIZOPHRENIA. BRUDDIE (ANDREW RINNS) MUM (IRIS CHURN). DAD (K.J. WILSON). JANET. JUNE (SARAH SMUTS RENNEBY) AND ISABEL (BYNIS ANDEL). JANE CAMPION'S *AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE*

was saying good bye to her audience in the third book and I didn't want to do the same thing. I wanted to keep the audience with her to the end.

One of the problems with adaptation is that people say cinema cheapens literature, and films can never give the power, depth and consideration of a book.

I agree with them. I love novels. I get more enjoyment out of novels than I do out of cinema now.

Is that because you didn't before?

I used to love cinema more but now I think that too many films are too cheap, and they're kind of censored by an expectation of a stupid audience. They're not the challenge or the excitement that you can get in books.

Do you mean recent novels?

Not contemporary particularly. I'm talking about *The Iliad*, *War and Peace*, the opportunity to commune with somebody in your mind from history or present time and live with that relationship for a few days or however long it takes to read a book. I think that's a really exciting experience and I find it inspiring. I'd probably like to write a novel. Then you wouldn't have to do so much collaborative work, which is the plus and the minus of film-making.

Jane Campion

"... I do think there are enormous opportunities in Australia to work in cinema because they give you a chance in a way that I don't think you'd get in America ... I think it's totally up to you here how you do your work. You can create an audience for anything if it's well done, and you are passionate about it."

Perhaps cinema hasn't cared so much about the precious nature of creativity. It has always trampled on that and, if that is what you care about, then cinema can be very unkind.

You have to have an extraordinary relationship with that ability to work with others, and see each compromise as an opportunity, not a reduction. If you can cultivate that relationship then you can survive in cinema. If you can't, then it's just awful.

In *An Angel at My Table*, there is a moment when Janet sits on the stairs at school with a friend who says Karl Marx is the only true rational thinker. On the other side of the steps is another group who are having fun. It seems she either has to be with one group or the other, not both.

I think Janet wanted to be part of the group of beautiful girls with long silky hair who discussed whose personality was nicest. The notion of developing your personality was something she was probably more drawn to than Karl Marx. But she felt that world was inaccessible to her. She had frizzy hair and she never had any nice clothes, so she couldn't join in that lot. They had a special attraction they might not have had, had she been included.

What she wanted, like all of us, was to be special in some way, to have some special attention. She is really taken by the girl at school, Shirley, whose father has died. She wants to be what the teacher says - "in the poetic world of her imagination", to be a dreamer – but Shirley is so wan and pretty. So the only direction she could find in the end was to be a bit bookish, and poetry seemed to be a way she could be understood. She tried to get Dr Forrest interested by writing a very provocative personality piece about her overdosing, so she was obviously trying to attract his attention by being a bold and unusual person.

In the asylum, there are scenes from *Bedlam*, and I imagine it must be very difficult to find ways to show what people are experiencing without it being stereotyped.

Loony scenes can look cheap, too. It's a worry. Scenes were taken from events she discussed in *Faces in the Water*, which is her book about the experience, and I felt pretty confident that those scenes were particular, and weren't made up to show madness but to describe her situation in a particular way.

What I wanted to show was the degeneration of her person during the experience, from the shock treatment down. I wanted to show the mad liberating aspect, the dance, as well as the awfulness of the dirty day room, which is where you got put if you were naughty or created trouble about your shock treatment.

Kerry [Fox, who plays the eldest Janet] does that wonderful thing where she had a copy of Shakespeare, and a bag which she carried – that's the only thing the patients had that identified them – and she brings the strings of her bag together and puts her hand through them as if it's an achievement. In that moment, you realize how far gone she is. I didn't mean to do it just to shock the audience, but to help them sympathize with that experience.

Why do you think she was, as we know now, mistreated? Was it ignorance on the part of those in charge?

I have an opinion on that but I'm not equipped to say. I think diagnosis has an awesome power. Someone says a person is schizophrenic and everything is then interpreted in that light. It's hard to get anybody to decide differently. Everything they do seems part of the schizophrenic framework. And in the environment of a mental hospital, everyone looks mad. The more you protest about it, the madder you look. It's one of those horrible circles that go on and on.

There are several times when doctors say they have a new treatment and it seems to work.

It's not enough to lay the blame at the hands of the psychiatric people at the time or the doctors, because a lot of people suffering from the mental conditions were in an immense amount of pain and grossly unhappy. Shock therapy at the time made the handling of patients easier, because before shock therapy patients were running wild; it really was bedlam. The awful thing about shock therapy, which Janet experienced, was that it was without anaesthetic.

Didn't she say each time was like an execution?

Yes, the fear of execution, and that's what I think is unforgivable. When psychiatrists suggest, as they do today, that maybe a course of shock therapy would be helpful for depression, you think, "Have you tried it?" I'd like to see the psychiatrists themselves experience it with the confidence that they prescribe it.

When Janet gets published and goes overseas, it is as if she is joining the world for the first time. She is not a tourist but a stranger in the world. We see her start writing but it seems very difficult to show writing on the screen.

Yes. I regret now that we didn't show her writing more often. I thought it might have been a bit dull, but now I think it's fantastic to see her writing and we used every scrap of it we had.

The film shows Janet's gradually making contact with the world and people. For her this is not 'growing up' but something greater.

Yes, it's strange. At the end, you might think poor Janet, no lover, none of those things most of us think of as part of the elements of happiness. Yet, I don't feel sorry for her at all. At the end you sense that she's had her fulfilment.

A whole person?

Yes, and I think it's great because it validates a lot of people's lives.

Is *An Angel at My Table* an Australasian film? Does it matter what you call it?

I hope people find it just part of humanity. Its origins are obviously New Zealand. It's Australian as much as I consider myself Australian, my home is Sydney. I think it's a human story and they belong to the whole world.

Do you think the Australian film industry is now re-built or in transition?

I'm such a hopeless commentator on Australian cinema. But I do think there are enormous opportunities in Australia to work in cinema because they give you a chance in a way that I don't think you'd get in America. For all the talent and cleverness in America, they don't give their young filmmakers a go. That's why they're scrambling after Australians! I think it's totally up to you here how you do your work. You can create an audience for anything if it's well done, and you are passionate about it.

An Angel at My Table was an outrageous proposition to most people when we were looking for the money. It just didn't fit any categories and it really seemed like an impossible desire. They were wrong about that. If you have the vision and you work hard to make it available to people, you can do anything. I think what goes wrong is that people don't realize how hard it is to do good work. That may sound awfully school maamish of me, but you can't just turn up on the day and call yourself a director. The homework is horrendous, and you have to be prepared to compete with world standards.

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A WALK WITH



ALAN J. PAKULA

During the last months of 1986, Hollywood was ablaze with a fierce bidding war. It seemed that every single producer and director wanted to turn Scott Turow's yet-to-be-published novel, PRESUMED INNOCENT, *into a film. Alan J. Pakula, a writer and director with an intense interest in the same battles of good and evil that form the core of Turow's novel, was one of the most industrious contenders in that war, albeit a behind-the-scenes one. "I more or less talked [producer] Sydney [Pollack] into buying it for*

GOOD AND EVIL



DEFENCE LAWYER ALEJANDRO STERN (RAUL JULIA) CONFERS WITH HIS CLIENT, RUSTY SABICH (HARRISON FORD), WHO SITS NEXT TO HIS WIFE, BARBBAR (BONNIE BEDELIA). ALAN J. PAKULA'S *PRESUMED INNOCENT*.
INSET: DIRECTOR PAKULA, WITH BEDELIA, ON THE SET OF *PRESUMED INNOCENT*.

INTERVIEWED BY ANA MARIA BAHIANA

me", Pakula says. "I was fascinated by the book, by its wonderful exploration of our system of justice. It also was a crackling good suspense yarn." A New York native with degrees in psychology and drama, Pakula has an extensive and brilliant filmography to his credit, including an essential trio of thrillers that dissect some of America's most sensitive nerves: sex, power and rage in KLUTE; *politics, power and mischief in* THE PARALLAX VIEW; *politics, power, mischief and the media in* ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN. *He received a New York Film Critics' Award and an Oscar nomination for* ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN, *a London Film Critics' Award for* KLUTE, *and an Academy Award screenplay nomination for* SOPHIE'S CHOICE, *his painful 1980s masterpiece.*



WITH *PRESUMED INNOCENT*, Pakula puts his mark in 1990, a year that may come down in American film history as an era of excesses, self-indulgence and outrageously expensive and silly movies. *Presumed Innocent* is none of this, and it shines brightly as a mature, almost serene meditation on the tangled worlds of crime and punishment, sin and guilt, repentance and atonement.

Extremely faithful to Turow's novel, Pakula's film chronicles the dizzying descent of a rational, decent, perfectly normal man, district prosecutor Rusty Sabich (Harrison Ford) into the hellish judicial maze he is supposed to manage after colleague (and ex-lover) Carolyn Polhemus (Greta Scacchi) appears brutally murdered and probably raped. He quickly becomes the prime suspect and, finally, the accused. As Pakula says, "It's a story of power, and how it affects men and women. It's a story of what is justice, and is it attainable?"

Was your intention, in bringing *Presumed Innocent* to the screen, to be truthful to the original novel?

Yes. Given that millions of people bought and read the book, I felt it would have been arrogant of me to violate what that book was about. Also, I wanted to be truthful to an experience that I had been thrilled by. That was enough of a challenge without re-writing the book. Anyway, Scott is a genius when it comes to plot, so I wasn't about to try to top him on that.

Did you have any specific problems in the adaptation?

Nothing but. There had to be grounding and some kind of reality at the beginning. That's why I set it in a small town, so you could relate to these people on a simple level. The telling of this complicated story depends on the audience understanding a lot of complicated things and you have to clear up that information. (I had the same problem with *All the President's Men*.)

Harrison [Ford] was very helpful on this one. He kept asking me questions about, "Do you understand this?" I remember the second time I met Harrison, I went to Wyoming and read the script. He said to me, "Explain the B file." I then spent three hours explaining it. I then realized that if it took me that long to explain it, something was wrong with the script. So, we kept working on it and trying to simplify it.

What we found when we previewed the picture is that when you get 450 people into a theatre, as opposed to a few people in a projection room, there is a wave of understanding that happens. I don't know if they hypnotize each other or how they communicate, but somehow you just felt the audience getting things faster.

It is interesting that you mentioned *All the President's Men*, because both films have an ending that was well-known to a lot of people. How do you handle a problem like this?

By being true to the story. The story is my discipline and I have to tell it as if it is being told for the first time. I have to be careful that anything that's written and all the actors who play the parts have integrity. It's not just a trick at the end.

In this case, I wanted people to be fascinated by the story even if they knew the ending. At the same time, if you don't know it, that is another thrill.

Turow has recently published another book, *The Burden of Proof*, exploring the character of Sandy Stern, the Jewish Argentine lawyer played by Raul Julia in your film. Would you be interested in turning that novel into a film as well?

At this point, I'm working on a script of my own, but who knows what could happen in a few years.

I liked working on Scott's material a great deal, he's a wonderful storyteller and has this fascination with the interplay between good and evil in seemingly ordinary people and in the system itself. So, would I be attracted? Yes, I would.

Besides being thrilled by the book, what else attracted you to this project? Was it that interplay between good and evil, which you have approached in other films?

I have explored American journalism and how it works. I have also been interested in the particulars of the American justice system



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GRAPHIC BY PETER LONG

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Richard Lowenstein, Wim Wenders, David Bradbury Sophie Turkiewicz, Hugh Hudson *Robbery Under Arms.*

NUMAER 48 (OCT/NOV 1984)
Ken Cemeron Michael Pattinson, Jan Sardi Yoram Gross, *Bodyline, The Slum Dusty Movie*

NUMBER 49 (DECEMBER 1984)
Alain Resnais, Brian McKenzie, Angela Punch McGregor Ennio Morricone Jane Campion horror films, *Niel Lynne*

NUMBER 50 (FEB/MARCH 1985)
Stephen Wallece Ian Pringle, Waleian Borowczyk, Peter Schreck, Bill Conti Brian May *The Last Bastion, Blue*

NUMBER 51 (MAY 1985)
Lino Brocka, Harrison Ford, Noni Hazlehurst, Dusan Makavejev, *Emoh Ruo, Weaners, The Naked Country, Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome Robbery Under Arms*

NUMBER 52 (JULY 1985)
John Schlesinger Gillian Armstrong, Alan Parker soap operas TV News, film advertising, *Don't Call Me Girlie, For Love Alone, Double Scull.*

NUMBER 53 (SEPTEMBER 1985)
Bryan Brown, Nicolas Roeg Vincent Ward, Hector Crawford Emir Kusturica, New Zealand film and television, *Return To Eden*

NUMBER 54 (NOVEMBER 1985)
Graeme Clifford, Bob Weis, John Boorman, Menahem Golan rock videos, *Wills And Burke, The Great Rookie Robbery, The Lancaster Miller Affair*

NUMBER 55 (JANUARY 1986)
James Stewart, Debbie Byrne Brian Thompson, Paul Verhoeven Derek Meddings, ne in marketing *The Right Hand Man, Birdsville*

NUMBER 56 (MARCH 1986)
Fred Schepisi Dennis O Rourke, Brian Trenchard Smith, John Hargreaves *Dead End Drive In, The More Things Change, Kangaroo Tracy*

NUMBER 58 (JULY 1986)
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NUMBER 59 (SEPTEMBER 1986)
Robert Altman, Paul Cox, Lino Brocka, Agnes Varda, The AFI Awards, *The Movers*

NUMBER 60 (NOVEMBER 1986)
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NUMBER 61 (JANUARY 1987)
Alex Cox Romen Polanski, Philippe Mora, Martin Armiger, film in South Australia, *Dogs In Space, Howling III*

NUMBER 62 (MARCH 1987)
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NUMAER 63 (MAY 1987)
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NUMBER 64 (JULY 1987)
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NUMAER 65 (SEPTEMBER 1987)
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NUMBER 66 (NOVEMBER 1987)
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NUMBER 67 (JANUARY 1988)
John Dugan, George Miller Jim Jarmusch, Soviet cineme Part I women in film, shooting in 70mm filmmaking in Ghana, *The Year My Voice Broke, Send A Gorilla*

NUMBER 68 (MARCN 1988)
Marthe Ansara, Channel 4 Soviet Cineme Part II, Jim McBride Glamour nature cinematography *Ghosts Of The Civil Dead, Feathers, Ocean, Ocean*

NUMBER 69 (MAY 1988)
Special Cannes issue, film composers, sex, death and family film Vincent Ward, Lingi Arquisto, David Parker, production barometer Ian Bradley *Pleasure Domin.*

NUMBER 70 (NOVEMBER 1988)
Film Australia, Gillian Armstrong Fred Schepisi, Wes Craven John Weiers, Al Clark *Shame* Screenplay Part I

NUMBER 71 (JANUARY 1989)
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Chailei Dickens *Little Dorrit,* Australian Sci Fi movies, Survey 1988 Mini Series, Aromarama, Ann Turner's Celia, Fellini's *La dolce vita,* Women and Westerns

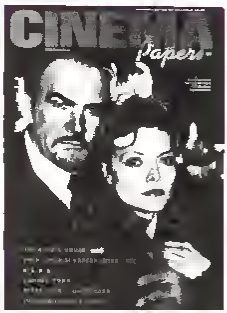
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Cannes Issue, Phil Noyce *Dead Calm,* Franco Nero Jane Campion, Ian Pringle's *The Prisoner of St Petersburg* Frank Pierson – Scriptwriter, Australian films at Cannes, Pay TV

NUMBER 74 (JULY 1989)
The Delinquents, Australians in Holly wood, Chinese Cineme, Philippe Mora, Yun Sokol Twins, *True Believers, Ghosts of the Civil Dead. Shame* screenplay

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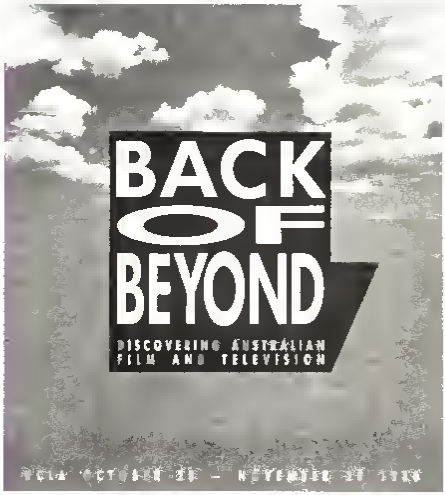
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and how it works. I don't think it is that different from one society to another, and sometimes works in spite of itself. The notion of justice is such a glorious idea and yet it also deals with criminal behaviour. It represents the best in man, and the worst. That fascinates me.

There was also the fact that the book was written by someone who knew the environment well. It is a tale of reality, which I loved.

More important is the character of Rusty Sabich. I am fascinated by rational people who find themselves, and their lives, doing irrational things, people who think they are civilized and in total control of themselves and their lives but wind up not in control; people who are reminded of the fact that they can be better and start having compassion for themselves and other people and are not so arrogant in their judgements. Those complexities fascinated me.

There is also the erotic obsession of this character, which is full of pleasure but gives him no happiness. It is a disturbing kind of pleasure; a pleasure without fulfilment. It is compulsive and obsessive, and that kind of thing fascinates me.

You have approached this theme before in *Klute*.

Yes, where a character uses the manipulation of sex for other reasons than itself. For whatever reasons, such things interest me. I can't tell you why. I don't know what it tells about me and I'm not sure I want to know.

***Presumed Innocent* has in fact two outstanding female characters involved in this strange battle for power who, at some point, can be taken for villainesses. Were you concerned with the design of these characters?**

Well, yes, they are two wonderful parts for women. But I was worried, after reading the book, that audiences would not understand. I did not want them to come out looking like simply bad people: they are fascinating, complicated women. That's why it was so important to cast Greta Scacchi as the great seducer, Carolyn.

You're dealing with a story of a man who is sexually obsessed by a woman who tears his whole life apart. You have a very short time in which to establish this sexual obsession, because she's dead at the beginning of the picture. Greta has this bigger-than-life desirability that reminds me of the sexual icons of the screen in 1940s, when I was young. Her character is so complex: she's a seducer; she's incredibly intelligent and a wonderful lawyer, she has compassion. That interests me rather than somebody who is just bad. Yes, she uses seduction to get her ways, but how many men wouldn't use it, if anybody wanted them? George Bush tried everything else...

ALAN J. PAKULA'S *PRESUMED INNOCENT*. LEFT TO RIGHT, ABOVE: PROSECUTING ATTORNEY RUSTY SABICH BEGINS AN EXTRA-MARITAL AFFAIR WITH HIS COLLEAGUE, CAROLYN POLHEMUS (GRETA SCACCHI). CAROLYN TELLS RUSTY THAT SHE IS ENDING THEIR AFFAIR. BELOW: CHIEF PROSECUTING ATTORNEY RAYMOND HORGAN (BRIAN DENNEHY) ASKS RUSTY TO TAKE ON THE INVESTIGATION INTO THE MURDER OF CAROLYN POLHEMUS. THE SABICH FAMILY ENJOYS A HAPPY MOMENT BEFORE EVENTS UNRAVEL: EON NAT (JESSE BRADFORD), BARBARA AND RUSTY. RUSTY BEGINS THE INVESTIGATION OF CAROLYN'S DEATH. RUSTY IS ARRESTED ON THE CHARGE OF HAVING MURDERED HIS FORMER MISTRESS, CAROLYN.







RUSTY ANGRILY CONFRONTS HIS (OUT-OF SHOT) ACCUSERS IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS LAWYER ALEJANDRO STERN. ALAN J. PAKULA'S *PRESUMED INNOCENT*

Considering the climate in Hollywood these days, when only mega-budget productions with lots of special effects and huge body counts are made, your film is almost a daring enterprise.

Well, Warners didn't think it was. The fact that this book is one of the biggest sellers in the history of America had a lot to do with their willingness to take a chance. Also, it's not just a character study, it's an exciting suspense story, with a fascinating plot. I love that kind of storytelling. It's like the pictures of the 1940s that I grew up with.

What's your opinion about what is going on in the industry right now, especially this [American] summer, with all the juvenile action/sci-fi films?

I think it goes in waves. The head of the studio said to me, 'A lot of us and a lot of filmmakers have been having fun with all the special-effects and violent toys, but the next thing you know there is another wave and another kind of film.' Hollywood has traditionally gone through different waves, although this one has lasted a very long time.

You see, I find there is room for all kinds of films. Certainly *Dick Tracy* and *Die Hard 2* should be made. They are wonderful, child-like, thrilling experiences. It's just that we should be making other kinds of movies as well. If you look back to the 1940s, all different kinds of films were made: women's pictures, adventure movies, big westerns, science fiction, and so on.

So, my only frustration is not that Hollywood makes what it does, because childhood fantasies and childhood adventure are some of the wonderful things film can do, but that there should be all kinds of things for audiences. Who wants to eat nothing but popsicles?

Given that, how would you describe *Presumed Innocent*?

It's a classic, commercial, Hollywood film. That's really what I wanted to make, with that kind of excitement and character. It is not just out of a physical amusement park.

You have done different kinds of films yourself, but you seem to come back, always, to thrillers. Is there any particular reason?

I sure like doing thrillers. For one thing, they allow me to use a very specific style, a kind of hypnotic style. You can't do that in comedy. I like that style and relate to it. Maybe there's a part of me that loves going "What's going to happen next?", and is thrilled by suspense.

When I was working on (*Presumed Innocent*) I called it "Sex and Punishment" ... When you're dealing with this kind of obsession, there is something of the sense of the forbidden. It's not just simple, healthy sexuality. There is the sense of violating your own code ...

Ultimately, you make a film for yourself, because you want to see that kind of film.

Do any of your films stay with you for some time after you have finished them?

This one. I am haunted by it and the people in its story. It stays with me. *Klute*, too. I couldn't get out of that.

On *See You in the Morning* I had the whole experience – I also wrote the script. I then wished it well and went on to the next. I felt that way with *Starting Over* and with a lot of my films. It's not a question of liking one more. But there is something unconscious that keeps pulling me into this one. It's like Harrison's character obsession with Greta's. You kind of just want to get away but can't.

Rusty Sabich's sexual obsession is, as you said, painful and joyless, and gets extraordinary punishment at the end. The same thing happened with Donald Sutherland's character in *Klute*. Would you make a film where sex is joyful and goes unpunished?

I'm trying. I like it a lot. When I read the book *Presumed Innocent*, I said I think what Rusty did was unfortunate, but the punishment really seemed rather extraordinary to me. When I was working on it I called it "Sex and Punishment" (I always have subtitles dealing with what a film's about). When you're dealing with this kind of obsession, there is something of the sense of the forbidden. It's not just simple, healthy sexuality. There is the sense of violating your own code, the excitement of doing that, of the malevolent person who gets eroticized by way of doing the forbidden.

I am currently working on this new script, which is an outrageous comedy caper. Nobody's punished for the sex. The sex is really going to be outrageously cheerful. They might be punished for other things. They have to be punished for something.

Are you obsessed with the forbidden, with guilt and punishment?

Maybe you can say I come from a generation where sex was a lot less complicated than it is now. There is no word in the English language that's more of a turn on than "Don't". It eroticizes.

In this script, there is an adulterous affair, and I think that adds to a certain kind of eroticizing, a certain sense of danger and a certain kind of chilling quality. That lasts a lot longer and has a lot more to do with punishment than cheerfully jumping into the sack with two or three people by dawn's early light. ●

ALAN J. PAKULA FILMOGRAPHY

AS PRODUCER

1957 *Fear Strikes Out* **1962** *To Kill a Mockingbird* **1963** *Love with the Proper Stranger* **1965** *Baby, the Rain Must Fall* **1965** *Inside Daisy Clover* **1967** *Up the Down Staircase* **1969** *The Stalking Moon*

AS DIRECTOR

1969 *The Sterile Cuckoo* (also producer) **1971** *Klute* (also co-producer) **1973** *Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing* (also prod.) **1974** *The Parallax View* (also prod.) **1976** *All the President's Men* **1978** *Comes a Horseman* **1979** *Starting Over* (also co-prod.) **1981** *Rollover* **1982** *Sophie's Choice* (also co-prod., script) **1986** *Dream Lover* (also co-prod.) **1987** *Orphans* (also co-prod.) **1989** *See You in the Morning* (also co-prod., script) **1990** *Presumed Innocent* (also co-script) ●

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Apocalypse New

There is an old joke about the Japanese manufacturer which was so successful that it moved to a smaller factory. And while hardware is shrinking, so also is the video industry, which is not so funny for some.

FRED HARDEN reports

It is obvious at the moment that pessimism rules, video facilities are closing down, Colorfilm de-materialized before our disbelieving eyes and there are more receivers watching the television networks than viewers. Perhaps it is no surprise then that a small apocalypse slipped into the Sydney Showgrounds unannounced. This year's SMPTE Sound & Vision 90 show (July 3-6) was the biggest ever, yet it was launched bravely to the industry without a conference theme. Despite this it was the most unified show for a long time, even if that only became evident when looking through one's notes afterwards.

Conference themes usually seem forced, rather than reflecting any structure that comes out of the papers presented or especially from the hardware displayed. Yet that is indubitably where the real state of the technology is revealed.

The fact that most of the changes are in video and audio is not surprising, but what is happening is that the impact of digital/computers is fully upon us. Digital video systems are now outmoded before they are purchased and that rate of change is filtering into all other areas of the industry. With the introduction of Eastman Kodak's Keycode, its joint development of Cinema Digital Sound and with a date set in 1991 for the testing of its digital film image manipulation system, film production is in for a similarly dramatic change in a way that has never happened in cinema before.

AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING, DO YOU MR JONES?

Why now? What has precipitated this rush of technology? I believe the impact has come now because we have found a level, a plateau, in film and especially in television.

Since the introduction of PAL colour television in Australia more than 15 years ago, there has been no change to the broadcast video standard. It sits there in the corner with the same number of scan lines, same image and sound bandwidths and screen sizes. Feeding the box in the corner is the VHS cassette, a low-resolution distribution medium that is obviously good enough for a vast audience of viewers. With such a large user base, it will be years before replacement systems like HDTV make an impact.

So presentation on video is static and, even with the ongoing and gradual improvements with filmstocks, we have reached a point where the 35mm frame is well suited to the size of the majority of theatres and screens. Qualitative improvements such as the use of bigger frames like 70mm, are tied to an economics of scale. So film too has found a workable level.

Now while the distribution media of Film, Broadcast Television and Cassette Video have been in stasis, computers haven't. The price of the chips and memory has fallen, the automation of the industry has kept it competitive, and at the market price it must be a hard way for a dealer to make a dollar. This has allowed the computerization of almost all aspects of the visual communication industry, leaving only the analogue signal as the broadcast end of the megaphone. There is no doubt that what is happening at the other end of the funnel will soon be totally digital.

THE VIDEO BEAST SLOUCHING TOWARDS ROCHESTER

The papers that I believe were most relevant to *Cinema Papers* readers were delivered by the local Kodak sales team. Larry Weiner's demonstration of his kine system added weight, but it was Kodak which took the technological lead.

David Wells (Regional Business Unit Manager of Motion Picture and Television Products Division) presented the lead paper entitled "Film Now and in the Future" which did smack at times of the quasi-religious hysteria of the company line about God/Film not being dead. But it was a pretty good summary of the current cinema trends, of HDTV and the video market for film.

Wells talked in the current financial argot about "leveraging" the power of film with electronic systems to extend the creative possibilities. As an example, he used Kodak's soon-to-be-released still-image manipulation system for publishing (called the Kodak Premier System in the press release, which says it consists of "the highest resolution film scanner available today").

This was the lead up to the paper presented by Richard Krohn (Motion Picture/Audio-visual Marketing & Sales Development Manager), an update of one given at the SMPTE conference in Los Angeles earlier this year. He detailed with slides and graphs Kodak's work on transferring and manipulating film images digitally and then returning them to film without loss.

Krohn began with the point that HDTV is much lower in resolution than film and provides no real alternative for an image-manipulation intermediate system for feature film. His point was, "HDTV is forced to operate in a real-time world which keeps the equipment costs high and constrains the signal specification." HDTV would act as a filter in the process of transfer from and back to film. The potential for computer digital manipulation is that it will be transparent. The process of scanning, digitizing and then using lasers to return the image to film can already be done with off-the-shelf hardware and is being done in the printing industry pre-press every day.

The minimum resolution requirement that the experts agreed on is between 2000 and 3000 lines, so that when it is transferred back to film with some electronic enhancement (but not enough to add any unwanted 'artifacts') there is no line structure visible. The potential for the system is that the final result could be better than conventional release-printing methods. Krohn said,

> **As we look to the future, the real value of developing the Electronic Intermediate System will be its ability to improve the overall quality of film images shown in the theatre. For example, the image-processing algorithms used today to enhance reconnaissance photographs could be applied to sharpen motion-picture images, reduce graininess, or automatically remove artifacts like dirt and scratches. As advances are made in image-processing power and data storage, these enhancement operations could someday be applied to each reel of full-length feature film. This will make possible the generation of release prints that are better than direct prints from the camera negatives.**

That is the system we need. With all the computer image manipulations possible today in a digital video suite, with the ability to retouch out special-effects rigs and wires, mixing computer-graphic images seamlessly with live action, the creative potential is enormous. [If you are interested in the more technical aspects, see the

> **Author's Note: The SMPTE show has been well covered by the other journals, so there is nothing here that is hot news. However, I have had a month or so to think about it, and my thoughts have been confirmed by a more current event, Autograph 90, and conversations with some of its guest lecturers.**

separate box to the right.]

Kodak has called for agreement on standards to prevent the dissipation of energies across the industry. But it is pushing ahead with the development using a mix of existing and purpose-built equipment. Kodak suggests that to make the system workable now, existing digital tape mediums such as D1 (the digital component video format) will provide sufficient storage for transporting the enormous data files required. In future, recorders used for HDTV may reduce the cost but for now about a minute of high resolution film images can be stored on a standard D1 cassette. By promoting a readily available storage medium, it will help speed up standardization and third-party developers.

Kodak feels that the immediate use will be in replacing special-effects optical shots which are usually limited to shorter scenes anyway, but there is a lot of work being done in data compression that would extend the running time available.

The story behind this development will be the subject of a later "Technicalities" article, as the software development of the process is being done in Australia by a team of programmers at Coburg. In the meantime, don't invest in Oxberry shares, and hope that because of the Australian involvement that there is a lab near you chosen for beta testing in Australia. This is something that will change cinema in a way that hasn't happened in the past 100 years.

THE TIME(CODE)D ARE A-CHANGING

One of the first problems with videotape was that you couldn't see anything on the tape. Film had those nice little black lines between the frames. And every so often they had edge numbers so you could match-find your edit point to the negative. So the SMPTE standard time-code address number for each video frame was adopted, which would have been terrific if film and video had gone their own way. They didn't, and there was now the problem of matching your original negative to your off-line edit list. Translating the time-code numbers to edge numbers wasn't that hard (for a computer), but then we all realized that the edge numbers hadn't really been all that good after all and what an antiquated system it was and why hadn't Kodak/Fuji/Agfa done something about it?

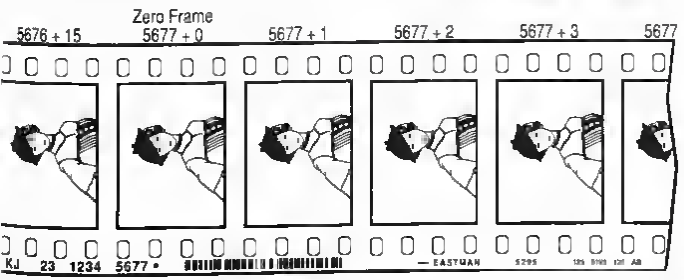
Kodak has launched its answer, called Keykode, without waiting for an industry standard agreement to be reached. After a healthy amount of industry consultation, the new 5496 stock showed up with these strange markings on the edge, and, as local stocks are replaced, all the Eastman 35mm stocks will have the Keycode numbers. 16mm will take a while because of the equipment modifications Kodak will have to make. But it too will benefit soon from a machine readable method of accurately locating frames at speed. Kodak says that with Keycode there is no conflict with other time-code systems, like Aaton's or Arri's, because they leave one film edge completely free in-camera recording of those systems.

The small bar codes and frame markers are also paralleled by a better human-readable edge number system and the accompanying illustration shows the physical layout of the numbers. Briefly, the changes and the advantages are:

- There is less chance of duplicate numbers because of the use of ten digits instead of the previous nine.
- The numbers are clearer and easier to read, with the three groups and a two-letter manufacturer code. For example, KJ would be K for Kodak and J as the stock identifier (5296).
- There is less chance that short scenes will end up without a key number because there is now a mid-foot number. There are now identifiers every thirty-two perforations.
- A frame line marker has been added every 4 perforations so that it will be easier to locate frame lines on dark scenes. This is skipped on the frames with the Keycode numbers but should help matching those low-light scenes.
- The prefix number is printed on the roll of film and there is a pair of matching check symbols that appear each foot. This takes the place of the final check-strip numbers that sometimes used to be overprinted with the edge numbers, making them hard to read.

The advantages are many and attaching scanners to devices like telecines widens the applications.





BELOW: THE NEW EASTMAN KODAK EDGEPRINT PROGRAMME FEATURING KEYCODE NUMBERS READING LEFT TO RIGHT THEY INDICATE: KEY NUMBER MACHINE READABLE KEYCODE(TM) NUMBER; FILM MANUFACTURER/ PRODUCT CODE; EMULSION NO. ROLL AND PART NO; PRINTER NO; AND YEAR CODE
RIGHT: DIGISYNC, A COMPACT KEYCODE READER AND DIGITAL COUNTER.

THE TECHNICAL PROPOSAL FOR A HIGH-RESOLUTION ELECTRONIC INTERMEDIATE SYSTEM FOR MOTION-PICTURE FILM

An Advanced Imaging Systems development group is working at Coburg, led by Lindsay Arnold to research, develop and build both the graphic workstation and write the software. There has been input from overseas production companies and special-effects houses and some consultation here in Australia. Industrial Light and Magic, Lucasfilm's effects company, is currently testing prototypes and built the CCD film scanner in the photograph.

A number of systems are being looked at and the contestants that match the 2000 to 3000 lines quality are:

- a 2-times digital HDTV standard with 3840 samples per line and 2880 scanning lines;
- a 4-times CCIR 601 with 2880 samples per line and 2160 scanning lines, and
- a 2-times CGI with 2560 samples per line and 2048 scanning lines.

The MTFs (Modulation Transfer Functions, another buzz word I have just learnt) of each of these is so similar that the recommendations will be left to the Ad-Hoc Group On Digital Pictures Formed Under The SMPTE Working Group On High Definition Pictures (Whew!). Because Kodak wants it to be a standard, it is not committing itself at this point, but the samples discussed were the "2-times HDTV", and, based on its HDTV telecine work, this would be a good bet.

It uses a high-resolution CCD film scanner with a tri-linear colour array sensor, with about 4000 photosites operating at 1 frame scanned per second for an Academy aperture frame. To get the required colour depth, the suggestion is for 10 bits per colour, and there should be a full resolution "alpha" key channel. The requirement will also be to handle, Academy, Cinemascope, Super-35 and Vista Vision formats, plus registered.

To transfer the data will require an interface to an industry-standard data bus with a preference for a high-speed CCIR 601 compatible, which would allow a D-1 format digital recorder to be used for storage. D-1 would allow a degree of standardization in interchange between production/effects houses, but, although D-1 can support a digital data Rate of 20 MBytes/sec, one second (24 frames) would still require 1.327 GBytes. (A megabyte is a million bytes and a gigabyte is a million million.) A standard one-hour length D-1 cassette would only hold 54 seconds of high resolution images, but there are a lot of data compression techniques that could increase this by two to four times.

Richard Krohn, with his tongue firmly in cheek, added that the image manipulation workstation would have a video output to a standard D-1 VTR to provide a "low-resolution video workprint" for checking on the effect at normal speed before sending it to the laser printer. The laser printer, as a picture, that Kodak has developed with Industrial Light and Magic is apparently, as Scott Anderson mentioned in a conversation at Ausgraph 90 a combined scanner and printer that had to be practically rebuilt each time to change its function. ILM has used a number of commercial systems, such as the Management Graphics Solitaire, and Scott Anderson believes that they are all disappointing in the accuracy of their colour handling. The task ahead of Kodak to produce a working system by 1992 will not be easy but the potential is exciting.

It will immediately reduce the manual work of matching the negative to the workprint. In colour timing if the video analyzer is fitted with a scanner it could set itself automatically for the film type and change with each new stock on the roll. A telecine could do the same calling up preset basic starting balances. If a printer was fitted with the scanner then you could order reprints of sections by giving the lab the numbers and 'go' takes could be logged during timing.

Its main advantage however, will be for matching negative to videotape cuts on off line electronic-editing systems. If the time-code generator could read the film, it could even incorporate the information into the time-code data, or assemble a parallel neg-edit list on disk with the time-code edit list. If the negative cutter has a synchronizer equipped with a reader and a computer the computer could check each section to assure the cutter of the accuracy.

It is a system that I am sure the other manufacturers will adopt and Kodak should be applauded for introducing.

THE CHIPS ARE DOWN

In a Sony press release article (on DAT), the writer said "Because of its consumer heritage, it is a world wide currency", a line that I'll remember. It applies just as much to the success of the Sony Hi8 and the JVC-designed S-VHS. What it means is that there is a new range of hybrid pro/consumer video equipment. (Somehow the semi-pro designation doesn't seem right. How about low-budget professional? Low-pro?) It is as much a case of the technology bringing the high end-cost down, as it is the concept of low-price consumer items that demand more features which lead to high end developments. A spectacular case is that of D2 digital and the new 1/2-inch DX digital, more of which is mentioned later.

Consider: Panasonic worked out a clever way to synchronize the signals of domestic VCRs to allow simple mixes and wipes. Previously you needed time-base correctors to stabilize the variable signals, but by using a built-in 8-bit digital frame store you could make the minute delays that would buffer any timing differences. The WJ-MX 10 mixer was a great success and there is now a new model that has moved up a notch to accommodate S-VHS inputs: the WJ-MX12. It has two added Y/C inputs/outputs along with the composite ones, with improved-signal-to-noise and sampling which has softened some of the hard-edge effects of its predecessor. Its main attraction is still the internal frame-store synchronizer that allows proper mixes between two low-band VCRs or cameras. At first glance it looks like it should be fine for low-end work, and I can see production advantages when used with a colour video split on the studio floor in effects work.

The same approach to eliminating the need for time-base correctors is shown in the FOR-A VPS-500 mixer. It is up the market a bit in price, but it has two full-frame 5.0 MHz time-base correctors built into the outputs of the A and B bus. If that doesn't mean much to you, it is just a clever way to allow up to six non-standard inputs, your choice of composite or Y/C, to be mixed, keyed or dissolved.



ANTICLOCKWISE FROM BELOW: PANASONIC S-DX 1/2 INCH DIGITAL VTR; THE AZDEN HIGH PERFORMANCE HI-BAND VHF WIRELESS MICROPHONE SYSTEM FOR VIDEO CAMERA AND CAMCORDER USE AND THE VIDEOCUT 20+ EDITING CONTROLLER.

ALL HAIL THE PROFIT!

S-VHS gear has really come of age. It is now a complete system and there are a lot of third-party suppliers producing all the bits you might need to make this low-cost format perform like full pro gear. I would like to mention a few items that caught my attention that I believe demonstrate the less-is-more idea.

Glyn Morris at ACE EDIT has been a passionate supporter of semi-professional formats from Super 8 up to S-VHS. He had a lot of items on display, such as his very successful import of Azden radio mikes which for a few hundreds of dollars add long distance miking capability that normally costs a thousand.

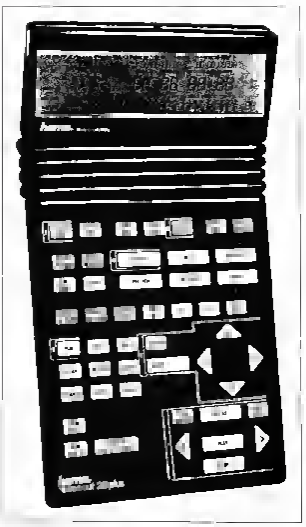
Morris had a representative on his stand from Alpermann + Vilte, a new range of German equipment he is distributing. Alpermann + Vilte is the original manufacturer of the Hama editing controller the VideoCut 20+. Looking distinctly low-pro, it is nonetheless time-code accurate, it can read VITC (Vertical Interval Time Code), and can store and modify an edit list. However, the item that attracted my attention most was also one that Glyn is obviously proud of. It was a portable VITC generator for separate camera recorders systems or for the low-pro S-VHS and Hi-8 camcorders. Only a few of these have any time-code capability and usually rely on striping code later in post-production on one of the audio channels, before making off line cassettes. This loses an audio track and has attendant problems. The solution is in one clever device, a small box that sits on the accessory shoe of the camera and uses the input of the (sometimes optional accessory) title generator to write proper, continuous Vertical Interval code in the picture information, it even allows a two-digit user code. For its price and flexibility it neatly fills a gap in making S-VHS adaptable to the professional world.

QUICK, BUILD ME AN ARK.

When I saw Chris Schwarze from Complete Post Productions in Melbourne at the show, he asked if I wanted a hot news scoop on his new D2 suite that was being installed. I told him that with our deadlines it would probably come out just before the receivers walked in, but it was another example of a service-oriented video facility without heaps of overheads being able to buy state-of-the-art hardware and continuing to compete with the bigger companies.

I haven't asked him what he felt when he saw the digital 1/2 inch demo machines from







LEFT: THE EDIFLEX MULTI S-VHS OFFLINE SYSTEM DEMONSTRATES HOW COMPUTERS CAN BE USED WITH LOW COST COMPONENTS TO PRODUCE INNOVATIVE PRODUCTS. WITH A RANK OF VCRS CONTROLLED BY THE COMPUTER, IT CREATES A NON-LINEAR PAL EDITING SYSTEM DESIGNED FOR EDITORS ON LONGER MINI SERIES OR FEATURES. FAST ACCESS TO ANY SCENE AND FINE ADJUSTMENT OF EDITS WITHOUT WASTING TIME TO REASSEMBLE ARE JUST SOME ADVANTAGES
BELOW: AURORA AU/2RD HIGH-RESOLUTION VIDEO GRAPHICS AND ANIMATION WORKSTATION

Panasonic. Expected to be half the price of the Sony and Ampex D2 composite digital studio machine, the AJ-D350 studio VTR will be available by the end of this year. The format has already been chosen for the 1992 Barcelona Olympics (with an order for 400 machines from the official broadcaster), 70 of which will be camcorders). The only indication of price is a rumoured figure of US$60,000 for the studio deck. The AJ-D510 camcorder shown was a mockup, but a fully operative PAL version was set to be shown at the IBC Convention at Brighton in September. The local distributor is GEC Video which was also talking about a fully digital part replay system based on the Panasonic MARC MII. This would allow a fully digital format from capture to broadcast.

At a time when everyone is just starting to install D2s, the AJ-D350 shakes up the game in the same way that SP Betacam did. One of the big problems that remains in going digital is that the switcher/mixer should also be digital to ensure the best quality. To build a fully digital mixer with the same sophistication as the big composite switchers around would be very expensive, and most people are looking for a more gentle upgrade path. If the price of digital drops with the DX format, the pressure will be on the manufacturers to provide better-than-the-basic features for a matching price.

I watched Quantel's souped-up Paintbox 'Harriet' demonstrated and, while it isn't a scaled-down Harry, it has a lot of animation and movement features that will add a lot of glitz to the lower-budget commercials and corporate work. At the end of it I was left wondering if Quantel's dogged protection of its on-screen menu/interface hasn't painted the company into a corner. I had a full demonstration of the US broadcast developed Aurora paint system. Aurora was almost certainly the first company to develop the concept of electronic graphics, and is now part of the Chyron Group (CMX, etc.) and represented here by Magnatechtronics. Based around a big 68000 series chip PC, it uses a separate dedicated screen with all the interactive icons. I believe that at the end of the session I could have been producing work on the Aurora, so computer familiar and obvious was its design. And it is a lot cheaper than the Harriet. In a market where that counts.

There was a lot more exciting stuff at the conference than there is room to print it. Sony was again pushing the boundaries and I admire the way it can show prototype hardware that is clever but has no firm release date set. It is like building a product that you are not sure there is a use for and you show it around in case someone finds it essential. On the Sony stand, along with its pseudo 3D digital effects machine System G, the DME 9000 (which pushes ADO effects to incredible new creative areas), and the DVK2 portable D2 digital recorder, was a working prototype that made me stop dead. Spread out on a bench was a new Sony (NTSC only as yet) product, the UY-T55 Colour Video Scanner, a digitizer/computer and a fast modem. Another modem and digitizer and a Sony Video Printer sat at the other end. The UY-T55 is the size of most flat-bed scanners used in desktop publishing, but here it puts out high-quality 24-Bit RGB composite video or Y/C with resolution equal to the best three-chip cameras. You can crop or zoom, superimpose images or move a pointer around, and it has a handle for transporting. Plugged into a video projector it would be a perfect conference tool.

At the show, Sony had it connected to a Sony digitizer that would send the scanned image by phone to another digitizer where the image appeared on the screen line by line at the rate of a slow reader scanning the page. Because it is a digital graphic and can be manipulated with simple graphic programmes, you could cut out bits, marking areas of interest and sending the image back. It could find use in pre-press proofing, sales people could get a quick check on colour samples before ordering, talent agencies could show the production company the Polaroids (or still video frames), etc. The Video Printer allows you to take a hard copy, but the quality is high enough to transfer to tape and use in programme material.

It will be interesting to watch what develops from it as a lot of work is being done with colour faxes and data compression for transmission.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE AND REPENT

In audio, the same thing has happened as in video with the rise of the specialist small shop. With all thanks to the big boys for all their training, their best operators have gone off to start their own businesses. It is still nice to have the big facility there when only two 24-track machines interlocked will do the job and the big band plays on, but the bread and butter work has gone to the small audio suite. This has cut profitability and rates are getting tighter and more competitive everywhere.

You can now build a film or video-interlock audio suite as you once would have a home studio in the garage. The hardware requirements now fit on a small desktop. And if you buy anything other than a hard-disk-based system, you are out of date. With the introduction of DAT, which may never be a big home-entertainment item but has a future as a mastering format, the quality being so good, a whole price range of reel-to-reel





THE SIZE OF CINEMA DIGITAL SOUND RELATIVE TO OTHER FILM FORMATS

systems has been pushed off the end of the bench.

All I believe that is holding back a major shakeup in the audio industry (beside the considerable investment in existing analogue hardware) is tradition. "I was taught how to use a multitrack reel to reel and wanted one when I grew up." What will be required is retraining into a computer-dominated environment.

At SMPTE, the hard-disk-based systems were everywhere, and the buzz words were "workstations" and "transputers". The resurfaced Fairlight EM&S was demonstrating its MFX (Music and Effects) DR, with simultaneous 16-track replay routed to 24 outputs. It controls the playback VTR and external tape machines much like a video-edit controller, and Fairlight was making a big thing about having no whimpy mice or trackball controllers.

Among the other hard-disk systems, the AMS AudioFile is gaining a lot of video converts and the AudioFile Plus was shown by Synchrotech Systems Design, which is already using an optical disk for archiving.

Add-a-board systems for your PC or Mac are becoming widely available, and Macintosh seems to have a good lead in audio add-ons. If you have a DAT master, and a Mac with a big hard disk, for about $6000 Innovative Sound and Media Technologies will sell you its Digidesign Sound Tools two-channel CD digital mastering system. Featuring a direct-to-disk recording system in 48kHz or 44.1kHz sampling modes, it looks like a fast and flexible editing system that has other applications. And Innovative was offering a fast CD pressing programme that can produce CDs from as low as $2 each.

HEARING THE WRITING ON THE WALL

How does this tie in with film? You are soon going to be recording location sound, digitally mastering your audio mix (if you are not already) and then going back to the analogue world of a Dolby-encoded soundtrack. Now the last link in the digital chain has fallen into place and Kodak showed the first samples of its work with Optical Radiation Corporation in Azusa California (at 1300 Optical Drive, no less) with the CD-quality digital tracks for 70mm film.

The process is called Cinema Digital Sound and in the accompanying photo you will see that the system is an optical track. It can be conventionally contact or optically-printed and gives five full-surround soundtracks, plus a bass subwoofer channel, all with the dynamic range of CDs against a background of total silence. A number of features have been released in 70mm and 35mm will follow. The best current 35mm Dolby stereo optical tracks are two channel with a matrix adding two more, and can offer between 51 and 59dB. Dynamic range according to the quality of the print. The new digital optical has around 96dB, even on a worn print, with 100 dB channel separation. The Digital sound frequency range available is almost double the Dolby.

Also available on the tracks are MIDI control information and SMPTE code to allow external devices to be triggered. This would allow simple lighting or curtain automation to be programmed or more complex audio and physical effects, such as seat movement and smoke, to be synchronized to the images. Having a time-code address for each frame also allows labs to reprint damaged sections and for the theatre to insert them accurately.

CDS decoders will cost about $30 000 and there were about thirty installations in selected first run theatres in the U.S. at the time of the SMPTE show (July '90). The 70mm prints of *Dick Tracy*, *Die Hard II* and *Never Ending Story II* were available in CDS, and Kodak and ORC have set a release date for the 35mm decoders and prints for mid 1991.

To produce the optical digital audio track Eastman Kodak had to develop a new sound negative film and ensure that the new soundtrack could be printed using conventional laboratory techniques. This is where all that R&D and patent coverage starts to pay off. Kodak must have more patents for electronic imaging technologies than the Japanese, and it owns a string of related companies such as Verbaum, which make computer disks.

One of the key components of the Cinema Digital Sound decoder is a proprietary error-detection-and-correction system developed by a Kodak-owned company called Cyclotomics. The company specializes in integrated circuits for communications satellites and what is euphemistically called "other government applications". Error correction is pretty important with film that can get scratched and dirty, especially as the data rate is something like 5.5 million bits per second. Kodak says that the audio quality of the print after 1000 screenings is perfect.

With only relatively minor modification to projection equipment already set up for surround sound, it will be interesting to see how quickly it can gain industry acceptance. There are a lot of Dolby licensed theatres and sound facilities around but with the promise of 70mm sound quality on 35mm and the flexibility for additional information and automation, it will be a hard process to beat. The market will decide. Imagine what it could do for the audio quality of 16mm prints (or is 16mm projection dead?)

FOR THE LUDDITES AND TECHNOPHOBES

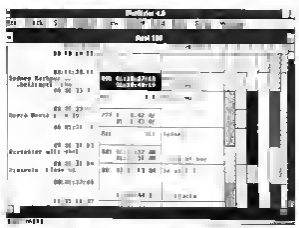
Was there anything on the show that wasn't digital, or at least driven by computer? Not much.

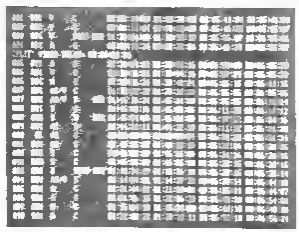
There is an ongoing process of improvement in lenses, especially for ENG and video. It is about time too as the lines resolution of the CCD chips creep up the chromatic aberrations in the cheaper lenses become obvious. I can see the day when you will order the equivalent of a Zeiss Super speed zoom that will match the prime 35mm lenses at least for video resolutions. There were lighter and better-designed zooms around from Canon, and a new TV Nikkor all with, at last, usable wider angles.

The Arri 535 camera was on the John Barry stand and just as Yuri Sokol said in *Encore* stated, Arri has finally added a lot of the features that his Movicam has had for years. The new Arri is a terrific looking camera, yet unlike video most film equipment gets more expensive each year. The two-or three-year obsolescence built into

BELOW: THE NANO JIB FROM ONE MAN GRIP KIT AND SCREEN IMAGES FROM SHOTLISTER 4.0







RIGHT: MOVASLE MOTION-CONTROL RIG THAT CAN BE TAKEN TO LOCATION OR YOUR OWN STUDIO. WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE PRIDE BROTHERS, MATT BUTLER WAS DEMONSTRATING A PORTABLE 75 FOOT TRACK THAT CAN BE QUICKLY SET UP AND IS VERY STABLE. THE PHOTO SHOWS IT WORKING IN FRONT OF ANDREW MASON E SMALL RACKUT BLUE SCREEN. A MODULAR SYSTEM THAT BUILDS TO A 20 X 15 FOOT SIZE.

video doesn't apply here, this camera will still be shooting in ten years time, if you can afford it now.

HMIs are getting brighter. There was a flicker-free 16K Lee Colortran HMI from Mediavision that promised a 30 per cent increase in output to the 12K. Miller had their new Series II heads on display and continue to keep up with their competition.

The One Man (Person?) Grip Kit has been well marketed and stylishly promoted here and in the U.S. by Cinekinetic, a West Australian company. OMGK was again at the Sydney show with its mix of original ideas and cleverly packaged old ones. This time the original was the Nano Jib: using gas struts and clamping on to almost any vertical or horizontal solid support, it provides a low-cost alternative to their tripod-mounted Micro Jib arm. The clever repackage is a wedge-shaped, sand-filled bag with a handle for levelling. PVC pipe dollies (like the Pocket or Sawed-board dollies), the bags are called...not surprisingly, Sand Wedges. (It is a pleasant change and tribute to its share in the success of the Cinekinetic-printed material that there is credit to both the designer, Rick Lambert Design Consultants, and the photographer Leon Bird.)

For off-line editing, there was a new version of Shothister, which must have as good as sewn up the market in EDL preparation in Australian off-line suites. Shothister 4.0 should be even easier to learn despite all the extra features. It now runs under Windows with pull-down menus (mouse or keyboard), with a colour monitor you can build a multi-track audio-dubbing chart. There is a better library database format.

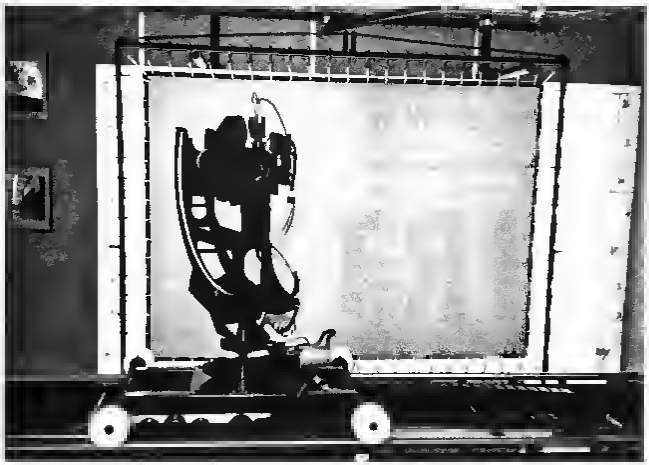
Back to Kodak again: the cheapest and surely the most obvious piece of technology is a tacky roller that picks up film dirt. Called the Particle Transfer Roller, it is an easy-to-clean (wash it with water), cheap-to-replace way of extending print life and reducing the distraction for the audience of projected dirt.

With stocks, Kodak also announced the release of Eastman EXR 5248 Colour Negative with an EI of 100 Tungsten, which will be Kodak's sharpest, finest-grain medium-speed film. The demo film shown at SMPTE was a mix of daylight and interior situations and looked pretty good on the medium-size screen. It should look almost grainless transferred to tape and has Keycode numbering.

The first 16mm stock to have Keycode also sounds impressive for its promise of image quality. Eastman EXR 7296 negative has an EI of 500 Tungsten and Kodak says it is its sharpest, fastest T-grain 16mm stock, with "the best underexposure latitude ever designed into a high-speed motion-picture film".

If all that doesn't rate the title of a small apocalypse, then someone else can write the headline puns. The 1990 SMPTE Sound and Vision 90 show will mark a significant year in the technological development of our art and industry. It is a scary and exciting time. ■

1 The size of the investment for HDTV will return the game to the big and long-term players which leads this argument off elsewhere. So I'll ignore the possibility that there is someone with enough money to do it.



DISTRIBUTORS OF PRODUCTS MENTIONED

LARRY WEINER'S KINES
ACME PHOTO EFFECTS 4 Northcote St, St Leonards NSW 2065 (02) 438 2993

AATOR TIME CODE
LEMAC FILM & VIDEO 277 Highett St, Richmond Vic. 3121 (03) 429 8588

ARRI 535 CAMERA
JOHN BARRY GROUP 1 McLachlan Ave, Artarmon NSW 2064 (02) 439 6955

FOR-A VPS-500 MIXER JVC S—VHS
HAGEMEYER (AUSTRALASIA) BV 5-7 Garema Circ., Kingsgrove NSW 2205 (02) 750 4188

AMPEX D2 VTRS
AMPEX AUSTRALIA Unit A, 61 Talavera Rd, North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 887 3333

AZDEN RADIO MIKES ALPERMANN + VILTE, THE VIDEOCUT 20+.
Contact Glyn Morris at ACE EDIT

PANASONIC WJ-MX 10, WJ-MX12. DX DIGITAL / AJ-D350 STUDIO VTR / AJ-D31D CAMCORDER
GEC VIDEO SYSTEMS 2 Giffnock Ave, North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 887 6222

QUANTEL 'HARRIET'
QUANTEL 6/81 Frenchs Forest Road, Frenchs Forest NSW 2086 (02) 452 4111

AUNONA PAINT SYSTEM (AU 280)
MAGNA-TECHTRONICS AUST 7 9 George Place, Artarmon NSW 2064 (02) 427 0666

SDRY DAT / SONY RIS / SONY 3D DIGITAL EFFECTS SYSTEM G, THS DME 9000 /DVR2 PORTABLE D2 DIGITAL RECORDER, UV-T50 COLOUR VIDEO SCANNER, SONY VIDEO PRINTER
SONY (AUST.) Head Office: 33-39 Talavera Rd, North Ryde NSW 2113 (02) 887 6666

FAIRLIDNT MFX DR
FAIRLIGHT ESP 30 Bay St, Broadway NSW 2007 (02) 212 6111

AMS AUDIOFILE PLUS
SYNCHRONTECH SYSTEMS DESIGN 19A Seville St, Lane Cove NSW 2066 (02) 428 2727

KEYCODE / ELECTRONIC INTERMEDIATE SYSTEM / EASTMAR EXR 5248, EASTMAN EXR 7286 COLOUR NEGATIVE / PARTICLE TRANSFER NOLLER
CINEMA DIGITAL SOUND Optical Radiation Corporation, KODAK (AUSTRALASIA) 62 Brook St, Annandale NSW 2038 (02) 692 7270
Contacts mentioned: David Wells, Richard Krohn

TV-NISSOR ENG LENSES
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DIRTY DOZEN

A PANEL OF FILM REVIEWERS HAS RATED TWELVE OF THE LATEST RELEASES ON A SCALE OF 1 TO 10, THE LATTER BEING THE OPTIMUM RATING (A DASH MEANS NOT SEEN). THE CRITICS ARE: BILL COLLINS (CHANNEL 10; *THE DAILY MIRROR*, SYDNEY); JOHN FLAUS (3RRR); SANDRA HALL (*THE BULLETIN*, SYDNEY); IVAN HUTCHINSON (SEVEN NETWORK; *HERALD-SUN*, MELBOURNE); STAN JAMES (*THE ADELAIDE ADVERTISER*); NEIL JILLETT (*THE AGE*, MELBOURNE); ADRIAN MARTIN (*TENSION*, MELBOURNE); SCOTT MURRAY; TOM RYAN (3LO; *THE SUNDAY AGE*, MELBOURNE); DAVID STRATTON (*VARIETY*; SBS); AND EVAN WILLIAMS (*THE AUSTRALIAN*, SYDNEY).



ON SUNRISE: THE FILM FROM SHANGHAI AN AVERAGE OF ONLY 8 MOST SURPRISING FILM UNSEEN BY MORE THAN ONE HERALD-SUN CRITICS PANEL

AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE
JANE CAMPION

Bill Collins	10
John Flaus	7
Sandra Hall	7
Ivan Hutchinson	10
Stan James	–
Neil Jillett	10
Adrian Martin	8
Scott Murray	3
Tom Ryan	7
David Stratton	10
Evan Williams	9

THE BIG STEAL
NADIA TASS

Bill Collins	6
John Flaus	6
Sandra Hall	8
Ivan Hutchinson	8
Stan James	5
Neil Jillett	8
Adrian Martin	–
Scott Murray	1
Tom Ryan	6
David Stratton	7
Evan Williams	6

BLOOD OATH
STEPHEN WALLACE

Bill Collins	5
John Flaus	–
Sandra Hall	6
Ivan Hutchinson	7
Stan James	4
Neil Jillett	6
Adrian Martin	–
Scott Murray	4
Tom Ryan	5
David Stratton	7
Evan Williams	4

THE CROSSING
GEORGE OGILVIE

Bill Collins	–
John Flaus	–
Sandra Hall	4
Ivan Hutchinson	3
Stan James	–
Neil Jillett	2
Adrian Martin	0
Scott Murray	–
Tom Ryan	1
David Stratton	6
Evan Williams	–

DAYS OF THUNDER
TONY SCOTT

Bill Collins	7
John Flaus	–
Sandra Hall	4
Ivan Hutchinson	4
Stan James	3
Neil Jillett	3
Adrian Martin	–
Scott Murray	–
Tom Ryan	1
David Stratton	0
Evan Williams	–

DIE HARD 2
RENNY HARLIN

Bill Collins	9
John Flaus	–
Sandra Hall	–
Ivan Hutchinson	5
Stan James	6
Neil Jillett	5
Adrian Martin	–
Scott Murray	5
Tom Ryan	7
David Stratton	6
Evan Williams	4

FATHER

JOHN POWER

Bill Collins	–
John Flaus	7
Sandra Hall	7
Ivan Hutchinson	6
Stan James	7
Neil Jillett	3
Adrian Martin	–
Scott Murray	–
Tom Ryan	4
David Stratton	6
Evan Williams	7

RETURN HOME

RAY ARGALL

Bill Collins	8
John Flaus	8
Sandra Hall	7
Ivan Hutchinson	10
Stan James	5
Neil Jillett	8
Adrian Martin	8
Scott Murray	7
Tom Ryan	8
David Stratton	9
Evan Williams	8

GOODFELLAS

MARTIN SCORSESE

Bill Collins	9
John Flaus	–
Sandra Hall	9
Ivan Hutchinson	8
Stan James	–
Neil Jillett	5
Adrian Martin	10
Scott Murray	5
Tom Ryan	10
David Stratton	10
Evan Williams	8

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

JERZY DOMARADZKI

Bill Collins	–
John Flaus	7
Sandra Hall	6
Ivan Hutchinson	8
Stan James	6
Neil Jillett	7
Adrian Martin	–
Scott Murray	–
Tom Ryan	5
David Stratton	6
Evan Williams	8

THE KRAYS

PETER MEDAK

Bill Collins	10
John Flaus	–
Sandra Hall	7
Ivan Hutchinson	6
Stan James	3
Neil Jillett	3
Adrian Martin	–
Scott Murray	–
Tom Ryan	–
David Stratton	3
Evan Williams	–

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI

ORSON WELLES (CLASSIC)

Bill Collins	7
John Flaus	8
Sandra Hall	–
Ivan Hutchinson	7
Stan James	–
Neil Jillett	–
Adrian Martin	8
Scott Murray	10
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THIS ISSUE: AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE; THE BIG STEAL; BLOOD OATH; CHOCOLAT; THE CROSSING; MO' BETTER BLUES; PHOBIA.



ABOVE: KERRY FOX AS WRITER JANET FRAME IN JANE CAMPION'S *AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE*.

FACING PAGE: PUBLICITY STILL FOR NADIA TASS' *THE BIG STEAL*. YOUNG LOVERS DANNY (BEN MENDELSOHN) AND JOANNA (CLAUDIA KARVAN).

AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE

BRIAN MCFARLANE

Few subjects have proved more intractable to the cinema's resources than that of a writer's life. Most attempts have settled for giving the life of the writer rather than the life of her writing or the writing in her life. It is perhaps always difficult to convey the sense of achievement in one medium in terms of another. Some, admittedly, have their shower moments: think of Chopin's blood on the piano keys in *A Song to Remember* (Charles Vidor, 1945) or Van Gogh's ear-ectomy in *Lust for Life* (Vincente Minnelli, 1956), but most screen biographies of artists don't come within a bull's roar of conveying the special gift of the artist in action.

The literary artist's work is, of its very nature, even more intransigently tied to the medium in which it is created. One doesn't have to invoke enterprises as ludicrous as *The Bad Lord Byron* (David Macdonald, 1948) to exemplify the difficulties. Lumet's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (1962) only really falls when, in Dean Stockwell's performance as Edmund, it tries to put the young O'Neill before us. Bruce Beresford simply changed Laura's literary talents for those of a concert pianist in *The Getting of Wisdom* (1977), and we are asked to take Sybylla's writing gift on trust in Gillian Armstrong's *My Brilliant Career* (1979). Whatever images of D H Lawrence we get in *The Priest of Love* (Christopher Miles, 1981) or Lillian Hellman and Dashiell Hammett in *Julia* (Fred Zinnemann, 1977), they are not importantly those of creative artist. The nearest I have ever come to believing in an author as an author is in Robert Enders' *Stevie* (1978), a brave try at the life of the poet Stevie Smith; it offered at least a sense of where the writing might have come from.

In view of the dispiriting record of such attempts, it is doubly pleasing to report on the success of *An Angel at My Table*, Jane Campion's film based on the autobiographies of New Zealand author Janet Frame. Essentially a "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Woman" (and recalling both Joyce's great autobiographical novel and Joseph Strick's heroic if finally doomed 1977 adaptation of it), it offers a richly-textured experience on several levels.

What is at once impressive is the way it keeps

its eye on what makes its protagonist important that is, as a writer. She is presented as fascinated with words from the outset, in ways that are made truthful in the performances of Alexia Keogh, who plays Janet as a red headed mop of a child, and Karen Fergusson who takes over as teenager. Nothing so clearly excites the child as her experiments with words, whether it is a matter of cautiously repeating "fuck" (for which she is stupidly punished) or experimenting with her signature or learning French.

The screenplay stresses the centrality of words, of writing, in Janet's life, and there is a sharp reminder of this in the asylum scenes where she scribbles on the drab walls of her cell. At this point one is reminded of Pope's Clerk "who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls/with desperate charcoal round his darkened walls". The urgency of the *need* to write is signified in this scene of intense deprivation. There are, of course, the obligatory scenes of her sitting at the typewriter – and these do little more than such scenes in films usually do – but by this time Campion has convinced us that writing matters to the girl.

The idea of solitariness as the writer's condition is there from the opening shot of the little girl on a straight road, as she approaches the camera, an adult silhouette throws its shadow over her as the voice-over quotes from George Borrow's *Lavengro*. It is unobtrusively done but it is enough to suggest that the solitary child is the mainspring of the gauche, likeable adult. The arrival in 1950s London (recalling Stephen Wallace's *For Love Alone* in its antipodean view of shabby, dirty English streets and houses), the few joyous shots of Janet against famous Parisian landmarks, and her awkwardness with the English-speaking expatriates in Spain: all are at the service of stressing her shy separateness.

But if to be solitary is necessary to the writer, to have something to write about may also involve the intercourse of daily life: and one of the strengths of Campion's film is in its representation of the facts of this life. The raw details of lower-middle-class life in New Zealand have a vividness that recalls Terence Davies' masterly *Distant Voices Still Lives*. There is some of that same unobtrusive plainness and beauty as the camera inspects kitchens and bedrooms, schools and neighbours. The episodes in the psychiatric hospital in which Janet is given electric shock treatments ("each one is equivalent in fear to an execution") are horrifying in the very plainness with which they are recorded.

There is a third key element in the mosaic of Janet's life which the film pieces together and that is in its rendering of her sensuality. The camera takes a direct, entirely non prurient interest in girls dressing and undressing, in slabs of thigh exposed above gartered stockings, and there is a moment of beautiful freedom when she swims nude in a Spanish rock pool. Her summer lover, Bernard (William Brandt), is there, watching, but she seems to luxuriate in her own sensual pleasure, in the liberation of the moment. Knowing her own self, in relation to others and for her own self-knowledge, feeds into her growth as an author.

The facts of the author's life are part of the narrative, the first published volume of short stories ("Only in New Zealand", she offers modestly at a London bedsit party), the encouragement (from the Teachers College instructor, for instance) and the wary scepticism about writing as a "job" (from fellow-lodger Patrick in London). *The Sunday Times* review which narrates her progress with the headline, "Powerful new novel", the publisher's party in London (with awkward exchange of compliments between Ruth and Alan Sillitoe) and, back in New Zealand, the local journalists panting up a hillside to interview her. These more or less conventional signifiers of the "writer's biography" are built carefully into the sense of a whole life that emerges: a life in which writing may be the centre but in which it cannot be all.

The film's mode is essentially episodic, but Campion and her scriptwriter Laura Jones have ensured that the episodes which comprise the narrative achieve a remarkable coherence. For one thing, that opening shot ushers in an expectation (of "the prison-house" of Wordsworthian maturing) which the film fulfils: growth is pain and dark knowledge as well as a movement towards the understanding of self and others. The episodes of the film take their place in that larger movement, and in the film's plain but affecting cinematic style, in its refusal to stress "plot" when reflectiveness might be apter, is an acknowledgment of the "literariness" of the venture. This latter would not normally be a term of praise for a film but here it seems entirely right. We have been offered a life in which words matter for their ordering and completion of experience, and for the means they offer the user of negotiating terms with life.

Finally, the episodic structure is held together by the protagonist's growing awareness, not in a simplistic version of the *bildungsroman* but in a watchful, eager, easily alarmed approach. Given what life has handed out to her as well as what it has promised, such an approach is justified.

The three actresses who play Janet at various stages of her life, the two mentioned earlier and Kerry Fox as the young woman, are beyond praise. *They* provide a vital continuity; they not merely *look* convincingly enough like each other, but the roles are so carefully written and the actresses so skilfully directed that each grew seamlessly into the next.

With *An Angel at My Table* and *Return Home*, there are suddenly new signs of life in Australasian cinema. Never a narrative-driven cinema, it has too often opted for picturesque meandering; these two new films have understood what it means to meander intelligently and observe acutely.

AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE Directed by Jane Campion. Producer: Bridget Ikin. Co-producer: John Maynard. Screenplay: Laura Jones. Director of photography: Stuart Dryburgh. Editor: Veronica Haussler. Sound design: John Dennison, Tony Vaccher. Production designer: Grant Major. Composer: Don McGlashan. Cast: Kerry Fox (Janet), Alexia Keogh (Young Janet), Karen Fergusson (Teenage Janet), Iris Churn (Mum), K. J. Wilson (Dad), Melina Bernecker (Myrtle), Andrew Binns (Brudie), Glynis Angell (Isabel), Sarah Smuts-Kennedy (Jane), Martyn Sanderson (Frank). A Hibiscus Film in association with the New Zealand Film Commission, Television New Zealand, the Australian Broadcasting Corporation and Channel 4. Distributor: Ronin Films. 16mm. 150 mins. New Zealand. 1990.

THE BIG STEAL

JIM SCHEMBRI

There's no big secret to the appeal of *The Big Steal*: it is a sweet romantic comedy, a revenge fantasy, a kid's adventure film, nothing more. Actually, it's a lot more than that, but not as a film.

As a film it is well-made, well-acted, sincere and endowed with enough intelligence to give it body but not quite enough to weigh it down or induce people into fits of chin rubbing discussions over cappuccinos about subtexts and Eisensteinian references.

Certainly (as with Nadia Tass and David



Parker's first film, *Malcolm*) it is not a film to get deep about. I tried getting deep about it while talking to a friend and my tongue came out in a rash. It was only when I got back to phrases such as "delightful family film" and "a lot of fun" that the spots began to clear up. It is nothing that hasn't been done before by Disney, but that's no insult.

The film does not have a lot of muscle (there are no explosions, automatic weapons or helicopter shots) but it does have a lot of heart, mainly because its storyline rates about a 9.98 on the cultural validity scale.

Nervous teenager Danny (Ben Mendelsohn) tries to impress Joanna (Claudia Karvan) into dating him by telling her he has a Jaguar, which he hasn't. She says yes, so he hurriedly buys a Jag to prove he wasn't lying. But the Jag is a lemon, the car salesman, Gordon Farkas (Steve Bisley), an unashamed shyster, and Danny and his pals plot revenge.

Here we have it all: adolescent boy-girl romance; cars; adventure; and a villain on whom the heroes can exercise that invaluable *Animal House* maxim: "Don't get mad, get even."

In its first few minutes, the film plugs straight

into two central concerns of most Western (and probably by now Eastern) adolescent males cars and girls. Danny's father explains to him that wanting a Jaguar is beyond his working-class aspirations. Later, when Danny is given his father's old Cedric as an 18th birthday present, his friends snicker, and one sarcastically says how girls will now leap into his lap. This neatly establishes the car as a status symbol of social class and sexual potency (although the only possible coherence to the classic concept of car as phallic symbol comes from a Scrabble board with "penis envy" spelt out on it). It also establishes the means by which Danny tries to impress Joanna. When he nervously tells her about the Jaguar, it sounds strange to her, but to him, and the audience, it is perfectly logical.

As these twin desires begin rubbing against each other, we are treated to some nicely observed hard facts about the emotional maelstrom of adolescence which would be familiar to anyone who went through it properly or who has read any "Charlie Brown."

The opening titles (as Danny looks longingly after Joanna down school corridors) beautifully captures the interstellar emotional distances that can exist between two people.[1] We also see the power girls can have over boys as Danny is turned into an emotional pinball by his infatuation for Joanna. He is barely in control of what he is doing or saying, which is why he volunteers that he has a Jaguar when asking her out for that perilous first date.

The film goes on to show, with only slight exaggeration, the mammoth scale that infatuation can assume. Danny, in his desperation to impress, is willing to buy an $11 000 Jaguar for one date with Joanna, which is quite a lot when you consider that Richard Geere had Julia Roberts for a whole week for only $5,000.

But the car and girl ethic is quickly subverted for a much nobler theme. On the way home from their date, Danny gets into a drag with a bunch of local (and poorly dressed) hoons. The car blows out and ejaculates oil on to Joanna, thus damaging her dress and her good impression of Danny's fish 'n' chip sincerity. She walks off in disgust, ridiculing the brazen display of cardboard machismo.

This singularly American value system is then replaced with something a little closer to home. The revenge plot against the lowlife car salesman serves as a minor league consumerist fantasy (yes, a subtext) about getting back at those smooth operators who have turned the art of credit squeezing into Australia's new national sport.

This narrative keystone is laced with some wonderful touches of verbal and visual humour. Some of the film's biggest laughs come from the Anti Punchline School of Punchlines, character-based comments that are obvious or which heighten the character's plight. While Danny's father screams out to the world from his backyard that his beloved Cedric has been traded in for a Jaguar, his wife comments, "He's taking it quite badly." When Danny meets Joanna's father (Tim Robertson) and finds out that he did the plumbing in the toilets of the disco they are about to go to, he nervously promises to "check them out."

The film also boasts some comic devices that are deftly and ingeniously engineered as any of the mechanical devices in *Malcolm*. When Farkas returns to the car park where Danny and friends work, they are still in the middle of swapping his engine with Danny's. They hide in the hollow bonnet of Farkas' car and the tension builds as one wonders how they are going to survive the next two minutes. It turns out that Farkas has only come back for his camera to take back to the female mud-wrestling extravaganza, not the car. It is a nice piece of lateral thinking comedy.

Similarly, the scene at Joanna's house when Danny is discovered semi-naked by Joanna's father builds nicely to a beautifully judged piece of slapstick as Danny crashes down amid a tangle of venetian blinds.

Best of all, though, is the final car chase. While not quite on par with the speed or volume of what we have come to expect, it gathers comic energy as elements from different chases collide together like the narrative strands in an episode of *Fawlty Towers*. Gag rules upon gag and includes some undisguised homages to the Road Runner/Coyote chase staples of low-clearance girders and hazards of sudden braking.

The only comic moment in the film that doesn't click is when Farkas gets pulled over for drunk driving and emerges from his car wearing ladies' knickers and making fart jokes. Of the million drunk gags they could have done, they could have chosen something a bit more inventive.

Apart from the liberal peppering of humour, there is plenty of homespun philosophical appeal in *The Big Steal*. Danny's growing sensitivity to his parents, the tension between Danny, Joanna's father and her best friend, and his taking the responsibility for his own mess may not be enough to keep a *Home and Away* script conference going for more than five minutes, but they do give the film some dramatic weight.

The film's photography (by Parker) deserves praise for achieving what many would have thought impossible: taking Melbourne locations and making them look interesting. The enormity of this accomplishment is comparable to the one in *Malcolm*, which achieved the similarly impossible task of doing something interesting with Melbourne trams.

So what is so exceptional about *The Big Steal* that has won it several AFI awards and caused beehives to the cinema? Nothing. Precisely nothing. That is what makes it so exceptional. Its easy charm and simple warmth are what make it work.

This happened in 1986 with the first Nadia Tass-David Packer film, *Malcolm*, a caper comedy about a slow-witted mechanical genius (Colin Friels) who teams up with two golden-hearted petty crooks. It did not happen in 1988 with their follow-up comedy *Bikini and Pete*. This film featured a mechanical horse that could drill into rock and plant dynamite and was about as funny as a mechanical horse that could drill into rock and plant dynamite.

With *The Big Steal*, Tass and Parker (and creative team) have again nailed those elements of simple narrative style, cleanly constructed conflicts and assured comic pacing that do wonders for one's cardiovascular system, especially when watching them unspool to a full house.

But as with *Return Home*, *Flirting* and *Struck by Lightning*, it is a grand pity that such a downbeat, modest film is so rare in Australia that its arrival is treated with the sense of occasion that usually greets a solar eclipse. Of course, it is great to see such an unpretentious, well-made, straightforward, crowd-pleasing Australian film filling theatres. But it is also sad that the idea of an unpretentious, well-made, straightforward, crowd-pleasing Australian film sticks out so much. We are blessed at the moment with a number of such films, but they are more an indication of the industry's potential, not its practice.

Then again, we may be witnessing some sort of renaissance. Here's hoping.

1. Special note must be made here of the deft use of the lilting, Greedy Smith ballad "The World Seems Difficult." It is rare enough to see local songs used effectively in films, let alone used effectively in *local* films. Too often they are heard as background music in American teen flicks as Scooter tells Biff how he's going to lay every girl in the room before midnight and make his first million before 20.

THE BIG STEAL Directed by Nadia Tass. Producers: Nadia Tass, David Parker. Associate producer: Bryce Menzies. Screenplay: David Parker. Director of photography: David Parker. Editor: Peter Carrodus. Sound recordist: John Wilkinson. Musical coordinator: Chris Gough. Production designer: Paddy Reardon. Cast: Ben Mendelsohn (Danny Clark), Claudia Karvan (Joanna Johnston), Steve Bisley (Gordon Farkas), Marshall Napier (Mr Clark), Damon Herriman (Mark Jorgensen), Angelo D'Angelo (Vangoli Petrakis), Tim Robertson (Mr Johnston), Maggie King (Mrs Clark), Sheryl Munks (Pan Schaeffer), Lise Rodgers (Mrs Johnston), Frankie J. Holden (Frank). A Cascade Films production. Distributor: Hoyts. 35mm, 100 mins, Australia, 1990.

BLOOD OATH

KEITH CONNOLLY

A good director with a well-written script can scarcely go wrong with a courtroom drama, particularly if the case being argued is a significant one. Yet, in *Blood Oath*, Stephen Wallace has given us a curiously lacklustre account of precendential war-crimes trials that took place not long after the end of World War II.

Conducted on Ambon, then still part of the Dutch East Indies, the proceedings brought 91 Japanese officers and other ranks to trial for atrocities committed against Australian prisoners, hundreds of whom had died of starvation, disease, brutal treatment – or had been cold-



bloodedly murdered – in a prisoner-of-war camp on the island.

The screenplay, by Denis Whitburn and Brian A. Williams, draws heavily on the record of the trial and particularly the experiences of the latter's father, who was the chief Australian prosecutor and, in subsequent civilian life, a judge.

In the film Bryan Brown plays prosecutor Captain Robert Cooper, a man of quietly passionate purpose frustrated by the difficulties he faces in apportioning blame and making charges stick.

The narrative has harrowing and intense moments, but too much else lacks that sense of purpose and urgency necessary to compelling courtroom drama. For instance, a scapegoat/conspiracy element that suggests an incipient Cold War agenda on the part of our great and powerful ally, the U.S., is presented but not pursued. If it was worth raising, the issue should have been addressed squarely. Instead, along with several other plot strands, it serves only to deflect the emotional impact of the whole, and one is left somewhat dissatisfied and unconvinced.

In short, *Blood Oath* is less than clear about what it is saying. Did we get the wrong men and let the guilty go? In our desire to avenge the unspeakably treated prisoners, did we settle for victims rather than justice? Was this the beginning of a long postwar history of Australian policies and actions decided for us by the U.S.? The film may be implying some or all of this, but if so, why not spell it out?

Another problem is that *Blood Oath* never seems quite settled in style, moving as it does between documentary-drama at best in some of the courtroom scenes, and over-emotive melodrama such as that in which a dying Australian witness (John Polson) recalls his brother's death.

The narrative line, too, is inconsistently and unnecessarily diffused. The original focus prosecutor Cooper's pursuit of evidence that will enable him to nail perpetrators and instigators alike, is obscured first by the aforementioned sub-plot about the U.S.-protected former commander, Vice Admiral Takahashi (George Takei), then by a certain amount of soul-searching on the part of the prosecutor. This comes to a head in the case of the young naval officer Hideo Tanaka (Toshi Shioya), a Christian who had surrendered to the allies back in Japan, confident that he would receive a fair trial if charged for his part in the execution of Australian pilots at the camp. The drama then turns upon Cooper's extraction of details about one of the executions, which the young Japanese Christian had presumed were carried out in response to a legal order. As the film concentrates on this aspect, we are snddenly made privy to a Japanese view of events, which had been more or less excluded up to this point.

Blood Oath is a good-looking, thoroughly professional and, in general, authentic looking piece of work. (Russell Boyd's cinematography is, of course, exemplary) that doesn't quite deliver what it at first promises. I carried away a feeling that its thrust had been blunted by a desire to avoid offence, something that scarcely could be avoided in the telling of this story of terrible atrocities. There are indications, too, of narrational window-dressing as, for instance, in the inconclusive role of nursing sister Carol Littell (Deborah Unger), whose presence, certainly in the final cut, seems to serve little purpose other than to provide at least one female among the principal players. A fleeting appearance by Jason Donovan hardly justifies the high profile "introducing..." entry in the media information kit credits. Brown is effective in the lead role, giving the impression the director and writers no doubt wished to convey of a person very sure of himself in dealing with the law, but increasingly uncertain as to how it is to be applied in the circumstances of a pace-setting war crimes trial. Supporting roles by John Bach, as an Australian officer responsible to more than one agenda, John Clarke as the journalist who twigs what is happening, and Terry O'Quinn as the ambivalent U.S. liaison officer are well handled.

Much the same may be said about virtually every aspect of the production and one rejoices to see a mainstream-budget Australian film prepared to deal with deeply-serious moral questions of our history without too much nostalgic glossing or "mon Aussie hoo-hah". But for this member of a diminishing age group that remembers the events depicted (I was a cadet reporter on a Perth newspaper at the time), *Blood Oath* is dissatisfying not so much for what it does or does not depict or express, but for want of definition. Many otherwise admirable films over the past two decades have lacked the courage of their convictions. In this case, the convictions are less than apparent.



LEFT: CAPTAIN ROBERT COOPER (BRYAN BROWN) CONFRONTS VICE-ADMIRAL BARON TAKAHASHI (GEORGE TAKEI) WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MISSING AUSTRALIAN AIRMEN. STEPHEN WALLACE'S *BLOOD OATH*.

BLOOD OATH Directed by Stephen Wallace. Producers, Denis Whitburn, Brian Williams, in association with Charles Waterstreet. Line producer, Richard Brennan. Co-producer, Annie Bleakley. Screenplay, Denis Whitburn, Brian Williams. Director of photography, Russell Boyd. Editor, Nicholas Beauman. Sound recordist, Ben Osmo. Production designer, Bernard Hides. Composer, David McHugh. Cast, Bryan Brown (Captain Robert Cooper), George Takei (Vice-Admiral Baron Takahashi), Deborah Unger (Sister Littell), Nicholas Eadie (Sergeant Keenan), John Clarke (Sheedy), Ray Barrett (Judge), Jason Donovan (Talbot), John Polson (Jimmy Fenton), Russell Crowe (Lieutenant Corbett), Terry O'Quinn (Berkett), Toshi Shioya (Hideo Tanaka). A Blood Oath production. Distributor, Roadshow. 35mm, 105 mins. Australia, 1990.

CHOCOLAT

MARIE CRAVEN

French director Claire Denis' feature debut, (*Chocolat*, lends weight to a simple and familiar notion: the deeper one delves into individual experience the more one finds politics. It is a film in which political conditions are revealed with startling clarity. In minimal exchanges between characters in which rigidly defined social positions are not merely structural, but are felt organically permeating everything in private and public life.

With a plot exquisitely staged in miniature scale, the film is set for the most part around one small settlement in French-colonized Africa in the 1950s. The drama centres on the relations of four primary characters. Marc Dalens (François Cluzet), an officer of the French administration; Aimee (Giulia Boschi), his beautiful tormented young wife; his daughter France (Cécile Ducasse), a European child who has known no life outside of Africa; and a proud young African man, Protee (Isaac de Bankole), who is the family's chief servant. With a bare minimum of dialogue, the characters convey extraordinary psychological detail while also suggesting more general social types. Their personal power plays give body to the film's evocation of three broader political relations. European culture and African culture; man and woman; adult and child.

There are obvious connections between *Chocolat* and other recent films dealing with racial politics in Africa, such as *A World Apart* (Chris Menges, 1988) and *Mapantsula* (Oliver Schmitz, 1988). With *Mapantsula*, the film shares a powerful figure of an African man's struggling to maintain his identity and dignity within terribly oppressive conditions. In each case, there is an avoidance of common liberal stereotypes of the noble oppressed. *Chocolat*'s Protee certainly maintains a princely quality within his subjugation, but his pride is shown naked, as a painful compensation for his humiliating position. Like *A World Apart*, *Chocolat* has its base in autobiography, and is seen from a little girl's point of view. Considerable attention is paid in both films to the relationship between mother and daughter, placing an unusual emphasis on the place of white women within racial politics. But of all of the points of intersection between these films, the most vital to understanding *Chocolat* is the fascination with entwining personal and political experience.

Witness for example, an exchange between Protee and France. Protee has been banished from the house after rejecting in one silent and brutal gesture the advances of Aimée. From a half-lit corner of the shed where he now works, France watches him. There is an unspoken intimacy that they often share. With a child's curiosity, she points to a pipe running from the side of

ABOVE: AIMEE (GIULIA BOSCHI), THE TORMENTED YOUNG WIFE OF A FRENCH ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER IN CAMEROON. CLAIRE DENIS' *CHOCOLAT*.

the generator and asks if it is hot. Protée takes hold of the pipe with his hand, indicating that it is not. While he maintains his grip France reaches out and touches the pipe, but recoils instantly as her flesh touches the searing metal. She looks up at Protée in astonishment as he first examines the festering wound in his own palm and then wanders out into the night, leaving her alone.

True to the film's style, hardly a word is spoken in this poignant and savage scene, yet the characters' tortured interplay is perfectly clear. There is between them a palpable bond: shared experience, even love and compassion. There is also white-hot rage: immune to all pain in the pleasure of betrayal. For Protee, it is a small triumph, a backlash against the least powerful, most innocent of the oppressors—for France, it is the point at which her isolation, her cultural homelessness, is most painfully focused. The film allows no romance here about the riches of hybrid cultures: the portrait of racial domination is one of profound alienation.

The metaphor of sight – to watch or to be watched – and the states of action and immobility are very significant throughout the film, serving as graphic indicators of the relative power of the various characters. Protée and France are intense observers. They are able to see situations clearly but, having social positions of least power, cannot act, have no effect. Aimee, ostensibly powerful through her relation to her husband, is really entrapped, watched from all sides as she moves restlessly around the domestic confines of house and garden like a moth around a light. She is given space for a clear view neither of her own predicament nor of any of the others so close to her. Marc, both colonial father and eternal boy, embarks on obscure expeditions as he pleases, wilfully sacrificing the clarity of his perceptions to his dreams along the way. He has the free, romantic soul of an adventurer, innocent and irresponsible. Oblivious to the effects of the invasive social order he represents, even to its painful effects on his own family, he personifies a ruling culture naively ignorant of the impossibility of its project and of its inevitable failure.

The moral decay of the displaced European culture becomes more sharply apparent when a plane crash lands in the desert near the settlement, introducing a handful of visitors who upset the very precarious balance that has been established. The pilot is an alcoholic, an adventurer who has lost his spirit, he can find momentary peace only in flight. Among the passengers is Delpich (Jacques Denis), a bigoted loud-mouth prone to singing maudlin songs. He keeps an African mistress hidden from view, a silent little chickadee for whom he steals scraps of food. Machinard (Laurent Arnal) and his wife Mireille (Emmanuelle Chaulet) are nervous, insecure French, unable to adapt their prissy manners in any way. Confronted with an alien culture, a culture they have been sent to dominate, their only response is to shrink away and refuse contact.

But of all the European characters, the ugliest and most perverse is Luc Segalen (Jean-Claude Adelin). At first he appears as a saintly ascetic, one who has eschewed a culturally superior position, identifying himself with the African workers. Yet his humility contains a sneer. He ostentatiously enacts the role of outsider, a position that cannot exist that can be adopted only with hypocrisy. In his misanthropy, political conviction becomes a weapon that maintains his sense of superiority against both Africans and Europeans alike. With the superior vision of hindsight the political position assumed by Luc is one that the film itself could have easily leaned towards. The contempt with which the film portrays this character inversely suggests its deepest sympathies. There is a concern more with humanity than ideology: politics is of interest only in its direct relation to the lives of individuals.



Even though the particular historical place of the film is Cameroon, it is tempting to seek contemporary relevance by drawing parallels with the current situation in South Africa. But, in *Chocolat*, history has its own relevance embedded deeply in contemporary life. In the film's final sequence when it returns to the post-colonial present, the legacy of the past becomes piercingly obvious. France, now grown and wandering aimlessly around the country of her origin, still has the scars of her childhood. The lifelines on her palm are gone, burnt away long ago: she has "no past, no future". Her African travelling companion, first introduced at the start of the film, is revealed as an American man, also disillusioned by his attempt to re-find his roots. "Here I am only dreaming", he says.

Stylistically, Denis is concerned less with flurries of detail than with primal forms: crystalline essences apparently irreducible abstractions. The shots are calm, patient, deliberate and relentlessly long in duration. There is a sustained poetic intensity, a meditative quality, about the film that suggests a connection with other French purists such as Bresson or Rohmer. Yet in *Chocolat* there is also great warmth and sensuality, surprising in a film of such rigour, and an organic unity of formal elements that is almost euphoric. The slow, utterly graceful movements of Isaac de Bankolé as Protee for example, seem intimately related to the visual rhythms of the landscape, which are, in turn, sensitively mirrored in the compositions of the camera. The delicacy and poise is at times quite breathtaking.

The fragility of this formal balance finds its perfect metaphor in one small detail of the film. Each night, beneath the vague noises of the desert a pulsing hum can be heard, barely noticeable yet insistent: it is the generator fighting at the outer edge of the settlement to sustain the light. This incidental sound is a distillation of all the pathos and fragility of the displaced European culture, the absurdity of the attempt to dominate this vast and unyielding terrain. When the battle is abandoned each night, the darkness seems to amplify both the disturbing sounds of the desert and the emotional echoes of the restless lives contained in this place. The echoes of unfulfilled desire remain too after the last frame of the film. *Chocolat* is, finally, not a love story, but rather a story of love in exile and of lives made impossible by the cool, quiet brutalities of power.

CHOCOLAT Directed by Claire Denis. Production délégués: Alain Belmondo, Gerard Crosmer. Production associés: Samuel Mahom, Pierre Ilouga Mabout. Screenplay: Claire Denis, Jean-Pol Fargeau. Director of photography: Robert Alazraki. Editor: Claude Merlin. Sound: Jean-Loius Ughetto, Dominique Hennequin. Composer: Abdullah Ibrahim. Cast: Isaac de Bankole (Protee), Giulia Boschi (Aimee), François Cluzet (Marc), Jean-Claude Adelin (Luc), Laurent Arnal (Machinard), Jean Bedaibe (Prosper), Jean-Quentin Chatelain (Courtassol), Emmanuelle Chaulet (Mireille Machinard), Cecile Ducasse (young France), Mireille Perrier (adult France). A Cinemannel-Mario Kamitz-MK2 Productions-Cerito Films-Wim Wenders Produktion-La S.E.P.T. Caroline Productions-Le F O D I C-TF1 Films production. Distributor: New Vision. 35mm. 88 mins. France. 1988.

THE CROSSING

RAFFAELE CAPUTO

The final scene of *The Crossing* is in a cemetery where Meg (Danielle Spencer) brings flowers to the grave of her former lover, Sam (Robert Mammone) – a prodigal son who had returned after many years to his parochial home town in order to take Meg back to the city with him. Already at the grave site, however, is Johnny (Russell Crowe), Meg's lover during Sam's absence. That Sam is in his grave appears, of course, as the outcome of tensions augmented within this triangle. But what does Sam's death compensate? And what are the implications of his death for Meg since she is the central figure in the triangle? It might be best to respond to these questions by going somewhere else, by taking a somewhat roundabout route.

There are a few places one could go to with *The Crossing*, but what I am wondering right now is whether it would be too rash and clumsy to take *The Crossing* to a place like Nick Ray's *Rebel Without*

LEFT: MEG (DANIELLE SPENCER) AND HER FORMER LOVER SAM (ROBERT MAMMONE) ON THE NIGHT OF HIS RETURN TO TOWN. GEORGE OGILVIE'S *THE CROSSING*

a Cause. I'm apprehensive, but let's give it a shot, however unassuming the exercise might turn out. In *The Crossing*, it is the triangular formation of the three central characters that draws me to the characters of *Rebel*: Judy (Natalie Wood), Jim (James Dean) and Plato (Sal Mineo). However distant these two films may at first appear, they touch one another in this respect: what seems to underpin the expression of juvenile angst in both is the teenagers' emotional distance from their parents, in particular their fathers (or lack of).

Alienation between the generations is certainly nothing new to the teen movie genre, but we can at least begin with this emphatic structural similarity: that like Judy and Jim in *Rebel*, Meg and Sam in *The Crossing* have overly strained relations with their fathers. Johnny, on the other hand, like Plato, lacks a father, and this certainly raises questions about the nuances of Johnny's position within the triangle.

From here we can single out a few more similarities. One, at a superficial level, is that both films feature a drag race sequence which is in effect a form of competition for the interests of the female lead. Sam's question to Johnny at the finish of their race ("Who won?") bares resemblance to what Jim asks Buzz before their chicken run ("Why do we do this?"). Two, both stories take place within a twenty-four-hour period and close with the death of one of the threesome – a sacrifice to the resolution of conflicts.

One could go on with this exercise, but the gnawing question regarding *The Crossing* is where do we end up? Perhaps this comparative exercise was clumsy after all, but it cannot be considered too rash. The comparison with *Rebel* is not accidental and is one that *The Crossing* is partly responsible for. By evoking *Rebel*, what remains to be said is that it typifies *The Crossing*'s lack of induction at the level of narrative resolution: for the terms of sacrifice for Sam, unlike Plato, dissipate into air according to the film's own logic.

Plato's death in *Rebel* is a symbolic one which relates to parental guilt, for it comes as the culmination of events that sees the threesome form a simulated family (mother, father and child) that both apes and is representative of their respective familial situations. In this sense, Plato must die for the death compensates the formation of the couple (Judy and Jim) and bridges the emotional distance between the generations, at the same time as it is a direct consequence of this emotional distance.

For *The Crossing*, on the other hand, one is hard-pressed to discover symbolic links between the alienated family relations and the events that occur in and around the triangle of young lovers. For instance, the film opens at the break of dawn as the town folk gather for the Anzac Day memorial, which is representative of adult values, and juxtaposes this with Meg and Johnny embraced on the floor of her father's storage shed. But beyond a slight emphasis on the young couple's disrespect for this tradition, neither world bears upon the other in a significant way. The possibility of an undercurrent of emotional drives that connect the two worlds is set back into relief on Sam's return. And, rather than meshing two paradoxical models that could comment on one another, the adult world becomes a mere backdrop. Sam's death, then, does not result from an unconscious set of parental values or guilt.

Like the opening, the fatal, concluding event is worked out through a series of juxtapositions between a number of spaces. Beginning with the scene at the dance with Meg and Sam in one another's arms, the film then progressively cuts between this scene, the Anzac memorial with Johnny, in a drunken stupor, playing out an imaginary scene with his father, and shots of a train readied for its journey. When Johnny finally confronts Sam and Meg at the dance, the inevitability of what is to occur is clear. In the heat of the moment, Meg leaves with Johnny, drunk and tortured by what he has seen, in order to console him while Sam gives chase as the train is seen barrelling down to where the tracks will meet the road. Again, as in the opening, it's difficult to discover how the train fits into the scheme of things in a symbolic way. In this sense, if we can conclude that Plato's death is not a whitewash of parental guilt but a re-affirmation of it, Sam's is instead purely and simply an accident.

Now, if we were to set *Rebel* aside, for given *Rebel*'s somewhat mythic standing in relation to the genre the comparisons could be weighted, what we find to a greater extent than before is a thoroughly conservative film. What Sam brings with him on his return is both the experience and promise of life beyond the restrictions of the small town. Returning as abruptly as his departure, he stands as a figure of flight, and if too capricious for some, he is, nonetheless, exotic and worldly. Johnny, without a father and thus with the responsibility of caring for his mother and looking after the farm, represents stability, continuity and respectability. One should also note that Johnny stands in the shadow of his father, an Anzac who died in the war, and is revered by the older townsfolk. It's an image Johnny has to come to terms with, for it's this tie which holds him to his mother and to the town but may not hold him to Meg. It's a classic opposition that is set in to play here, and one would like to believe that Meg is the central figure in all of this, that it is about the kind of choices she wants to make: choices between life in the small town or life in the city. Choices between Johnny or Sam. *The Crossing* relies heavily on this cut-and-dried range of options, but the real shame in regard to Meg is that if the film allows her just token space to weigh up the options, it does not allow her the space to breach this limited range.

Thus if we are to learn anything from Sam's fatal accident, it is that there are ultimately no choices. If Sam's death compensates for anything, it is *The Crossing*'s lack of options. In this way, for Meg, Sam's death provides an answer that takes neither Meg nor the audience anywhere. It is, paradoxically, an answer without a solution. If we return to the final scene when Meg arrives at the grave site, Johnny is already there, but, importantly, he is dressed in army greens. In this particular circumstance, *The Crossing* leaves the audience wanting: on the one hand, the film has inexpertly shifted Meg aside, for although the contradictions of her character loom, her options are now closed; on the other, Johnny in uniform is indicative of the only change in character but it has Johnny resigned to the condition that afflicted him in the first place: he has become the image of his father.

For a film that seeks to at least establish a sense of autonomy between the young and the values and concerns of the older generation, *The Crossing*, through the conceit of Sam's death, ultimately avoids it. It's unfortunate because *The Crossing* certainly had the possibility to undo the same kind of limitations of *The Delinquents*.

THE CROSSING Directed by George Ogilvie. Producer: Sue Seeary. Executive producers: Al Clark, Philip Gerlach. Associate producer: Jenny Day. Screenplay: Ranald Allan. Director of photography: Jeff Darling. Editor: Henry Dangar. Sound recordist: David Lee. Production designer: Igor Nay. Composer: Martin Armiger. Cast: Russell Crowe (Johnny), Robert Mammone (Sam), Danielle Spencer (Meg), Rodney Bell (Shorty), Emily Lumbers (Jenny), John Blair (Billy), Megan Connelly (Kathleen), Warren Coleman (Clag), Patrick Ward (Nev), May Lloyd (Peg), Daphne Gray (Jean), George Whaley (Sid). A Beyond International Group production. Distributor: Hoyts. 35mm, 92 mins. Australia, 1990.

MO' BETTER BLUES

ADRIAN JACKSON

The jazz movie is a genre that has produced some of Hollywood's more forgettable duds, whether fictional or allegedly biographic, ranging from *The Five Pennies* (with Danny Kaye as Red Nichols) or *All The Fine Young Cannibals* (Robert Wagner as a Chet Baker-ish character) to *Lady Sings The Blues* (with Diana Ross hopelessly miscast as Billie Holliday).

Even such well made and sympathetic films as Clint Eastwood's *Bird* (Forest Whitaker doing a pretty fair job as Charlie Parker) and Bertrand

BELOW: THE ELEEK QUINTET IN SPIKE LEE'S *MO' BETTER BLUES*



Tavernier's *Round Midnight* (with Dexter Gordon in a memorable role as himself more or less) have attracted some criticism, mainly from within the ranks of jazz purists. The most common complaint is that both movies perpetuate the stereotype of black jazzmen as alcoholics or junkies, although this strikes me as unrealistic. *Bird* with out any reference to Parker's self-destructive streak would have been simply ridiculous, like *Raging Bull* without the violence.

Still, it is interesting to note that Spike Lee's *Mo' Better Blues* is the first jazz film of modern times to make no mention of alcoholism or drug abuse. Perhaps it needed a black director, concerned to avoid negative stereotypes, to make a point of doing this.

Mo' Better Blues is not simply a jazz movie, as *Bird* and *Round Midnight* are. Co-producer Monty Ross describes it as a film that "deals with a man's life and incorporates jazz." Lead actor Denzel Washington explains, "He [Lee] wanted to do a film about jazz, and I wanted to do a film about relationships. So we have a jazz film that deals with relationships."

All of the relationships in the film revolve around Bleek Gilliam, the character played by Washington. The story opens with Bleek as a child being forced by his mother to practise the trumpet, when he wants to be out playing with his friends. The next image is of the adult Gilliam playing trumpet in a jazz club, really tearing it up to the delight of an enthusiastic audience.

Clearly Gilliam is an outstanding trumpeter, leading a quintet that is hot, both musically and commercially, as shown by the fans queueing to gain admission to the club where they are working. Beneath The Underdog. Equally clearly, he has developed his talents through a total obsession with his music.

Everything else takes second place, even the women in his life. Indigo Downes (Joie Lee) and Clarke Bentancourt (Cynda Williams). He refuses to say "I love you" to either, and makes no secret of his priorities ("*Everything* is secondary to my music!") Clarke asks for a chance to sing with his band, and he rejects her bluntly.

On the other hand, Bleek loyally supports his manager, childhood friend Giant (Spike Lee), even though everyone tells him that Giant is an inept manager, and he knows they are right.

The other major relationships Bleek has to deal with are within the band, particularly with saxophonist Shadow Henderson (Wesley Snipes) who has his own ambitions as a bandleader, and resents Bleek's authority; he also has eyes for Clarke.

Everything goes sour for Bleek, however, when he finds himself losing control of all of these relationships. Worse still, Giant's gambling problems lead to his being viciously beaten, when Bleek intervenes; he is also bashed, affecting the lip muscles that are a trumpeter's livelihood.

As with Lee's previous films, *Mo' Better Blues* is an imperfect gem. The resolution of Bleek's problems is perhaps a little too neat. There are gaps in the plot (for example, how does Bleek make a living when he quits music, if indeed he does quit playing? The plot is vague at this point). Bleek's arguments with Shadow are inconsistent: at one point, he is reprimanding Shadow for playing self-indulgent "three-hour" solos, later, it is Shadow who is arguing that the jazz tradition is not sacrosanct, that musicians should play what people like to hear.

Lee has drawn the most flak for his characterization of the avaricious owners of the club where Bleek works. Moe and Josh Flathush are cartoon characters, which has left Lee open to charges of anti-Semitism. Maybe Lee was taking the opportunity to turn the tables after so many decades of blacks being ignored or lampooned by Hollywood, but if he was simply trying to point out that black jazz artists are at the mercy of an industry that doesn't respect their music, he could have made the point rather more subtly.

But the film's merits greatly outweigh its flaws. For a start, the jazz element is handled very convincingly. The actors look right on and off the stand, seriously cool, even though drummer Jeff Watts is the only musician among them. And the music, from the Branford Marsalis Quartet with guest trumpeter Terence Blanchard, is generally excellent. (There are a few vocal tracks that purists may quibble about, but they work well in context.)

Lee certainly succeeds in providing strong roles for black actors. Washington has a meaty role and makes the most of it. Snipes, the two Lees and Williams are hardly less impressive.

There is plenty of humour throughout the film. And Lee's ability to come up with striking imagery is best demonstrated by the scene where Bleek is making love with Indigo, and suddenly finds Clarke slapping his face for calling her the other woman's name. A thoroughly bewildered Bleek finds himself being abused by both women in turn, before they both walk out on him.

On balance, *Mo' Better Blues* succeeds as a look at the jazz world – the obligations and challenges facing any aspiring "keeper of the flame", along with the business problems that have to be dealt with – as seen, for a change, from the black artist's point of view. But even those who aren't especially interested in jazz should find it an amusing and stimulating consideration of the personal conflicts and sacrifices that any serious artist has to face.

MO' BETTER BLUES Directed by Spike Lee. Producer: Spike Lee. Co-producer: Monty Ross. Line producer: John Kilik. Screenplay: Spike Lee. Director of photography: Ernest Dickerson. Editor: Sam Pollard. Composer: Bill Lee. Sound design: Skip Lievsay. Production designer: Wynn Thomas. Cast: Denzel Washington (Bleek Gilliam), Spike Lee (Giant), Wesley Snipes (Shadow Henderson), Giancarlo Esposito (Left Hand Lacey), Robin Harris (Sutterbean Jones), Joie Lee (Indigo Downes), Bill Nunn (Bottom Hammer), John Turturro (Moe Flatbish), Dick Anthony Williams (Big Stop Gotham), Cynda Williams (Clarke Bentancourt), Nicholas Turturro (Rhythm Jones). A 40 Acres and A Mule Filmworks production. Distributor: UIP. 35mm. 88 mins. US 1990.

PHOBIA

ROSS HARLEY

Witnessing in close-up the dwindling hours of a marriage in tatters is not exactly most people's idea of lighthearted amusement, though I'm sure there are those who could think of nothing more entertaining. But in this, long-time scriptwriter John Dingwall's directorial debut, the demise of the happy couple marks the beginning of a series of unsettling and thoroughly engaging observations about the more sinister long-term characteristics of contemporary relations between the sexes.

Set almost entirely within the confines of a comfortable suburban home-away-from-it-all, *Phobia* presents an increasingly suffocating scenario of unspecifiable fear, free-floating anxiety and crushing dependency. As the quietly resolved Renata Simmonds, Gosia Dobrowolska gradually transforms her character from agoraphobic wife to determined woman of action.

Renata's understandably fragile psychological state is, however, not completely of her own making. After nine years of marriage, she has finally discovered that she has lost herself in a relationship which, characteristically, takes more than what it gives. The cliches associated with agoraphobia are twisted around somewhat, and by the final sequences, the noose gradually tightens around her apparently stable husband's neck instead.

Co-dependent David Simmonds, more than convincingly played by Sean Scully, is the picture of smouldering impatience, masculine obstinance and thinly veiled chauvinism. From the outset it is apparent that all is not well behind the facade of fairness and goodwill. David is so desperate to maintain towards the emotionally blackmailed Renata. But at the rate that whisky bottles are drained, it is inevitable that David's apparent benevolence turns to a bitter sarcasm associated with what is in fact his own emotional crisis. The more Renata struggles to escape her intolerable situation, the more David attempts to force her into staying with him. And this is where much of the black humour of *Phobia* resides: in the cynical games that such obsessives become so expert at playing. For David, ten years of carefully calcu-



BELOW: RENATA (GOSIA DOBROWOLSKA), AN AGORAPHOBIC WIFE LOST IN A DEADENING MARRIAGE. JOHN DINGWALL'S *PHOBIA*.

lated "investment" deserves a better return than the one Renata proposes: divorce.

Like some of the better Losey adaptations of Pinter, *Phobia* creates a tangled psychological web of power, co-dependency, and double-binds that ultimately denies anybody the final victory. Yet the result is not at all tragic, despite the way the tables are eventually turned. Shot in a straightforward naturalistic fashion by Steve Newman, the climatic tension of *Phobia* is nevertheless convincingly maintained throughout. The space of the comfortable surroundings is systematically sketched out as a gaol-like place from which it is difficult to escape. Indeed, the well publicized restrictions of budget have certainly encouraged the director to wisely channel his energies into the dynamism of mise-en-scène, rather than attempting to make the locations seem flash. Consequently, a high level of performance and attention to quotidian detail is maintained throughout the tightly scripted drama.

In addition to these well executed, though cinematically conventional devices, there is a wilder, more renegade force that comes through in the best moments of *Phobia*. Though not exactly irreverent anarchy or youthful invention, there is certainly something quirky (and yet familiar) about the way Dingwall has managed to combine psychological terror, naturalistic humour and a narrative economy in what could quite easily have been a nothing film about fear and phobias in conjugal relations. With a bigger budget project called *The Custodian* already in the pipeline, one can only hope that Dingwall continues to follow these threads in future films.

PHOBIA. Directed by John Dingwall. Producer: John Mandelberg. Executive producer: Will Davies. Screenplay: John Dingwall. Director of photography: Steve Newman. Editor: John Mandelberg. Sound recordist: Bren Heath. Art director: Robert Michael Compinser. Ross Edwards. Cast: Gosia Dobrowolska (Renata), Sean Scully (David). A Jadee Production. Distributor: Australian Film Institute. 35mm. 92 mins. Australia. 1988.

RETURN HOME

PETER LAWRANCE

In a cool, almost off-hand manner, writer-director Ray Argall has managed to achieve what seems like the impossible in a climate that appears anything but conducive to independent filmmakers (ditto the straightforward commercial practitioners). With *Return Home*, he shows that with a committed production team remarkable things can be achieved. The price is probably little more than sending a couple of Melbourne city councillors on some overseas jaunt chasing Olympic committees. For my money, Argall's contribution to Australian culture will be far more profound.

Most gratifying in *Return Home* is the absence of what seems to have become obligatory in this country for filmmakers: there are no co-production credits, no foreign 'stars', no special effects or gratuitous violence, not even a misty-eyed romantic interlude. Despite (or because of) these absences, Argall has forged a compelling narrative. This is highlighted by a series of exceptional acting performances, photography and art direction immutably attuned to the director's concerns, and a soundtrack that cleverly enforces the film's essential conflict: a collision of two cultural worlds.

Early in the film, Noel (Dennis Coard) is surprised when his brother Steve (Frankie J. Holden) is not at the airport to meet him on his 'return home'. Instead, he encounters Gary (Ben Mendelsohn), a grease-covered 'petrol head' apprenticed to Steve and ready to drive him out in his beaten-up old Holden. Their ensuing conversation highlights the differences the film will evoke.

Simply put, Gary drives a Holden. He listens to The Celibate Rifles and Bored while he drives, and is constantly on the lookout for other drivers to abuse. Noel, we learn, drives a Mazda 626 and enjoys classical music. Gary is incredulous. Noel is amused.

The return for Noel is more than just a holiday, it is a journey back to a time that seems suspended, a place where he had to 'punch his father out' in order to escape. In leaving his working-class background and becoming an insurance broker, Noel carries a certain degree of guilt, particularly when he realizes his brother's service station is close to bankruptcy and that it could be him working on the cars, not Gary.

Steve is quick to point out that Noel has also copped a fair share of problems, divorce and a job that demands upwards of 60-hour working weeks.

Return Home is set in suburban Adelaide and uses a set of bleak locations as a visual metaphor for the old world Noel escaped. It is a world of ugly brick-veneer homes, shopping centres that can barely compete with the nearby corporate shopping complex and barren supermarket carparks. The film offers some relief to this landscape in the form of trips made by the characters to the nearby seaside (that great Australian playground), but there, too, an ugly commercial fun-fair is emphasized as much as the pier where the brothers spent much of their childhood.

As they get to know one another again, the old and the new loom as an ideological battleground. Nevertheless, Noel is slowly drawn into Steve's world, observing his brother's difficulties in keeping the service station afloat and helping Steve's wife Judy (Micki Camilleri) with the children, all the while looking at himself and his own achievements. This is expressed in a number of scenes where Noel listens to classical music on a walkman, and later when he meets an old school friend and they reflect, briefly, on their personal lives.

The return of Noel, the prodigal brother, gives Argall the necessary objective viewpoint with which to analyse Steve's world, the heart of the film's emotional concern. In one scene, a petrol tanker won't drop a load because Judy, who handles the finance, can only pay by cheque. This is not regarded as 'legal' tender by the oil company, which insists on cash transactions. Noel happens to be across the street watching. The immediate inference set up here is that he can help the family out, come to their aid in some way



ABOVE: NOEL (DENNIS COARD) EXPLAINS TO BROTHER STEVE (FRANKIE J. HOLDEN) WAYS TO KEEP THE GARAGE AFLOAT. RAY ARGALL'S *RETURN HOME*

with his business acumen. And Noel does offer a solution which may solve Steve's financial trouble. In his view, a franchise would get them in the clear. He points out that it is a developing trend in the U.S. After some discussion, Steve snarls that "This is Australia, not the fucking U.S." and he runs a servo, not a grocer shop that happens to sell a bit of petrol.

The ploy of having a character witness a discussion or an action from outside works effectively again. We see Gary straying back from lunch early, stopping short when he hears Steve and Judy heatedly discussing the state of their finances. He later tells Noel that he has never seen Steve like that.

As the film progresses, Noel's 'objectivity' sees him developing a strong bond with Gary, whose own problems may well parallel those he faced as a young petrol head with Steve. In building up a series of complex portraits, Argall manages to infuse the film with wryly observed scenes, adding a dimension and understanding of people not often seen in Australian cinema of late. A very subtle narrative structure emerges, woven around an almost diffuse set of stories that surround each character, until all the threads are drawn together at the end. This is not to say there is a 'happy ever after' resolution, on the contrary the film leaves off as it begins, although there is perhaps a slightly more optimistic feel at the end.

One of the great achievements of *Return Home* is its ability to engage the audience so completely, to demand and receive an involvement in its issues and concerns, above all to cheer the characters on. Here it is a measure of the actors' respective skills that such an involvement takes place, as well as a delicate balance achieved between humour and pathos.

As stated at the outset, *Return Home* is a remarkable achievement at a time when the direction of the current cinema has become contentious, even vague.

RETURN HOME. Directed by Ray Argall. Producer: Cristina Pozzan. Associate producer: Daniel Scharf. Screenplay: Ray Argall. Director of photography: Mandy Walker. Editor: Ken Sallows. Sound recordist: Bronwyn Murphy. Production designer: Euan Keddie. Cast: Dennis Coard (Noel), Frankie J. Holden (Steve), Ben Mendelsohn (Gary), Micki Camilleri (Judy), Rachel Rains (Wendy), Gypsy Lockwood (Clare), Ryan Rawlings (Wally), Alan Fletcher (Barry). A Musical Films production. 16mm (blown up to 35mm). 86 mins. Australia. 1990. ■



THIRTY-SEVENTH SYDNEY FILM FESTIVAL: CELEBRATING THE IMAGE-FUTURE

•

REPORT BY HUNTER CORDAIY

The 37th Sydney Film Festival was widely anticipated because it marks the first full year of the event with Paul Byrnes as director. The conjunction of the new director and a new decade has, I believe, some significance, contributing to the sense of 'change' which was evident during the two weeks of screenings.

What audiences, and commentators, were assessing was Paul Byrnes' programme selection, the efficiency of the Festival organization and the degree to which the Festival lived up to its title, a celebration of cinema.

In these times, when so much of culture seems tentative and structurally in flux, we attach significance to specific moments, such as film festivals, and read into them a responsibility which they may often be ill-equipped to carry. But festivals are not natural phenomena, instead, they are cultural selections, designed and marketed. They offer the promise of certain experiences: images, sound, meaning, emotion, plus, for some, a challenge to beliefs at the beginning of a decade where rigid ideologies (about society and the role of culture) are collapsing like the concrete slabs of the Berlin Wall.

In his Director's "Programme Note", and opening night remarks, Paul Byrnes pointed to the "momentous" changes taking place in Eastern Europe, and wanting the Festival to reflect "the excitement of our times". With this as a theme or at least general direction, festival directors anywhere on the 'circuit' have two choices available: to screen the newly released 'banned' films and also try to reflect something of current Eastern European cinema. Clearly the former is easier than the latter, with Jiri Menzil's *Skrivanci na Niti* (*Larks on a String*, 1969) and Ryszard Bugajski's *Przesluchanie* (*The Interrogation*, 1982) being screened. Both films were set in much earlier times, specifically the Stalinist 1950s, and therefore bring to current audiences a 40-year-old but critical vision of social and political life. Certainly no two films illustrate how different the reaction to those times can be. *The Interrogation*, from Poland, is a dark, cruel film which concentrates on policemen torturing Tonia, a nightclub singer (played with chilling fervour by Krystyna Janda) who is arrested on the slimmest of excuses. Jiri Menzil's *Larks on a String* – even the title has a sense of balance between hope and futility – is a recognizably Czech black comedy set in a large scrap yard. Menzil, who was a guest of the Festival, introduced his film by saying, "The film is old but the contents are contemporary." Both *Larks on a String* and *Interrogation* explore the relationship between love and bureaucracy in some form, and are the first of an expected flood of previously banned films which will soon be on the market.

The contrast between these older films and current productions promises to be increasingly contentious. In a sense, this is already visible in Krzysztof Kieslowski's *Dekalog* (*The Decalogue*), a ten-part series for Polish Television based on the Ten Commandments. The film, which was voted second in the audience poll, suggests a return to an openly declared religious faith in contrast to the recently rejected 'scientific' socialism. The rush to applaud *The Decalogue*'s bleak, unrelenting moral message was at times surprising, especially since its portrayal of contemporary Polish life conflicted greatly with what was being shown about Poland on the nightly television news. The other main film from Eastern Europe, *Az an XX Szazadom* (*My 20th Century*, Ildiko Enyedi) from Hungary, was a light and whimsical fairy tale which was more a curiosity than an advance for our appreciation of Hungarian cinema.

The release of previously banned films will inevitably initiate a re-assessment of the past forty years of European cinema, and the value of seeing *Larks on a String* was to recognize Menzil's film as a brave resistance to a system that ideologically insisted on only one cultural vision.

The pleasures and problems of short films were also highlighted at the Festival this year. The Dendy Awards for Australian Short Films were continued, as well as regular screenings of shorts before each main feature, a programme of six "long shorts" and a forum dedicated to the short film form under the heading, "How short is a short film and long is its life?" There used to be a well-established progression for filmmakers from shorts to features, where skills were tried out before being trusted with the responsibility for a longer work (and, inevitably, a larger budget). While this might be useful, it means filmmakers can quickly abandon the short

form for lengthier works, and in turn thus depletes shorts of their greatest asset, continuity of practice and the possibility of experiment, an avant-garde worthy of the name. My impression of many short films screened, and most of those entered in the General Category of the Dendy Awards, is one of safety not innovation, of predictability and restriction in form and method.

The absence of shorts from most cinema screens, and the majority of television schedules, is a lost opportunity, not just for filmmakers but programmers to attract or maintain audiences. The prospect of collections being available on video is exciting, but films such as Zoltan Spirandelli's *My Old Red Rooster*, Kyle Kibbe's *100 N Y, N Y.*, Virginia Hilyard's *E.G.*, and Greeme Wond's *Teenage Babylon* deserve a wider audience. It was also easy in many cases to determine if a short was made by students from the Australian Film Radio & Television School. Some institutional stereotyping of narrative, and above all emotion, was noticeable in these films and now might be the time for the AFTRS to re-assess the balance between creativity and 'industry skills' which it promotes in its students.

This year the Festival's screenings were at the State Theatre and the nearby Pitt Centre, a two-screen combination which, if maintained, promises to allow the Festival to develop a stronger presence as an 'event'. The Pitt Centre programme, of documentaries, experimental shorts and discussions, was well attended and provided a strong contrast to the main programme at the State Theatre.

The latter had essentially two categories of films on offer; those with a secure place on the art-house distribution circuit such as Akira Kurosawa's *Dreams*, Denys Arcand's *Jesus of Montréal* and Hou Hsiao-hsien's *Beiqing Chengshi* (*A City of Sadness*), and, by contrast, the more eclectic visions which came un-announced and with only a slim hope of a local distributor. The notion that the Australian distribution of 'art-house' or independent films is in a healthy state has little credence today when the re-release of Godard's *A Bout de Souffle* (*Breathless*), which has only just opened in Sydney, was reviewed in the *Monthly Film Bulletin* in August 1988.

The exception to this is Jane Campian's *An Angel at My Table* which received a standing ovation and was voted Most Popular Film by the audience. Such support strengthened the impetus to release a cinema version of what was originally only a three-part television series. *An Angel at My Table* is a work of precision and subtle observation of a life (New Zealand writer Janet Frame's) in development. There are few current local films which explore the notions of creativity, mental illness and social values to the extent or with the perception of this film.

With most Australian features apparently in limbo after Cannes, it was up to Campian, Martin Sharp's tribute to Tiny Tim and Luna Park, *The Street of Dreams*, and Aleksi Vellis' *Nirvana Street Murder* to represent local filmmaking. Vellis' film is a significant debut, based on the principle that you should put everything into a film in case you can't make another. Consequently, *Nirvana Street Murder* has an anarchic fusion of genres and visual styles, steals blatantly from television formula, and has vitality in overwhelming quantities.



What Vellis' film suggests is a rising generation of Australian filmmakers who understand the medium and are aggressively exploiting it.

That independent spirit was also clearly recognizable in two American features which initially disappointed the audience but which handsomely rewarded those who stayed to watch: Charles Lane's New York mime story of a lost child, *Sidewalk Stories*, and Wayne Coe's homage to storytelling in the American West, *Grim Prairie Tales*. In a sense, these films represent a risk for a Festival audience, and in another way the innovation (*Sidewalk Stories*, for example, has no dialogue, only music) is precisely the sort of film a festival should show because it extends cinematic form. In addition to *Sidewalk Stories*, *Montalvo et l'Enfant* (*Montalvo and the Child*, Claude Mouriéras) uses dance rather than dialogue to narrate a gypsy love story. It is ironic that the two films which in structure run contrary to narrative expectations were so openly rejected by the Festival audience which, supposedly, was attending because the Festival screens films not so readily accessible. Clearly the Festival's role of broadening the tolerance of audiences has more to achieve.

George Miller, in his presentation of the fan McPherson Memorial Lecture, unveiled the planned cinémathèque for Circular Quay, which is precisely one of the structures needed to counter the reaction to films such as *Sidewalk Stories*. There are 55 cinemathèques worldwide, and the Australian proposal means that, at last "we will have, in a culture, an avenue for human expression in moving images." Miller's assertion that "contemporary art includes film, television and video" should not have sounded as revelatory as it did, and served to highlight how such a centre for the moving image in all its forms is long overdue.

Recent doubts over the value of Festival retrospectives were quashed this year by the inclusion of a Preston Sturges season of eight films, mainly from his prolific Paramount years. In addition, a documentary on Sturges, *Preston Sturges: The Rise and Fall of an American Dreamer*, was shown, and writer Tad McCarthy and director Ken Bowser were guests of the Festival, introducing the Sturges films and providing a context for his work. What was remarkable about the Sturges films was the combina-

FACING PAGE: JIRI MENZEL'S *LARKS ON A STRING*, MADE IN 1969 BUT ONLY NOW BEING SEEN.
BELOW: LIN WE-CHING (TONY LEUNG) AND HINGMI (HSIN SHU-FEN) IN HOU HSIAO-HSIEN'S *A CITY OF SADNESS*.
ABOVE: PRESTON STURGES: THE SUBJECT OF A DOCUMENTARY AND A RETROSPECTIVE.



tion of social criticism and humour: *The Lady Eve* and *Remember the Night* have such comic dark truths about the relationship between men and women it is difficult to think of many more recent films which portray cynicism on such a scale. The Sturges retrospective, to judge by capacity audiences and positive comments, was one of the successes of this Festival and should maintain interest in the re-release of his work, and his autobiography later this year.

Other films of note were: South Korean director Yong-Kyun Bae's *Dharmaga Tonogaro Kan Khadalgun* (*Why Has Bahi-Dharma Left for the East?*), which audiences deserted in large numbers but which lived up to Michel Ciment's description as "mise-en-zen"; Bruce McDonald's *Roadkill*, an eccentric Canadian road film which defied expectations by being amusing and explosive; and Michael Roemer's *The Plot Against Harry*, a recently completed film originally shot in 1969, which portrayed its small-time racketeer character with great irony and stunning black-and-white photography. Luckily, these films outweighed the disappointing presentations, such as Alain Tanner's *La Femme de Rose Hill* (*The Woman of Rose Hill*), which gloated over its central character (played by African actress Marie Gaydn) for being so 'different', Ken McCullen's *1871*, an insipid film after his previous *Zena*, and Alan Rudolph's *Love At Large*, which defies explanation for its inclusion in a Festival programme at all.

Lastly, a Festival report is obliged to offer considerations for future Festivals and the issues are wide ranging. Why, for instance, is a French festival director in Australia as this article is being written gathering films for the first season of films from the Pacific region when this would be a natural role for an Australian Festival? The programming of special all-night sessions (this year jazz and Australian television) needs to be expanded, especially in ways which give a critical context for television drama or advertisements. The Festival's role in screening Asian films now needs to be extended to take in those regions not represented through local distributors. This also applies to African films (represented this year by Idrissa Ouedraogo's extraordinary *Yaaba*). Now that the Sydney Festival has a stable base its new director should expand the selection of films and take more risks in response to the needs of film and ideas on the edge of the 21st Century. This will mean, inevitably, that the Festival should be presenting short and long films from small and large screens. The notion that 'film' is a strictly celluloid form has faded, as the opening film, *Dreams*, confirmed with its high-definition Sony sequence starring Martin Scorsese as Vincent Van Gogh. That, and the production company being credited as "Akira Kurosawa USA Inc", clearly points to the future.



THIRTY-NINTH MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVAL: THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

•

REPORT BY ADRIAN MARTIN

I have a particularly sweet memory of the 1989 Melbourne Film festival: sitting amidst a very large crowd at the Astor watching the 43-minute masterpiece *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story* (Todd Haynes, 1987), and then that same day *Miracle Mile* (Steve De Jarnett, 1988). These two titles happen to represent two of the kinds of films I most like to see at a Film Festival. In the first instance, purist and demented experimental cinema; in the second, intense and inventive *genre* cinema. Sitting through the 1990 Melbourne Film Festival, I had the strong feeling of being cheated of both kinds of cinema – or at least when I sat with the multitudes in the main Festival venue, the Astor.

Quite apart from my personal tastes in cinema, I start with this impression because it raises for me the central question that the Melbourne Film Festival must surely always ask itself (and no doubt does): In the age of spreading 'arthouses', Valhalla 'cult-movie' exhibition and SBS television, what is there left for the Festival to do? The legacy of past Festivals – world cinema according to the late Erwin Rado – is not something I wish to dismiss or ridicule outright; but it does need today to be put in historical context and clearly interrogated.

The Melbourne Film Festival's agenda, as cemented in many punters' minds, has always been something like this: what we now term 'art cinema', by the 'great' directors, films that reflect momentous social changes and document daily life in (to us) 'exotic' places such as the Eastern Bloc countries, Africa, Asia; political documentaries, of a fairly conventional sort; 'novelty' shorts, especially animations; and an occasional slightly 'innovative' feature hailed by a journalist or two somewhere as 'new cinema', or the debut of a promising young talent. Personally, I would describe

LEFT: RUSSELL (DON MCKELLAR) AND RAMONA (VALERIE BUHAGIAR) IN BRUCE MCDONALD'S "DREARY" *ROADKILL*. BELOW: TWO MAJOR FESTIVAL DISAPPOINTMENTS: (TOP) DENYS ARCAND'S *JESUS OF MONTRÉAL* ("I CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW ANYONE CAN ADMIRE THIS FILM"), WITH MARY MAGDELENE (JOHANNE MARIE TREMBLEY), JESUS (LOTHAIRE BLUTEAU) AND MARY (CATHERINE WILKENING); (BOTTOM) JERRY SCHATZBERG'S "DISAPPOINTINGLY INCONSEQUENTIAL" *REUNION*, WITH CHRISTIAN ANHOLT, SAMUEL WEST AND BARBARA JEFFORD.

this agenda as 'middlebrow' Sadly, even when (as in recent years) the Festival has tried to transform this agenda somewhat through more adventurous programming at 'side-bar' venues like the State Film Theatre, mainstream reviewers (such as Neil Jillett at *The Age* or Keith Connolly when he was at *The Herald*) have stubbornly continued construing each Festival as the same old middlebrow cultural feast they already know and love.

What's not on this agenda? Experimental cinema in all its forms, short and long; a serious engagement with the edges and undersides of so-called 'popular' cinema, such as 'B' or genre cinema; a scholarly and cinephiliac drive to explore cinema's history; a desire to understand the cinemas of other cultures in any terms distinct from the transparently 'topical' and shamelessly exotic. The Festival has indeed tried to include some of this in recent years (with Don Ranvaud as a freelance programmer in the mid-80s, and Tait Brady as director for the past three years), but it has always been, I dare say, a nervous, tokenistic, easily aborted attempt. Instead of trying to militantly drive a wedge into middlebrow culture with these different, difficult types of cinema, the Festival has been content to art in a merely complicit way with the increasing cosy compartmentalization of the film scene. So there is one 'experimental' programme designated as such for the already converted, a 'schlock', hopefully 'cult' item or two for the superior groovers at the Valhalla (struck down with hilarity, for instance, by John Woo's wholly remarkable *The Killer*); and a miserly selection of 'golden oldies' (Mitchell Leisen's *Remember the Night* and Donen and Kelly's *It's Always Fair Weather*) standing in for a historical 'retrospective' programme (Sydney at least got the full run of Preston Sturges films)

I am no doubt extreme in believing that the Festival must regularly and diligently run the risk of alienating its audience by endeavouring to surprise, educate and confront it; after all, I don't have to balance the books at the end. The cultural (and economic) reality of putting on the Festival is that there is, apparently, a large (mainly older) audience that does indeed still crave comfortable pearls of art cinema and shallow reflections on a world in crisis and flux. However, I do believe I speak for a growing constituency – all the passionate explorers of the arts and culture generally – who are now starting to seriously demand more than the Festival has ever been willing to give them.

Art cinema at its most depressing and infuriating took over the Festival (sixteen sessions of it) in the form of Krzysztof Kieslowski's *Dekalog* (*Decalogue*). The audience of old found it airily 'disturbing', monumental and meaningful, while the audience of new complained (and rightly) of its unrelenting misogyny, medieval Christian ethics, and the director's wilful restriction of his stylistic and fictional palette to a few dry-as-dust gestures repeated from episode to episode. I stayed through half of it, hoping that it would reveal itself as a dark reworking of Rohmer's "Moral Tales" or "Comedies and Proverbs", working on the gap between the 'commandment' informing each episode and its messy fictional elaboration, but, alas, Kieslowski seemed to actually believe every last, thundering edict the Good Lord had delivered to his doorstep. All in all, a good argument for atheism.

The Festival's pandering to 'social issues', and its eager grouping together of distinct works into 'gay' or 'women's' or 'disabled' (or whatever) sessions, always signals the kiss of death. There was a preponderance this year of conventional television-style documentaries such as *Chorny Kvadrat* (*Black Square*), *The Media Show* and even *Common Threads: Stories from the Quilt* (which utilized standard documentary rhetoric so well as its eliciting of a collective grief for mass AIDS death), giving an unfortunate ring of self-fulfilling prophecy to the seminar title "The Death of the Documentary?" Many of the fiction films, too, seemed to have been selected purely on the criterion of their socially conscious 'hook'. How else to justify the inclusion of such insufferably twee works as *Sidewalk Stories* (inept, pseudo-Chaplinesque comedy building up to a final 'serious moment' that makes *Decalogue* seem profound) and *Wild Flowers* (lesbianism with kid gloves, à la *Desert Hearts*)?

Equally hard to justify was the mini-retrospective of the films of Bernardo's less famous brother, Giuseppe Bertolucci: *I Cammelli* (*The Camels*) and *Amori in Corso* (*Loves in Progress*) were the most mediocre, derivative, unadventurous European art-entertainments imaginable. Perhaps more charitably, it was just that they were utterly routine, minor variations played on Fellini (for the former) and Rohmer (for the latter, again with a little lesbian spice). Simple SBS fodder, surely? Falling also into the too-average basket of art cinema were those films already slated for theatrical release and merely 'showcased' at the Festival: the appalling *Jesus of Montréal* (I cannot understand how anyone can admire this film) and Jerry Schatzberg's disappointingly inconsequential *Reunion*. Brady has copped flack before for drifting along with this showcasing procedure, this year's instances are certainly not going to relieve his agony.

Documentaries on film directors are another Festival staple; however, they are less predictable in quality, and often surprise as often as they dismay. Screening early on, Paul Joyce's television doco *Motion and Emotion: The Films of Wim Wenders* eventually shone like an exemplary model of sensitive cinephiliac exploration in comparison to the true horrors that in subsequent days followed it: namely, *Hollywood Mavericks* and *Preston Sturges: The Rise and Fall of an American Dreamer*. The former was (as all questions from the floor to compiler Florence Dauman made abundantly clear) completely incoherent. Is a maverick an economic independent, someone who infused personal vision into studio assignments, or just a tough guy (no girls here) who gave the 'system' (whatever that





is) hell? The latter was an outright offence to the memory and significance of the great Preston Sturges. All pronouncements in this film were either glib (please let's call a moratorium on that journalistic catch-all "The American Dream"), sexist and reductive (the old James Agee line, already debooked by Brian Henderson, about Preston's artistic psyche being formed in revulsion against his 'over-cultured' mother) or boringly macho (yes, another maverick who "gave 'em hell"). This was a film nerd's appreciation of Sturges, with only *Remember the Night* available to the crowd afterwards to suggest the profound and poignant depths of his real achievement. Here was a missed opportunity to pay a long overdue tribute.

I'm actually going to say something complimentary about the Festival soon. But first, as a kind of summary, a few questions. Why Bruce McDonald's dreary *Roadkill* rather than the latest works of those filmmakers it so feebly imitates, Jean Jost or Robert Kramer? Why the pretty, innocuous French face and not the last few years' output of Akerman, Moullet, Ruiz, Straub and Huillet, Denis, Oliveira, Garrel, Rivette, Rohmer? And, of course, my promptings are restricted to the auteurs I already know of and read about; aren't there exciting, difficult new works popping up in festivals like Rotterdam or Berlin? Whose opinion are we having to trust on this?

Now the highlights. Instead of a decent 'video art' selection we got a few 'essayistic' somewhere-between-documentary-and-fiction tapes, but one of them was fantastic: Vanalyne Green's *A Spy in the House that Ruth Built*. Disparaged on one local radio programme as being merely the confessions of (I quote from memory) "a woman who wants to screw baseball players", it was in truth a wonderfully ambivalent reflection on both the ugliness and the splendour of a certain kind of masculinity, using both the visual flatness and the layering facility of video to enormously expressive (and comic) effect. Trinh T. Minh-ha's *Surname Viet, Given Name Nam* was a fully 'theorized' essay film similar to Yvonne Rainer's recent *Privilege* in the way it dexterously juggled and problematized numerous fragments relating to the politics of gender, class and nation in the divide between Vietnam and America. In addition, Minh-ha was perhaps the most articulate and giving Festival guest since Jean-Pierre Gorin in 1987.

Much to many people's surprise, the Festival's biggest programming gamble – the highlighting of four new Australian features – was the one that paid off most handsomely. I saw three of them. Brian McKenzie's *On the Waves of the Adriatic*, Aleksi Vellis' *Nirvana Street Murder* and Ray Argall's *Return Home* all fit Susan Dermody's profile (as outlined in *The Imaginary Industry: Australian Film in the late '80s*) of the 'eccentric' Australian film, veritable 'motant genes' in relation to our national cinema's hitherto dominant strain. Each is confident, spirited and idiosyncratic – not to forget extraordinarily male-centred. Argall's impressively classical film has already been well discussed elsewhere. McKenzie (perhaps this country's most consistently neglected film artist) has made another of his extremely demanding documentary features (he expressed genuine surprise on stage afterwards that so many people stayed through it). It focuses minutely on the slowly unfolding 'banalities' of ordinary-extraordinary lives, while cheerily eluding all manner of 'facts' and background information that would be considered essential in almost any other documentary (such as the precise relation between the filmmaker and his subjects). It doesn't have the revelatory kick of McKenzie's previous *Kelvin and His Friends* (1988), but it is still extraordinary, ground-breaking cinema.

Nirvana Street Murder really rocks the house. This must be one of the very few Australian features that exhibits not the slightest qualm about ransacking and reworking the great archive of movie genres, old television shows, plus the general repertoire of pop culture iconography (my favourite bit was the zoom into the Mickey Mouse watch of the ten year-old female blackmailer). Compressed into an unbroken line of vivid emotional and cinematic moments, it announces the arrival of Aleksi Vellis as a major filmmaking talent. The wonder of the film is that, while emulating some of the best aspects of the American action-drama style, it still manages to marshall many endearingly 'Australian' elements – fragments of our media history (television's *Homicide*) as well as an already highly mediated social history (Greek-Australian relations).

But when all else has long since fled my mind, this is the 1990 Festival memory I will give thanks for: Boris Barnet's *Dom na Trubnoy* (*The House on Trubnaya*) from the Russia of 1928, for me the most ecstatic, enthralling cinematic event of the entire two weeks. This astoundingly physical comedy, so far removed from the solemnity of the revolutionary classics of contemporaries like Eisenstein and Vertov, seemed to be discovering the cinematic medium for itself with every shot, every cut, every explosion of action and emotion in the frame. The subject matter – some lightweight parable about the need for all good Soviets to join a union – was insignificant, the sheer energy of the film was everything. Barnet's masterpiece doesn't correspond to the canons of art cinema in any traditionally sententious or solemn way, like *Decalogue*; nor does it really flatter anybody's exotic, reductive notion of what 'life in Russia' must have been like. What it does is just go full steam ahead into a spirited exploration of filmic form in its fullest sense – the creation of images, movements, a fictional impulse unbound. And so Barnet gives us a salutary reminder of what the art of cinema – an open, democratic art of cinema – can truly be.

Editor's note: Due to delays in the production and release of this issue, both the Melbourne and Sydney festival reviews are less current than originally intended. They are printed here for the record. As for Martin's article, it is an extensively rewritten and expanded version of the Festival review which appeared in *The Sunday Herald* (24/6/90, p. 51).

ABOVE: MARK LITTLE IN ALEKSI VELLIS' *NIRVANA STREET MURDER*, WHICH "REALLY ROCKS THE HOUSE ... IT ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF ALEKSI VELLIS AS A MAJOR FILMMAKING TALENT." BELOW: BORIS BARNET'S *THE HOUSE ON TRUBNAYA*, "THE MOST ECSTATIC, ENTHRALLING CINEMATIC EVENT OF THE ENTIRE TWO WEEKS."



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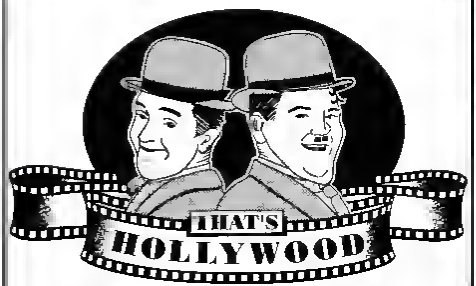
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The Big Steal	Breakaway
Mission Impossible	Trouble In Paradise
Dolphin Cove	Sweethearts
In To Deep	Island
Punishers	Naked Under Capricorn
Mullaway	Celie
Ricki And Pete	Boulevard Of Broken Dreams
Bushfire Moon	Nancy Wake
As Time Goes By	The Tale Of Ruby Rose
Initiation	Malcolm

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DIRECTED BY VINCENTE MINNELLI

Stephen Harvey, The Museum of Modern Art and Harper & Row, New York, 1989, 315 pp , hb, rrp $49 95

ADRIAN MARTIN

HERE IS A COMMON EXPERIENCE in cinema education the teacher gives a lecture on say, Nicholas Ray, Josef von Sternberg or Preston Sturges. He or she sets an essay topic on that filmmaker, or some closely related matter. The student heads off to the institution's library and – of course – looks first to see if there's one or two good, clear, intelligent books devoted to these auteurs whom their teacher has (quite rightly) made out to be as culturally significant as William Faulkner, Pablo Picasso or Arnold Schoenberg. But there are no good books on many of the great' filmmakers – sometimes there is not even a single bad one. There is only the daunting jungle of often very badly catalogued periodicals. Any teacher facing this would have to nod in earnest agreement with Peter Wollen's statement in his 1969 *Signs and Meaning In the Cinema*: "We need not two or three books on Hitchcock and Ford but many, many more." Indeed, it is a sobering exercise to add up for oneself all the directors one considers surely 'worth' a book or two who languish, long after their death, without one, just as it is saddening to realize that so many projects down the years which 'earmarked' certain fascinating filmmakers for future detailed work – think of the Edinburgh Festival dossiers on Corman, Sirk, Walsh, Tourneur – have never been followed up.

Then again, perhaps this lament is just a little quaint and nostalgic, betraying a 'legitimacy crisis' familiar in many a film educator: the fear that film studies doesn't yet measure up to its forebears in the academic Fine Arts sphere. The fear is in fact rather well founded. Note, for instance, that a certain rather respected literary specialist reviewing a book on Satyajit Ray (who else?) in the arts section of a recent Sunday newspaper declared that a "cinema scholar" is a "rare thing". Perhaps one who diligently practised a certain postmodern arrogance could snarl in the face of such an academy who cares, after all, if the ephemeral, commodity-based form of cinema is preserved and discussed only fleetingly in the grubby pages of this or that 'underground' journal? Even an undoubted cinema scholar such as Dana Polan has suggested, of late, that books are too monumental, too old fashioned a form of commentary for the vagaries of our audiovisual age. And, anyway, auteur studies are generally considered outmoded these days. Charles Eckert noted in 1974 that the type of fan/critic who declared, "I want to write about Delmer Daves," was already an obvious embarrassment, dinosaur, nitwit. Simply, there seemed more important, more productive tasks at hand. Wollen himself was perhaps the first to announce this shift, in the 1972 revision of his aforementioned book. "I do not believe that development of auteur analyses of Hollywood films is any longer a first priority."

Still, one can be glad that, at last in 1990, we have a first, decent book on Vincente Minnelli. And more deeply, one can ask a good question. What would a really meaningful, really useful director study be, today? Now that the polemical embargo on auteurism has long passed, new kinds of studies are starting to appear which tackle this question. Thomas Elsaesser's articles on Losey and Murnau, Stuart Cunningham's work on the Chauvels, Sam Rohdie's forthcoming volumes on Antonioni and Pasolini. A new synthesis is being attempted, weaving personal biography, career trajectory, historical conditions, cinematic conventions, and issues of concern to the present often far distant from the consciousness of the auteur-subject. This is all as it should be; mercifully gone are the innocent days when a director could be treated as if in isolation from culture, history and society, and tacitly (or explicitly) celebrated for their 'transcendence' of such impure determinants. I just wish someone would tell this news to increasingly hackish biographers like Donald Spoto (see his latest opus, on Preston Sturges).

Stephen Harvey's book is not at the vanguard of director studies. He has apparently read little of the earnest, serious recent literature devoted to cinema study, and the debates therein. But, fortunately, he brings to his subject research skills that are far more rigorous than anything the old auteurists could ever muster; he's been through all the MGM files (memos, contracts, the lot), he's interviewed many of Minnelli's collaborators, he's gone to the trouble of comparing the finished film with the source material via all available drafts of the screenplay. There is much that he uncovers about the director's way of working, his aesthetic motivations and the vicissitudes that each film underwent from initial script to release print. In short, the book is an essential, indispensable introduction to the Minnelli oeuvre.

Harvey's critical framework, however, is pretty limited, and I think these limitations have to be pegged clearly before any further work on Minnelli can now be done. Harvey begins by rightly placing Minnelli as a prime instance not of the maverick director but, on the contrary, one who got the most out of the studio system by working within its constraints. His research bears out Victor Perkins' contention that individuality in a director's style was not frowned upon or outlawed within the Hollywood system, in fact it was encouraged – as long as the director 'played the game' with the necessary attitude of give and take. Minnelli gave and took for his whole career, trading personal projects like *Lust for Life* against strictly contract ones like *Kismet*.

Harvey prizes Minnelli above all for his *sensibility*. A 'colorist', an aesthete, a perfectionist with a marvellous 'eye' for design detail, a master of movement both of and before the camera. Harvey gives substance to these typical (and truthful) descriptions of the director's style. For each film, Harvey evokes for us its variegated emotional flow, highs and lows, expressive 'bursts', in sum its stylistic *plasticity* (he is especially good in this regard on *Meet Me in St Louis*). Essentially, the book is therefore a (fine) account of Minnelli's *craft*.

What, then, of Minnelli's *art* – what is it, and how would we describe its worth, its interest? Here, the usefulness of Harvey's book starts to quickly wear thin. His approach to this question has two aspects. The first is biographical. Harvey convincingly relates a central, underlying thematic drive of Minnelli's œuvre – "the clash between suffocating respectability and creative anarchy", as he puts it – to Minnelli's own formative life experiences. Later strains in the director's life, such as his difficult marriage to Judy Garland, produced another theme: "the idea that the satisfactions of hard work can compensate for personal unhappiness". This is, at base, very old-fashioned auteurism indeed. Harvey extolling Minnelli for the ways he indirectly "encoded" his personal life into whatever property presented itself to him, which is ultimately not much more sophisticated than claiming that Hitchcock made films to work off his personal fetishism for luscious blondes.

ESTHER SMITH (JUDY GARLAND) AND JOHN TRUETT (TOM DRAKE) IN VINCENTE MINELLI'S *MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS*.



Harvey fights shy of nominating a *thematic* for Minnelli's œuvre that is in any way generalizable or applicable outside the individual, biographical case of the director. Other commentators have not been quite so shy, but their proposals that the Minnelhan protagonist must be understood variously as one who struggles to impose his or her dream upon a resistant world, or someone suddenly confronted with the dissolution of his/her stable, gendered identity, or a figure enmeshed in the hypnotic spell of the cinematic apparatus itself, are not given any consideration by Harvey. Indeed, it is a book that, knowingly or not, avoids all the 'keywords' that have recurred in the last two decades' discussion of Minnelli: desire, hysteria, seduction, ideology, identity ...

Ultimately Harvey's take on the value of Minnelli's art boils down to this: his sensibility was what made 'routine' Hollywood material watchable. He crafted it well, and added (whenever possible) a little something extra, a touch of criticism, irony, melancholy, or fatalism. Harvey is big on what I can only call 'dark side' criticism. We read again and again how Minnelli momentarily "allowed the placid surface of the Metro musical to be shattered by naked emotion" (as in *Meet Me in St Louis*), or implied an "undercurrent of erotic danger" (as in *The Pirate*), how he subtly upstages one character or indicts another through some telling bit of colour/design/camera movement business. But this is an inert critical model, a hopelessly unequal and unproductive exchange between an auteur who is somehow 'smart', thoughtful, artful, and a set of Hollywood conventions that are always only 'dumb', superficial, intrinsically uninteresting. Harvey gives his game away when he reflexly falls back on the assumption that, directed by virtually anyone but Minnelli, films like *The Cobweb*, *Some Came Running* and *The Pirate* would have been merely "turgid hokum" or "high camp". But why not instead argue that it was the *conjunction* or collision of Minnelli the-artist with the extraordinarily rich conventions of Hollywood that gave rise to such a remarkable œuvre?

The instant I finished this book, I gave myself three minutes to list every existing article on Minnelli not listed in its bibliography that I considered critically significant. First the overview articles by Elsaesser, Richard Dyer, Jean-Loup Bourget; then the pieces on individual films. Raymond Durgnat on *Bells Are Ringing*, Dana Polan and Dennis Giles on *The Bandwagon*, Robin Wood and the Melbourne Collective on *Madame Bovary*, Richard Lippe on *A Matter of Time*, Dyer on *The Bad and The Beautiful*, Richard Collins on *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, Yann Tobin on *Yolanda and the Thief*, Stuart Cunningham on *Some Came Running*, David Rodowick on *The Pirate*, Tom Ryan on *Father of the Bride* and *Father's Little Dividend*, Raymond Bellour on *Gigi*, Geoffery Nowell-Smith on *The Cobweb*, Andrew Britton on *Meet Me in St Louis*, Ed Lowry's thesis on artifice in four Minnelli films ... then my time was up. It's no great sleight to Harvey's not inconsiderable introductory achievement to suggest that we would all still be rewarded by an anthology of such pieces, as well as by further critical explorations into an œuvre that is as yet far from exhausted. ■

BOOKS RECEIVED

COMPILED BY RAFFAELE CAPUTO

THE AVOCADO PLANTATION: BOOM AND BUST IN THE AUSTRALIAN FILM INDUSTRY

David Stratton, Pan Macmillan, Sydney, 465 pp, hb

This book is a companion to Stratton's *The Last New Wave: The Australian Film Revival* published in 1980 by Angus & Robertson. Unfortunately, it was received too late to secure a full review in this issue and will be covered in the next.

Like the earlier work, this also is largely constructed from interviews with people from all areas of the film industry. It will be most interesting to discover just how the earlier picture of the renaissance has changed.

BLOOMSBURY GOOD MOVIE GUIDE

David Parkinson, Bloomsbury, London, 468 pp hb, $39.95

One thing is fairly certain with reference books: they tend to make companions for one another. Where they usually differ is in the "what" and "how" of the details for each entry. In the case of the *Good Movie Guide*, it is the diligent extent of its cross-referencing that distinguishes it from most others.

It aims for a wide appeal, but with a different slant on educating the general viewer. If most viewers are put off by the fact that a film is in black and white, or that it is a foreign-language film, then the *Guide* attempts to draw the casual viewer into aspects of film not normally considered. Icons are used to indicate the entry's most important aspect. For example, a star next to a title indicates that such a film is most noted for its acting. The *Guide* then refers you to entries on the particular actors.

The same goes with the titles themselves: each leads to other related titles according to theme or action, which enables the viewer to follow up on interested titles. If you have more than a passing interest in the cinema, this is where disagreements with the *Guide* can arise. All in all, however, this is one of the most informed and useful reference books for a general viewer that anyone could come across.

INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY OF FILMS AND FILMMAKERS – 1: FILMS, SECOND EDITION

Nicholas Thomas (ed.), James Vinson (consulting ed.), St James Press Chicago and London, 1990, illustrated, 1055 pp hb

This is the first of a five-volume set, and as a second edition the existing entries have been fully updated while some 150 new entries have been included. It is a reference book specifically tailored for the academic field, featuring the films that have shaped film history and that have had the most significant bearing on film theory and criticism.

The dictionary is an excellent research tool for student and teacher alike with cast and crew credits, production dates, awards received and, most important, a comprehensive bibliography for each entry, including a critical essay from a specialist of the field. Contributions come from an impressive number of luminaries: Dana B. Polan, Raymond Durgnat, Ed Lowry, Michel Ciment, Pam Cook, Dudley Andrews, Robin Wood, E. Ann Kaplan are but a few. Their entries will of course make for healthy debate.

This is a formidable volume which genuinely extends beyond a mere listing, and in this respect makes an excellent cross-referencing device. As with the other volumes, this dictionary makes a good companion to David Thompson's *A Biographical Dictionary of the Cinema* and the late Richard Roud's *Cinema: A Critical Dictionary*.

NATIONAL FEATURE FILM & VIDEO CATALOGUE

National Library of Australia, in association with the Australian Council of Film Societies and the Australian Film Commission, Canberra, 1990, 451 pp pb, $50

This is the retitled and sixth edition of the *National 16mm Feature Film Catalogue*. The title change reflects changes brought to 16mm distribution by the advent of video. There are now more feature films available in video than on 16mm. In redressing this condition the catalogue has become especially useful in locating the small specialist-video distributor. Users should refer to the "Video distribution notes" in conjunction with the "How to use the *Catalogue*" section.

In accommodating video, the only major change to the format of the catalogue is the discontinuance of the "Country of Origin Index". Though this has already been taken care of in listing the "Country in the Title Index".

Given the range of options now available for viewing feature films, the catalogue provides an essential service in making the comprehensive range accessible to both current and potential users.

VARIETY BRDADCAST-VIDEO SOURCE BOOK 1: 1989-1990

Marilyn J. Matelski and David G. Thomas, Focal Press Boston, 1990, 124 pp, pb, rrp $33

This is a new resource serial to be compiled and distributed annually. It intends to present broadcast video information on even-numbered years and film-theatre information on the years in between, with the view to critique the past year's important mass communication events and trends in an accessibly condensed form.

This first edition not only provides the year's significant statistical and informational data on television, radio, cable and home video, it also provides a brief history of *Variety*, including explanation of the publication's central role within and beyond the entertainment industry.

The sourcebook also focuses on the research methodologies employed by *Variety* for disseminating information, and provides an all-important glossary as a guide to *Variety*'s unique vocabulary. This is an invaluable resource book for researchers and educators, as well as for industry professionals.

WOMEN WORKING IN FILM, TELEVISION & VIDEO: 1991 NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Women in Film and Television Inc, Sydney, 1990, 200 pp., pb, $19.95

For the third year running, this national directory has compiled the latest listing of Australia's women film and television makers. Almost 700 qualified and experienced women are listed, representing 75 different skill categories in every field from directing to animal handling. In each instance, the directory includes comprehensive resumés, current contact details, recent credits and breakdowns by skill and state.

The directory has enlarged its listings each year, increasing its effectiveness as a contact database and networking tool. This book is an essential resource covering information not listed anywhere else in such precise detail. ■

PRODUCTION SURVEYS

NOTE: Production Survey forms now adhere to a revised format. *Cinema Papers* regrets it cannot accept information received in a different format, as it does not have the staff to re-process the information. Information as of 22/10/90

FEATURES PRE-PRODUCTION

BACKSLIDING

Prod. company	Cast Films
Dist. company	Film Four Internat l
Budget	$2.3 million
Pre-production	1/10/90
Production	5/11/90
Post production	10/12/90
Director	Simon Target
Producer	Sue Wild
Co-producer	Basil Appleby
Exec. producers	Charles Target Simon Target
Scriptwriters	Simon Target Ross Wilson
Casting consultant	Suzie Maizels

Cast: [No details supplied]
Synopsis: [No details supplied]

BLINKY BILL

Prod co	Yoram Gross Filmstudios
Dist. co	Beyond Internat l Group
Director	Yoram Gross
Producer	Yoram Gross
Exec. producer	Sandra Gross
Scriptwriters	Yoram Gross John Palmer Leonard Lee
Based on	*The Adventures of Blinky Bill*
Written by	Dorothy Wall
Composer	Guy Gross

Synopsis: The film tells the story of Blinky Bill s childhood with his friends in the bush. The peace and charm of their existence is shattered by the destruction and clearing of their home by loggers. But Blinky Bill rallies his friends and, in a series of exciting adventures the bush animals win the struggle to preserve their existence.

THE FATAL BOND

Prod company	Intertropic Films and Avalon Films
Budget	$3 million
Principal Credits	
Director	Paul Avalon
Producer	Vince Martin
Assoc. producer	Peter Taylor
Scriptwriter	Phil Avalon
D O P	Ray Henman
Sound recordist	Bob Clayton
Editor	Ted Otten
Prod. designer	Keith Holloway
Composer	Art Phillips
Production Crew	
Unit manager	Peter Taylor
Prod. accountant	Michael Boon
Legal services	Martin Cooper
Camera Crew	
Camera assist	Mariana Marusic
Key grip	Grahame Young
Gaffer	Peter O Brien
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Robin Newell
Make-up asst	Hilary Pearce
Special fx super	Neville Maxwell
Stunts coord	Rangi Nikora
Still photography	Bob King Keith Byron
Art Department	
Art director	Keith Holloway
Armourer	Barry Cockings
Action vehicle coord	Rick Bonnick
Construction Dept	
Construct n super	Keith Holloway
Post-production	
Post-prod. super	Ted Otten
Musical director	Art Phillips
Music performed by	Various artists
Laboratory	Colorfilm
Film gauge	35 mm
Marketing	
Marketing consult.	Denis Davidson and Assoc.

Cast (suggested) Mark Hembro (Joe T Martinez) Joe Bugner (Claw Miller)

Synopsis Based on fact *Fatal Bond* traces a series of events that follows an everyday God-fearing accountant on the trail of one of the country s worst "serial killers"

FRIDAY ON MY MIND

Prod. company	Boulevard Films
Director	Frank Howson
Producer	Frank Howson
Exec. prod.	Peter Boyle
Scriptwriter	Frank Howson

Synopsis. Chris, a handsome unemployed 18 year old is plucked from obscurity to front a new advertising campaign. Things turn sour when Chris realizes he s being taken advantage of and his old friends are no longer around to fall back on.

A WOMAN'S TALE

Prod. company	Illumination Films
Director	Paul Cox
Producers	Paul Cox Santhana Naidu
Exec. producer	William Marshall
Scriptwriters	Paul Cox Barry Dickins

Cast: Sheila Florance, Gosia Dobrowolska
Synopsis An eighty-year-old woman, still full of imagination and spirit, faces a crisis when the authorities want to commit her to a home for the aged.

FEATURES PRODUCTION

THE BLACK BOBE

(An Australia-Canada co-production)

Prod. companies	Samson Prods Alliance Communications
Production	17/9/90 1/12/90
Principal Credits	
Director	Bruce Beresford
Producers	Robert Lantos Stephane Reichel
Co-producer	Sue Milliken
Scriptwriter	Brian Moore
Based on novel by	Brian Moore
D O P	Peter James
Editor	Tim Wellburn
Prod. designer	Herbert Pinter
Production Crew	
Completion guarant.	Film Finances
Camera Crew	
Camera Operator	Danny Betterham
Focus puller	John Platt
Dolly grip	David Nicholls
On-set Crew	
Boom operator	Mark Wasiutak
Post-production	
Post-prod. sup	Sylvia Walker Wilson
Asst editor	Patricia Markle
Sound editor	Fean Robinson
Laboratories	Atlab (Australia) Bellevue Pathe (Canada)
Government Agency Investment	
Production	FFC

Synopsis The story of a journey

Cast: Lothaire Bluteau (Father Laforque) Aden Young (Daniel) August Schellenberg (Chomina)

FLYNN

[Presently being reshot with new director Frank Howson. No details supplied.]

GARBO

Prod. company	Eclectic
Principal Credits	
Director	Ken Cobb
Producer	Hugh Rule
Line producer	Margot McDonald
Associate producers	Neil Gladwin Stephen Kearney
Scriptwriter	Patrick Cook
D O P	Geoff Burton
Editor	Neil Thumpston
Prod. designer	Richard Bell
Planning and Development	
Casting director	Richard Kent
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Yvonne Collins
Prod. coordinator	Ann Darrouzet
Producer s asst	Gina Mendello
Prod. secretary	Serena Gattuso
Location manager	Paul Healey
Unit manager	Yvonne Collins
Prod. accountant	Robert Threadgold Juanita Parkov
Accounts asst	Sharon Young
Completion guarantor	Helen Watts, Film Finances
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Phil Jones
Stunts coord	Chris Anderson
Still photography	Alan Markeld
Unit publicist	Fiona Searson DDA
Art Department	
Art director	Stuart Menzies
Asst art director	David O Gradey
Art dept. runner	David Bell
Set dresser	Richie Dehne
Props buyer	Darryl Mills
Props maker	Jessica Groutler
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe designer	Rose Cheng

Cast: Stephen Kearney (Steve), Neill Gladwin (Neill), Max Gillen (Wal) Simon Chilvers (Detective), Gerard Kennedy (Trevor), Moya O Sullivan (Freda), Tammy McIntosh (Jane)

Synopsis *Garbo* is the story of Steve and Neill, two very unlikely garbage men working in a mythical inner-city suburb of Melbourne. These bumbling philosophical garbos want what we all want – love and justice –and their quest leads them through trial and tribulation, physical abuse, madness and mayhem, until finally justice is done.

THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING

Prod. company	View Films

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Production 22/10/90 14/12/90
Post-production 17/12/90 5/5/91
Principal Credits
Director Kathy Mueller
Producer Ben Gannon
Scriptwriter Saturday Rosenberg
D O P Andrew Lesnie
Sound recordist Guntis Sics
Editor Robert Gibson
Prod. designer Roger Ford
Composers Todd Hunter
Johanna Pigott
Planning and Development
Script editor Michael Jenkins
Casting Liz Mullinar Casting
Extras casting Sandra McKenzie
Production Crew
Prod. manager Anne Bruning
Prod. coord Maggie Lake
Prod 's asst Christine van der Heyden
Prod. secretary Debbie Atkins
Location manager Phillip Keene
Unit manager Justin Plummer
Asst unit man. Paul Naylor
Prod runner Will Milne
Sup. accountant John May
Insurer FIUA
Completion guaran Film Finances
Camera Crew
Focus puller Colin Deane
Clapper-loader Katrina Crook
Key grip Pat Nash
Asst grips Ian McAlpine
David Hansen
Gaffer Simon Lee
Best boy Peter Bushby
Electrician Greg Allen
Asst electrics Shaun Conway
On-set Crew
1st asst director Bob Donaldson
2nd asst director Nikki Long
3rd asst director James McTeigue
Continuity Daphne Paris
Boom operator Gerry Nucifora
Make-up Judy Lovell
Make-up asst Rosalina da Silva
Choreographer Robyn Moase
Stunts coord Glenn Boswell
Safety officer Claude Lambert
Unit nurse Jacquie Ramsay
Still photography Vivian Zink
Unit publicist Patti Mostyn Publicity
Catering Kerry Feizer
Art Department
Art director Laurie Faen
Asst art director Sarah Tooth
Art dept runner Andrew Short
Set dressers Sandy Wingrove
Jack McLachlan
Standby props Colin Gibson
Action vechicle coord Tim Parry
Wardrobe
Wardrobe sup Louise Wakefield
Wardrobe buyer Jenny Miles
Standby wardrobe Devina Maxwell
Animals
Horse wrangler Evanne and Murray Chessen
Post-production
Laboratory Atlab
Lab liaison Denise Wolfson
Gauge 35mm
Shooting stock Kodak
Government Agency Investment
Production FFC
Synopsis: A story about a loving stable relationship and how to get one
Cast: Miranda Otto (Nell) Martin Kemp (Digby) Anne Looby (Margo) Alister Smart (Ron), Gia Carides (Wendy) Bruce Venerables (Stu)

THE MAGIC RIDDLE

Prod. co. Yoram Gross Film Studio
Dist. co Beyond International Group
Principal Credits
Director Yoram Gross
Producer Yoram Gross
Assoc producer Sandra Gross
Scriptwriters Yoram Gross
Leonard Lee
John Palmer
Music Guy Gross
Planning and Development
Storyboard Ray Nowland
Production Crew
Prod supervisor Jeannette Toms
Length 80 minutes
Gauge 35 mm
Government Agency Investment
Production Film Finance Corporation
Cast: Robyn Moore. Keith Scott
Synopsis. An enchanting story which borrows characters and events from popular fairy tales and weaves them into one charming and suspenseful tale of love, mystery and mirth

PROOF

Prod co House & Moorhouse Films
Pre-production 15/8/90 – 25/9/90
Production 24/9/90 – 2/11/90
Postprod o 5/11/90 – March 1991
Principal Credits
Director Jocelyn Moorhouse
Producer Lynda House
Scriptwriter Jocelyn Moorhouse
D O P Martin McGrath
Sound recordist Lloyd Carrick
Editor Ken Sallows
Prod designer Patrick Reardon
Costume designer Ceri Barnet
Planning and Development
Casting consultants Greg Apps,
Liz Mullinar Casting
Production Crew
Prod manager Catherine Bishop
Prod coordinator Jakki Mann
Location asst Mimika Tsantis
Unit manager Robert Graham
Production runners Angie Limoncelli
Russell Boyd
Prod accountant Mandy Carter
Moneypenny Services
Insurer Tony Leonard Steeves Lumley
Completion guarantor Film Finances
Legal services Roth Warren & Menzies
Camera Crew
Focus puller Calum McFarlane
Clapper loader Wank Lawrence
Key grip Eren McDowell
Asst grip John Tate
Gaffer Mark Gilfedder
On-Set Crew
1st asst director Tony Mahood
2nd asst director Julie Burton
Continuity Anne West
Boom operator Chris Goldsmith
Make-up Amanda Rowbottom
Still photography Jennifer Mitchell
Catering Kristina Frohrh
Art Department
Art dept runner Rebecca O Brien
Set dresser Dinny Hunnington
Standby props Chris James
Post-production
Asst editor Maria Kaltenthaler
Edge numberer Oliver Streetno
Sound transfers Eugene Wilson
Sound editor Glenn Newham
Laboratory Cinevex
Lab liaison Ian Anderson
Gauge 35 mm
Shooting stock Kodak
Government Agency Investment
Funded by AFC
Film Victoria
Cast: Hugo Weaving (Martin) Russell Crowe (Andy) Genevieve Picot (Celia) Heather Mitchell (Mother), Jeffrey Walker (young Martin)
Synopsis The story of Martin, a blind photographer obsessed with honesty but hiding from the truth

FEATURES POST-PRODUCTION

AYA

Prod. company Goshu Films
Dist. company Komin Films
Budget $1,800,000
Principal Credits
Director Solrun Hoaas
Producers Denise Fauenre
Solrun Hoaas
Assoc producer Katsuhiro Maeda
Scriptwriter Solrun Hoaas
D O P Geoff Burtoo
Sound recordist Ben Osmo
Editor Stewart Young
Prod designer Jeanne Tate
Planning and Development
Script editor Annette Blonsk
Casting consultants Katsuhiro Maeda (Aya)
Prue s Zoo (Aust. supports)
Dialogue coach Julie Forsythe
Production Crew
Prod. coordinator Jo-anoe Carmichael
Prod. manager Robert Kewley
Prod secretary Ros Jewell
Location scout Hugh MacLaren
Unit manager Leigh Ammatzbel
Prod runner Tony Gilbert
Prod account. Simone Higginbottom
Insurer Steeves Lumley
Complet. guarantor Motion Picture Guarantors
Legal services Roth, Warren & Menzies
Camera Crew
Focus puller Darrin Keough
Clapper loader Kathryn Milliss
Camera type Arri BL IV
Key grip Ian Benallack
Asst grip Arthur Manoussakis
Gaffer Colin Wilhams
Best boy Greg Wilson
Generator op Roby Herhenberger
On-set Crew
1st asst director Euan Keddie
2nd asst director Sonya Pemberton
3rd asst director Tony Gilbert
Continuity Victoria Sullivan
Boom operator Gerry Nucifora
Make-up Kirsten Veysey
Stunts asst Glen Rueland
Unit publicist Jeremy Thompson (Ronin Films)
Still photography Jennifer Mitchell
Catering Rudi Renz
Keith Fish
Unit publicist Richard Payton
Art Department
Art director Kris Kozkovic
Asst art director Merryn K. Trim
Art dept. runners Paul Macak
Matthew Wilson
Props buyer Danae Gunn
Standby props Chris James
Wardrobe
Costumer Lynne Heal
Wardrobe sup. Margot Lindsay
Standby wardrobe Bronwyn Doughty
Construction
Construction High Rise Flats
Post-production
Asst editor John Penders
Sound editor Peter Clancy
Laboratory VFL
Lab liaison Bruce Braun
Film gauge 35mm
Shooting stock Fuji
Length 96 mins
Government Agency Investment
Development Film Victoria
Production Film Victoria
FFC
Cast: Eri Ishida (Aya), Nicholas Eadie (Frank) Chris Haywood (Mac) Miki Oikawa (Junko) John O Brien (Kato) Mayumi Hoskin (Nancy), Marion Heathfield (Lorna) Julie Forsythe (Mandy), Tim Robertson (Willy) Tava Straton (Tina) D J Foster (Barry)
Synopsis A post-war story of love, marriage and friendship begun during the occupation of Japan and set in 1950s and 60s Victoria. Here the cultural shift and

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new pressures force three people through inevitable change

DEAD SLEEP

Prod. company	Village Roadshow Pictures (Aust.)
Principal Credits	
Director	Alec Mills
Producer	Stanley O'Toole
Vill-Road. exec. prod.	Vincent O'Toole
Exec. producers	Graham Burke Greg Coote
Scriptwriter	Michael Rymer
D.O.P.	John Stokes
Sound recordist	Ian Grant
Editor	David Halliday
Art director	Phil Warner
Composer	Brian May
Planning and Development	
Casting	Judy Hamilton
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Rose Spokes
Prod. coordinator	Toni Wing
Producer's asst	Annette Bass
Prod. secretary	Rebecca Coote
Unit manager	Steve Brett
Prod. runner	Amanda Walton
Financial control	Vincent O'Toole
Prod. accountant	Lyn Paetz
Paymaster	Angela Kenny
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Gene Moller
Focus puller	Bob Foster
Clapper-loader	Paula South
Camera asst	Damien Wyvill
Key grip	Kurt Olsen
Asst grip	Bob Eden
Gaffer	John Bryden-Brown
Asst gaffer	Murray Head
Electrician	Darrio Ballengarry
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Bruce Redman
2nd asst director	Wade Savage
3rd asst director	Elizabeth Williams
Continuity	Carolina Haggstrom
Boom operator	Basil Kryvoruchko
Make-up	April Barvic
Safety officer	Ken McLeod
Unit nurse	Yin Mei Chee
Still photography	Karl Fehr
Unit publicist	Huni Downs
Art Department	
Asst art director	Jonathon Leahy
Art dept coord.	Nikki Cavanagh
Set dresser	Nick Brunner
Props buyer	Kristin Reuter
Standby props	Peter Boundy Rodney Surawski
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe super	Helen Mains
Wardrobe asst	Jill Loof
Construction Department	
Construct. manag.	Terry Mashford
Leading hand	Pat Hogan
Carpenter	Barry Breed
Studios	Warner Roadshow
Post-production	
Post-prod. super	Judy Hamilton
Asst editor	Patrick Stewart
Editing assts	Andreya O Reilly Trish Graham
Foley	John Simpson
Mixers	James Currie Peter Smith
Mixed at	Hendon Studios
Laboratory	Colorfilm
Lab liaison	Simon Wirks
Shooting stocks	Eastmancolor 5296 5247

Cast: Linda Blair (Maggie) Tony Bonner (Dr Harken) Christine Amor (Sister Kereby) Craige Cronin (Dr Lark) Sueyan Cox (Kaye Richards) Andrew Booth (Hugh Clayton) Ian Cope (Flats manager) Brian Mull (Dr Shamberg) Slim de Grey (Mr McCarthy), Suzie MacKenzie (Nurse Wendy)

Synopsis: none supplied.

DEAD TO THE WORLD

Prod. company	Huzzah Prods
Pre-production	15/1/90 – 25/2/90
Production	26/2/90 – 6/4/90
Post-production	9/4/90
Principal Credits	
Director	Ross Gibson
Producer	John Cruthers
Co-producer	Adrienne Parr
Scriptwriter	Ross Gibson
D.O.P.	Jane Castle
Sound recordist	Bronwyn Murphy
Editor	Andrew Plain
Prod. designer	Edie Kurzer
Costume designer	Amanda Lovejoy
Planning and Development	
Casting	Alison Barrett
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Adrienne Parr
Prod. coordinator	Christine Johnson
Location manager	Pip Brown
Prod. accountant	Lane Colwell (Moneypenny Services)
Runner	Nikki Marshall
Insurer	FIVA (Neil McEwin)
Completion guarantor	Film Finances (Helen Waits)
Legal services	Keith Warren & Menzies
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	David Williamson
Focus puller	Mike Kelly
Clapper/loader	Julie Wurm
Key grip	Greg Molineaux
Asst grip	Dallas Kilponen
Gaffer	Phil Golombirk
Best boy	Steve Gordon
3rd electrics	Peter Perour
Generator operator	Ian Bosman
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Corrie Soeterbroek
2nd asst director	Elizabeth Lovell
3rd asst director	Angus Chimes-Ross
Continuity	Heather Oxenham
Boom operator	Kate Gunn
Make-up	Angela Bodini
Asst make-up	Rebecca Simon
Hairdresser	Angela Bodini
Stunts coord	Bernie Ledger
Boxing coach	Jim Brown
Still photography	Anne Zahalka Jude Morrell Dallas Kilponen
Unit publicist	Gayle Lake
Catering	The Shooting Party
Art Department	
Art director	Will Soeterbroek
Standby props	Ruth Bracegirdle
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe asst	Kate Green
Post-production	
Post-production	Spectrum Films
Asst editor	Tania Nehme
Editing assistants	Shaun Seet Bronwyn Murphy
ADR	Angus Robertson
Sound editors	Andrew Plain Adrienne Parr
Musical director	Gary Warner
Music performed by	Johnny Willsteed John Howe Peter Walsh Andrew Frost
Laboratory	Atlab
Laboratory liaison	Ian Russell
Length	90 mins
Gauge	35mm
Shooting stock	Fujicolor
Government Agency Investment	
Production	AFC

Cast: Richard Roxburgh (Johnny) Agnieszka Perepeczko (Alexandra) Tibor Gyapjas (Manny) Lynette Curran (Pearl) John Doyle (Mr Keats) Gandhi MacIntyre (Lester) Noah Taylor (Skip) Kris Greaves (Kogarah) Paul Chubb (Sgt Jack Grant) Paul Goddard (Bobby)

Synopsis: A tale of real estate and revenge set in the ominous inner-city of the imagination.

DEADLY

Prod. company	MoirStorm Prods
Dist. co	Beyond International Group
Production	2/7/90 –
Budget	$4 million
Principal Credits	
Director	Esben Storm
Producer	Richard Moir
Line producer	Antonia Barnard
Scriptwriter	Esben Storm
D.O.P.	Geoff Simpson
Sound recordist	David Lee
Editor	Ralph Strasser
Prod. designer	Pete Lawson
Costume designer	Terry Ryan
Planning and Development	
Casting	Forcast
Extras casting	Christina Norman
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Catherine Bishop
Prod. coordinator	Caroline Bonham
Prod. secretary	Melanie Groves
Location manager	Peter Lawless
Unit manager	William Matthews
Director's asst	Darrin Ballangarry
Prod. runner	Liam Branagan
Prod. accountant	Lane Lee (Moneypenny)
Accounts asst	Liane Colwell
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Nick Mayo
Focus puller	Laurie Kirkwood
Clapper-loader	Adrian Seffrin
Key grip	Brendan Shanly
Grip	Neville Cameron
Gaffer	Trevor Toune
Best boy	Werner Gurlack
Electrician	Andrew Smith
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Chris Webb
2nd asst director	Maria Phillips
3rd asst director	Karan Monkhouse
Continuity	Jo Weeks
Boom operator	Mark Keating
Make-up	Viv Mepham
Hairdresser	Eywonne Savage
Special fx super	Peter Stubbs
Stunt coordinator	New Generation Stunts
Unit publicity	Fiona Searson Dennis Davidson Associates
Catering	Kollage
Art Department	
Art director	Kim Darby (Jhnatko)
Art dept coord	Sue Jarvis
Art dept runner	Simon Cox
Props buyer	Jock McLachlan
Standby props	Harry Zettel
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe super	Lisa Meagher
Standby wardrobe	Suzie Carter
Construction Department	
Scenic artist	Gi Allan
Construct. manager	Phil Worth
Foreman	Geoff Howe
Carpenter	Derek Wyness
Other Credits	
Finance	FFC Trust Fund
Length	100 mins
Gauge	35 mm

Cast: Jerome Ehlers, Frank Gallacher, Caz Lederman, Alan David Lee, Bill Hunter, Julie Nihill, Lydia Miller, John Moore, Bruce Venables, Lillian Crombie

Synopsis: A romantic thriller set against a background of simmering racial tension. *Deadly* is the explosive story of the suppression of justice in the heart of the Aboriginal homeland.

DINGO

Prod. company	Gevest Prods
Principal Credits	
Director	Rolf de Heer
Producers	Rolf de Heer Marc Rosenberg
Co-producers	Gevest Australia AO Productions SARL Dedra SARL Cine Cinq
Executive prods	Giorgio Draskovic Marie Pascale Osterrieth
Scriptwriter	Marc Rosenberg
D.O.P.	Denis Lenoir
Sound recordist	Henri Morelle



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Editor — Suresh Ayyar
Production designer — Judi Russell
Composers — Miles Davis, Michel LeGrand

Production Crew (Australia)

Prod manager — Dixie Betts
Prod co-ord — Deb Copland
Prod secretary — Sally Browning
Unit runner — Richard Blackadder
Prod accountant — Elizabeth Anderson
Location manager — David Lightfoot
Location co-ord — Liz Rickham
Unit manager — Charlie Kroff
Insurer — FIUA
Completion guarantor — Mouon Picture Guarantors
Legal services — Michael Frankel & Co

Camera crew (Australia)

Focus Puller — Francois Hernandez
2nd camera op — Carlo Buralli
Camera assist. — Peter Baker
Clapper loader — Steve Peddie
Steadicam operator — Ian Jones
Key grip — Brian Bostito
Asst. grip — Giorgio Liveri
Asst. grip — Marcus Bosisto
Gaffer — Craig Bryant
Best boy — Gary Hill
3rd electrics — Steve Johnson
4th electrics — Jo Mercurio

On-set Crew (Australia)

1st asst. director — Christian Faure
2nd asst director — Michael Mercurio
3rd asst. director — Connie Mercurio
Continuity — Barbara Constantine
Boom operator — Frank Struys
Make-up — Egon Dahm
Make-up (Miles Davis) — James Finney
Still photography — Skip Watkins
Animal wrangler — Luke Hura
Catering — Big Belly Bits

Art Department (Australia)

Art director — David McKay
Costume designer — Clarissa Patterson
Art dept co-ord — Jo Malcolm
Wardrobe co-ord — Jane Johnston
Standby wardrobe — Anita Seiler
Wardrobe buyer — Denise Napier
Prop buyers — Lawrence Wardman, Sue Vivian
Vehicle dresser — Kim Sexton
Standby props — Kelvin Sexton
Dresser — Denise Coudy

Post-production

1st asst editor — Danielle Weissner
2nd asst editor — Shawn Seet
Sound supervisor — Ashley Grenville
Dubbing assts — Scott Mitchenson, Simon Whittington
Foley editor — Penni Robinson
Laboratory — Colorfilm
Lab liaison — Simon Wicks
Cutting rooms — Henson Studios
Film gauge — Super 35 mm
Shooting stock — Kodak
Length — 100 mins

Government Agency Investment

Development — WAFC, AFC
Production — FFC

Cast. Colin Friels (John Dingo) Miles Davis (Billy Cross) Helen Buday (Jane) Joe Petruzzi (Peter) Bernadette Lafont (Angie)

Synopsis A chance encounter with a legend of jazz begins a life-long dream for a young boy in the outback. Years later he journeys to Paris to revive the dream.

GREENCARD

(A France-Australia co-production)

Director — Peter Weir
Scriptwriter — Peter Weir

Cast. Gerard Depardieu Andie McDowall

[No details supplied.]

HOLIDAYS ON THE RIVER YARRA

Prod. company — Jungle Fictures
Dist company — Ronin Films

Principal Credits

Director — Leo Berkeley
Producer — Fiona Cochrane
Scriptwriter — Leo Berkeley
D O P — Brendan Lavelle
Sound recordist — Mark Tarpey
Art directors — Margaret Eastgate, Adele Fiere
Editor — Leo Berkeley
Composer — Sam Mallet

Other Credits

Sound editor — Rex Watts
Prod manager — Peter Jordan
Script editor — Doug Ling
Budget — $425 000
Dist. guarantee — Film Finance Corp

Government Agency Investment

Production — AFC, Film Victoria
Length — 95 mins
Gauge — 16 mm

Cast. Craig Adams, Luke Elliot Tahir Cambis Alex Menglet.

Synopsis Eddie and Mick are out-of-work teenagers They become involved with a gang of would be mercenaries headed for Africa What they hope will be a great adventure starts to go horribly wrong

HURRICANE SMITH

Prod. co. — Village Roadshow Pictures
Dist. co — Greater Union Distributors
Budget — $5 million
Production — 5/5/90 –

Principal Credits

Director — Colin Budds
Producers — Stanley O'Toole, Daniel O'Toole
Co-producers — Ilura Altshul, Kevin Dobson
Line producer — Vincent O'Toole
Exec. producers — Graham Burke, Greg Coote, John Turnoff
Scriptwriter — P. A. Kinloch
D O P — John Stokes
Sound recordist — Ian Grant
Prod. designer — Martin Hitchcock
Art director — Eugene Ivtas

Production Crew

Prod supervisor — Judy Hamilton
Prod manager — Rosemary Spokes
Prod. coordinator — Nikki Cavenagh
Action vehicles — Harry Ward, Nic Brunner
Location unit manag — Stephen Brett
Financial controller — Lynn Patez
Accountant — Angela Kenny

Camera crew

Camera operator — Bradley Shields
Clapper-loader — Paula South
Gaffer — Tony Holtham
Best boy — Steve Bruce
Camera trainee — Damian Wyvill

On-set Crew

1st asst director — Charles Rutherham
2nd asst director — Wade Savage
Continuity — Carolina Haggstrom
Boom operator — Basil Krivoroutchko
Make-up to C. Weathers — Peggy Teague
Hair and make-up — April Harvie
Stunts coordinator — Guy Norris
Stunts asst — Danny Baldwin
Stunts — Dwyane McGee (Double to Carl Weathers)
Still photography — Karl Fehr
Unit publicist — Hunt Downs

Art Department

Art dept coord — Nicole Keddie
Set dresser — Rebecca Hitchcock
Props buyers — Derek Chetwyn, Kristin Reuter

Wardrobe

Wardrobe super — Helen Mains

Construction Department

Construct. manager — Tony Read
Construction — Zlatko Mill, Dave Watson, Robert Podmas

Cast. Carl Weathers (Billy Smith) Cassandra Delaney (Julie) Jurgen Prochnow (Dowd) Tony Bonner (Fenton) David Argue (Shanks) John Ewart (Griffo)

Synopsis A black man comes to the Gold Coast to find his sister and becomes involved in a web of corruption and organized crime

ISABELLE EBERHARDT

Prod. company — Les Film Aramis-Seon Films Intl
Production — 12/2/90 ..
Post-production — May Nov 1990

Principal Credits

Director — Ian Pringle
Producers — Daniel Scharf, Jean Pent, Jacques Leclere, Youssef Lakhoua (Tunisia)
Scriptwriter — Stephen Sewell
D O P — Manuel Teran
Sound recordist — Bernard Aubouy
Editor — Ken Sallows
Prod. designers — Bryce Perrin, Geoffrey Latcher
Costume designer — Mie Chemmal
Composer — Paul Schutze

Planning and Development

Casting — Gerard Moulevrier

Production Crew

Prod. supervisor — Farid Chaouche
Prod manager — Hassine Soufi
Prod coordinator — Martine Noujaim
Prod secretaries — Maherzia Khelifa, Amel Becharnia, Elisa Argenzio
Unit managers — Sylvestre Guarino, Aberrazak Jazi
Asst unit managers — Sam Amar, David Mitnik, Khaled Ben Aziza
Unit assts — Xavier Simonet, Patrice Vouaux
Prod. accountants — Cecilia Bouteloup, Salem Joulak
Accounts asst — Marion Nadal
Completion guarantor — Completion Bond Company

Camera Crew

Focus puller — Pascal Lagriffoul
Clapper-loader — Thierry Fouget
Key grip — Gilbert Lucido
Asst grips — Pascal Delaunay, Pierre Louis De Stefano, Mahmoub Ben Brahim
Gaffer — Serge Cry
Electricians — Philippe Peyraud, Laurent Robert, Lofti Sarhli
Generator op — Michel Bossy

On-set Crew

1st asst directors — Fhil Joues, Jean-Luc Olivier, Mounir Baaziz
2nd asst directors — Anne Soisson, Moez Kamoun
Asst to director — Lars Michalak
Continuity — Benedict Kermadec
Boom operator — Laurent Poirer
Make-up — Jackie Reynal, Hager Bouhaouala
Make-up asst — Marianne Colette
Hairdresser — Janick Reda
Special fx — Jean Marc Moulignc
Asst special fx — Emmanuelle Vaya
Still photography — Peter Lews

Art Department

Art director — Gustav Alsina
Art dept coord — Marisol Deredie
Set dressers — Jean Pascal Chalard, John Wrigglesworth
Calligrapher — John Wrigglesworth
Property master — Claude Bennys, Pascal Griffin
Propsperson — Styczen Piotr
Props buyer — Mukhtar Joulak

Wardrobe

Wardrobe supervisor — Anna Koi
Wardrobe asst — Lilia Lakhoua
Dressers — Radija Zeggat, Germaine Ribel
Seamstress — Fauzzia el Ghalli

Animals

Horse master — Francois Nadal

Post-production

Asst editor — Monica Coleman
Sound editors — Dean Gawen, Rex Watts, Paul Huntingford
Asst sound editor — Ronny Reinhard
Mixer — Roger Savage
Mixed at — Soundfirm
Opticals — Cinevex
Titles — Oliver Streeton
Laboratory — GTC Paris/Cinevex
Screen Ratio — 1.1.85
Gauge — 35 mm

Government Agency Investment

Development — AFC, Film Victoria
Production — FFC

Marketing

International Sales Agent. August Entertainment/Flach Film

Cast. Matilda May (Isabelle Eberhardt) Tcheky Karyo (Slimen) Peter O Toole (Lyautey) Richard Mour (Comte) Arthur Dignam (Cauvet)

Synopsis The story of Isabelle Eberhardt, a romantic adventurer in North Africa at the turn of the century

SPOTSWOOD

Prod. company — Meridan Films
Dist. co — Beyond International Group
Production — 30/7/90 – 14/9/90

Principal Credits

Director — Mark Joffe
Producers — Timothy White, Richard Brennan
Scriptwriters — Max Dann, Andrew Knight
D O P — Ellery Ryan
Sound recordist — Lloyd Carrick
Editor — Nicholas Beauman
Prod. designer — Chris Kennedy
Costume designer — Tess Schofield

Planning and Development

Casting — Alison Barrett Casting
Extras casting — Jo Warren

Production Crew

Prod manag — Bernadette O'Mahony
Prod coordinator — Sue Edwards
Producer s asst — Judith Hughes
Location manager — John Suhr
Unit manager — Leigh Ammatzbell
Unit asst & — Prod runner — Russell Boyd
Prod accountant — Mandy Carter
Accounts asst — Dawn McNeil, Janice Martoreja
Insurer — Steeves Lumley
Completion guarantor — Film Finances
Legal services — Roth, Warren & Menzies

Camera Crew

Camera operator — Clive Duncan
Focus puller — Katrina Bowell
Clapper-loader — Kim Jonsson
Key grip — Barry Hansen
Asst grip — Darren Hansen
3rd grip — Noel Mudie
Gaffer — Ted Nordsvan
Best boy — John Brennan
Generator operator & 3rd electric — Adam Williams

On-Set Crew

1st asst director — Euan Keddie
2nd asst director — Julie Burton
3rd asst director — Tony Gilbert
Continuity — Kristin Voumard
Boom operator — Chris Goldsmith
Make up — Wendy Sainsbury
Hairdresser — Paul Paulsen
Stunts coord — Chris Anderson
Stunts — New Generation Stunts
Safety officer — Brian Holmes
Still photography — Jennifer Mitchell
Unit publicist — Fiona Searson, DDA
Catering — Kristina Fröhlich
Wardrobe & Greenroom hires — Mobile Production Facilities

Art Department

Art director — Hugh Bateup
Art dept coord — Victoria Hobday
Art dept runner — Paul Macak
Set dresser — Georgina Campbell

2nd dresser — Anton Sepitka
Props buyer — Georgina Campbell, Anton Sepitka
Standby props — Dean Sullivan
Action vehicle coord — Laurie "Truck" Humphries
Vehicle wrangler — Rory Timoney

Wardrobe
Wardrobe super — Cheyne Phillips
Standby wardrobe — Julie Barton
Wardrobe asst — Sandra Cichello

Animals
Horse wrangler — John Baird

Construction Department
Construct n manag — Walter Sperl
Carpenters — Michael Hill, Pat Carr
Scenic artist — Howard Clark
Brush hands — Peter Swan, Peter Jones, Phillip Hyde, Julian Faull, Chris Waters, Philippe Christeller

Post-Productioo
Asst editor — Nicholas Breslin
Editing assts — David Grusovin
Sound transfers — Eugene Wilson
Mixer — Roger Savage
Mixed at — Soundfirm
Laboratory — Cinevex & Atlab
Gauge — 35 mm
Screen ratio — 1.. 1.85
Shooting stock — Kodak

Government Agency Investment
Production — FFC Trust Fund

Marketing
International dist. — Beyond International Group

Publicity — Dennis Davidson Associates

Cast. Anthony Hopkins (Wallace) Ben Mendelsohn (Carey) Toni Collette (Wendy) Alwyn Kurts (Mc Ball) Daniel Wyllie (Fleitcher) Bruno Lawrence (Robert) Rebecca Rigg (Cheryl) Russell Crowe (Kim) John Walton (Finn) Angela Punch-McGregor (Caroline)

Synopsis: A majestic saga sweeping two suburbs It is the late 1960s. A time-and motion expert is called in to modernize Ball's moccasin factory Amid this upheaval an 18-year-old youth attempts a major romanoc takeover

STAN & GEORGE'S NEW LIFE

Prod. company — Lea Films
Pre-productioo — March – 20/5/90
Prodnrtion — 23/5/90 – 8/6/90
Post-prod — 10/6/90 – 17/12/90

Principal Credits
Director — Brian McKenzie
Producer — Margot McDonald
Scriptwriters — Brian McKenzie, Deborah Cox
D O.P. — Kay Argall
Sound recordist — Lloyd Carrick
Editors — Edward McQueen-Mason, Daryl Mills
Costume designer — Rose Chong
Composer — Michael Atkinson

Production Crew
Prod. manager — Lesley Parker
Prod coordinator — Amanda Crittenden
Location scout — Marcus Hunt
Unit manager — Leigh Ammitzboll
Prod runner — Andrew Power
Financial cont. — Robert Threadgold
Prod. accountants — Mary Makris, Simone Semens
Complet. guarant. — Film Finances

Camera Crew
Focus puller — David Lindsey
Clapper-loader — Wank Lawrence
Key grip — Ian Park
Asst grips — Alistair Reilly
Gaffer — Nick Payne
Best boy — Daryl Pearson

On-set Crew
1st asst director — Paul Healey
2nd asst director — Stephen Saks
Continuity — Ann Beresford
Boom operator — Craig Beggs
Make-up & Hairdresser — Kirsten Veysey
Stunts coord. — Chris Anderson
Safety officer — Arthie Koberta
Unit publicist — Eileen O Shea
Catering — Sweet Sedur dons

Art Department
Set dresser — Murray Kelly
Standby props — Daryl Porter

Wardrobe
Standby wardrobe — Tania Sloan

Construction Department
Construct. super — Screwed & Glued

Post-production
Asst editor — Warick Crane
Sound editor — Liva Ruzir
Asst sound editor — Warick Crane
Mixer — Peter Fenton
Music mixer — Ron Purvis
Titles — Malrolm Thompson
Laboratory — Cinevex
Grader — Ian Letcher
Gauge — 35mm
Shooting stock — Fuji

Cast: Paul Chubb (Stan) John Bluthal (Stan Snr) Julie Forsyth (George) Margaret Ford (Sheila) Roy Baldwin (Boss)

Synopsis: [No details supplied]

TURTLE BEACH

Prod. co — Roadshow Coote & Carroll

Principal Credits
Director — Stephen Wallace
Producer — Matt Carroll
Line producer — Irene Dobson
Exec. producers — Arnon Milchan, Greg Coote
Scriptwriter — Ann Turner
Based on novel by — Blanche D Alpuget
D O.P — Russell Boyd
Sound recordist — Ben Osmo
Editor — John Scott
Prod. designer — Brian Thomson
Costume designer — Roger Kirk

Planning and Development
Script editor — Sue Smith
Casting — Alison Barrett

Production Crew
Prod. manager — Fiona McConaghy
Prod. coordinator — Sharon Miller, Rowena Talacko
Prod. secretary — Rebecca Coote
Producer's secretary — Daniella Kolundzija
Location manager — Phillip Roope
Unit manager — Richard Montgomery
Prod runners — Melissa Warburton, John Riley, Jill Steele
Prod accountant — Carolyn Jones
Base accounts — Kerrin Begaud
Accounts asst — Christine Gordon
Base-office liaison

Camera Crew
Camera operator — David Williamson
Focus pullers — John Platt, Colin Dean
Clapper-loader — Richard Bradshaw
Special fx sup. — Brian Cox, David Hardie
Key grip — Ray Brown
Asst grips — Warren Greiff, Ian Bird, Aaron Walker
Gaffer — Brian Bansgrove
Best boy — Paul Gantner
Electrician — Colin Chase
Asst electrics — Grant Atkinson, Sydney Addi electrics — Grant Padget, Sean Conway

On-set Crew
1st asst director — Colin Fletcher
2nd asst director — Nicola Lang
3rd asst director — Guy Campbell
Continuity — Linda Ray
Boom operator — Gerry Nicolora
2nd Boom op. — Simon Hewitt
Make-up — Lesley Rouvray
Hair stylist — Cheryl Wilhams
Safety officer — Richard Rone
Safety assts — Johnny Hallyday, Zev Eleftheriou
Unit nurse — Maggie Mackay
Fight coordinator — Glen Boswell
Still photography — Jim Sheldon
Unit publicist — Annie Wright
Catering — Studio & Locations

Art Department
Art director — Robert Dein
Asst art directors — Michael Phillips, Michelle McGahey
Art dept coord — Tracey Hyde
Art dept runner — Leslie Mills
Set dressers — Kerrie Brown, Glen Johnson, David McKay, Kathy Moyes
Draftsman — Ken Wilby
Standby props — John Osmond
Art dept assts — Angus Tuttle, Andrew Short

Wardrobe
Wardrobe super — Kerry Thompson
Standby wardrobe — Julie Middleton
Wardrobe asst — Julie Frankham

Construction Dept
Scenic artist — Eric Todd
Const. manager — Alan Fleming
Workshop m ger — Alan Fleming

Post-production
Laboratory — Atlab
Lab liaison — Simon Wicks

Cast: Greta Scacchi (Judith) Joan Chen (Minou), Art Malik (Kanan)

Synopsis: An ambitious Australian journalist returns to Malaysia to report on an international refugee crisis Through her encounters with the people there she is thrown into personal and professional conflicts that reach a climax on the East Coast of Malaysia.

UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD

Prod companies — Road Movies, Argos Films, Village Roadshow Pictures (Aust)
Dist. company — Trans Pacific
Production — 15/6/90 ...

Principal Credits
Director — Wim Wenders
Producers — Jonathan Taplin, Anatole Dauman
Co-producers — Village Roadshow Pictures (Aust)
Line producer — Su Armstrong
Assoc. producer — Julia Overton
Scriptwriter — Peter Carey
D O P — Robby Muller
Prod. designer — Sally Campbell

Production Crew
Prod. coordinator — Maggie Lake
Prod. secretary — Melissa Wiltshire
Locations m'ger — Robin Clifton
Unit manager — Richard Carroll
Production runner — Scott Gray
Prod. accountant — Jim Hajicosta
Accounts asst — Jenny Reid
Base-office liaison — Sam Thompson

Camera Crew
Camera attach — Joel Peterson
Camera maintenance — Mike Kelly
Key Grip — Graham Litchfield
Asst grips — Mark Ramsey, David Hanson
Gaffer (Aust) — Mike Morris
Electrician — Paul Moyes, John Lee

On-set Crew
1st asst director — Tony Mahood
2nd asst director — Emma Schofield
3rd asst director — John Maron
Boom operator — Jack Friedman
Make-up — Nikki Gooley
Hairdresser — Paul Williams
Stunt coordinator — Mike Read
Stunt pilots — Chris Sperou, Tony Shwert
Safety officer — Johnny Halliday
Unit nurse — Susan Andrews
Caterer — John Faithful

Art Department
Art director — Ian Gracie
Asst designer — Mike Worrall
Art dept. admin — Amanda Selling
Dressers — Tim Ferrier, Blossom Flint
Draftsmen — Dusan Wajon, Michelle McGahey
Props buyer — Tim Ferrier, Blossom Flint
Props maker — Kim Hilder
Standby props — Colin Gibson
Asst standby props — Dougal Thompson
Model maker — Tim Ferrier
Model asst — Ilonka Craig

Wardrobe
Wardrobe super — Kerry Barnett
Standby wardrobe — Devina Maxwell
Cutter machinist — Sandra Cichello

Construction Dept
Construct. m ger — Dennis Smith
Construct. manager — John Rann (location)
Scenic artist — Peter Colliat (studio)
Scenic artist — Gus Lobb
Leading hand — Mark Olivec
Foreman — Larry Sandy
Carpenters — Cameron Craig, Ronald Martin, Errol Glassenbury, James Kibble, Jon Stiles, Gordon McIntyre, Gordon Finney
Carpenter-welder — Marcus Smith
Welder — Mark Gait
Set painter — Adam Bronnhead (location and studio), Mark Connors (studio)
Set painter — Alan Brown
Greensman — Greg Thomas
Construct. runner — Peter Scott
Labourer runner — Kieran Weir

Post-production
Asst editor — Philippa Harvey
Edge numberer — Paul Healy
Editing rooms — Spectrum Films
Laboratory — Atlab Australia

Marketing
Publicity — Fiona Searson, Dennis Davidson Associates

Cast: Solveig Dommartin (Claire) William Hurt (Sam) Sam Neill (Eugene) Rudiger Volger, Chick Ortega, Ernie Dingo Max Von Sydow Jeanne Moreau, David Gulpilil Chaske McMahon, Jimmy Little Justine Saunders, Kylie Belling, John Lurie Noah Taylor

Synopsis: Set in the year 2000 *Until the End of the World* is a love triangle set across four continents involving Sam, on the run from the authorities Claire, who acts out of her love for Sam and Eugene, obsessed by his love for Claire Sam's journey takes him from Europe via America and Japan and climaxes in the mythological and majestic landscape of central Australia

WAITING

Prod. companies — Filmside Prods, ABC
Pre-productioo — 29/1/90 – 1/4/90
Produrtion — 2/4/90 – 25/5/90
Post-production — 26/5/90 – 1/11/90

Principal Credits
Director — Jackie McKimmie
Producer — Ross Matthews
Exec. producer — Penny Chapman
Assoc. producer — Wayne Barry
Scriptwriter — Jackie McKimmie
D O P — Steve Mason
Sound recordist — Nirk Wood
Editor — Mike Honey
Prod. designer — Murray Picknett

Planning and Development
Casting — Liz Mullinar
Extras casting — Irene Gaskell, Lucy Monge

Production Crew
Prod. manager — Carol Chichan
Prod. coordinator — Roberta O Leary
Prod. secretary — Lisa Hawkes
Location manager — Paul G. Viney

Unit manager	John Downie
Prod. accountant	Jill Coverdale
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Danny Batterham
Focus puller	John Platt
Clapper loader	Sean McClory
2nd unit focus	Andrew McClymont
Key grip	George Tsoutas
Asst grips	Mirk Vivian
	Toby Churchill Brown
Gaffer	Tim Jones
Best boy	Pierre Drion
Electrician	Robbie Burr
Generator op	Mitch Patterson
On-set Crew	
2nd asst director	Karen Kreicers
3rd asst directors	Warren Kreicers
	Warren Parsonson
Continuity	Rhonda McAvoy
Boom operator	Chris Nilsen
Make-up	Jenni Boehm
	Karen Johnson
	Eve Koszta
Special fx super	Steve Courtly
Special fx	John Neal
	Ray Fowler
	Glen Johnson
Still photography	Gary Johnson
Catering	The Happy Cooker
Runner	Polly Job
Tutor	Sharon Rigby
Art Department	
Art director	Karen Land
Asst art director	Jackie McGeachan
Set dresser	Sandra Carrington
	John Clabburn
Senior props	Roy Eagleton
Props	Tal Oswin
Props buyer	Susan Glavish
Standby props	John King
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe super	Colleen Woulfe
Wardrobe asst	Francesca Bath
Animals	
Animal handler	Rhonda Hall
Construction Dept	
Scenic artist	Paul Brocklebank
Construct mngr	Laurie Dorn
Carpenter	David Hawke
Set finisher	Gary Hansch
Studios	ABC/Gore Hill
Post-production	
Asst editors	Liz Walshe
	Rick Lisle
Sound editors	Zsolt Kollanyi
	Dorothy Welch
Asst sound editors	Peter Hall
	Janet Eades
Music director	Martin Armiger
Mixer	Steve Hope
Mixed at	ABC Gore Hill & Film Australia
Laboratory	Atlab
Lab. liaison	Bruce Williamson
	Denise Wolfsen
Neg. matching	Barry McKnight
	Brian Jamieson
Budget	$3.5 m
Length	100 min
Gauge	35mm
Screen ratio	1.1.85
Shooting stock	Eastmancolor
Marketing	
Publicity	Kasia Natalenko (ABC)
Unit Publicist	Richard Fayten (Ronin)

Cast: Noni Hazlehurst (Clare), John Hargreaves (Michael), Deborah-Lee Furness (Diane), Helen Jones (Sandy), Dean Moore (Bill), Fiona Press (Therese), Ray Barrett (Frank), Peter Tran (Tan), Noga Bernstein (Rosie), Brian Simpson (Booroomil)

Synopsis An assortment of old friends converge at an isolated farm house to await the birth of a baby. An irreverent comedy of errors.

RECENTLY COMPLETED
See previous issue for details on:

DEATH IN BRUNSWICK
(formerly Nothing to Lose and before that Death in Brunswick)

THE RETURNING

TILL THERE WAS YOU

DOCUMENTARIES

THE BIRTH OF SALLY'S BABY

Prod. company	Flinders Media
	Flinders Medical Centre
Budget	$5000
Principal Credits	
Director	Mike Davies
Producer	Mike Davies
Exec. producer	Alan Bentley
Assoc. producer	Delia Connery
Technical prod.	Rod Larcombe
Scriptwriter	Mike Davies
Sound recordist	Mike Davies
Composer	David Kottlowy
Other Credits	
Camera operator	Mike Davies
Music performed by	David Kottlowy
	John Fearnside
Sound editor	Andrew Ganczarczyk
Narrator	Audienne Lieth
Length	35 mins
Gauge	low band U-matic

Synopsis A video showing the normal birth of a normal child to be shown to prospective parents at prenatal classes.

I SEE TREES DIFFERENTLY NOW ..

Prod. co.	Ministry of Education
Dist. company	Education Shop
	Ministry of Education
Principal Credits	
Director	Ivan Gaal
Producer	Ivan Gaal
Co-producer	Barbara Dover
D O P	Valerin Canigan
Sound recordist	Robert Spatts
	Stephen Skok
Editor	Ivan Gaal
Other Credits	
Researcher	Ray Carroll
Camera assistant	Aron Dale
VTR operators	Catherine Smith
	Chris Nieuer
Boom operator	Sonia Rabadjerski
Still photography	John Burdan
Mixer	John Campbell
Mixed at	Pro-Image Production
Titles	Don Porter
Video gauge	BVU — to 1"
Development	Ministry for the Arts
Production	Ministry of Education, Victoria
Marketing	Ministry of Education, Victoria
Marketing consultant	Tracie Hille

Synopsis: Sculptor Tony Trembath was part of Artists-in-Schools programme at Glen Katherine Primary School. This documentary explores the valuable and enriching time students and staff experienced during his stay.

IF IT HURTS, TELL US

Prod. company	Flinders Media
Dist. company	Flinders Media
Budget	$10 000
Principal Credits	
Director	Mike Davies
Producer	Mike Davies
Exec. producer	Alan Bentley
Assoc. producer	Rod Larcombe
Scriptwriters	Mike Davies
	Kay Pare
Based on idea by	Harry Owen
Sound recordist	Andrew Ganczarczyc
Editor	Mike Davies
Composer	Andrew Pidgeon
Other Credits	
Casting	Spotlight Artists
Casting consultant	Lyn Pike
Camera operator	Mike Davies
Music performed by	Andrew Pidgeon
Narrator	Jacky Kerin
Gauge	Low band U matic

Cast: Karen Inwood (Nurse), John Skud

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more, Hugh Davies Elizabeth Burt, Jessica Lawson (Parents)
Synopsis: A series of vignettes in which parents are offered role models for articulating their need for pain relief

IN THE SHADOW OF A GAOL

Prod company	Platypus Pacific
Principal Credits	
Director	Richard Turner
Producer	Ron Rodgee
Scriptwriter	Richard Turner
D O P	Robert Humphreys
Sound recordist	Chris Bollard
Editor	Kim Moodie
Composer	Guy Gross
Other Credits	
Interviewer	Michael Lake
Length	55 mins
Post-production	Film Australia

Synopsis The film explores Darlinghurst through archival film photographs and interviews to create a picture of evolution from European invasion to modern inner-urban Australia The style is fast moving with layer upon layer of images an intense assault on the senses from the Darlo environment.

KAPI PALYA GOOD WATER

Prod. company	ECOSA
Dist. company	ECO-TECH
Principal Credits	
Director	Mike Davies
Producer	Mike Davies
Exec producer	Brian Kirke
Scriptwriters	Mike Davies Brian Kieke
Based on idea by	Dr Peter Davis
Editor	Mike Davies
Sound recordist	Mike Davies
Composer	Trevor Adamson
Other Credits	
Camera operator	Mike Davies
Music performed by	Trevor Adamson
Narrator	Brian Kirke
Length	14 mins
Gauge	Super VHS

Synopsis: A programme about the use of water resources for tribal people in the Victorian desert

MANAGEMENT OF VIOLENT PATIENTS IN A HOSPITAL

Prod company	Flinders Media
Dist. company	Flinders Media
Budget	$10,981
Principal Credits	
Director	Mike Davies
Producer	Mike Davies
Exec producer	Alan Bentley
Assoc prodneer	Peter Douglas
Technical prod	Rod Larcombe
Scriptwriters	Peter Fitzsimmons Mike Davies
Editor	Mike Davies
Sound recordist	Andrew Ganczarczyk
Composer	Alan Parker
Other Credits	
Casting	Spotlight Artists
Casting consultant	Lyn Pike
Camera operators	Mike Davies Craig Williams Brett Montgomery Janet Todd
Vision switcher	Rod Larcombe
Narrator	Michael Habib
Gauge	low band U-matic

Cast: Adrian Barnes, Graham Duckett, Bob Newman, Peter Douglas (Medical orderlies), Matthew Randell (Registrar), Jacky Karin (Senior Nurse), Jenny Anderson (Junior Nurse) Michael Habib (Violent patient)
Synopsis Discussion on the prevalence of violence in hospitals the reasons for it and the means of dealing with it. There is a dramatization of a violence scenario with scenes of the Violence Response Team in action

NICE GIRLS LIKE YOU

Prod. company	Open Channel Productions Ltd
Dist. company	Open Channel Ltd
Budget	$96 000
Principal Credits	
Director	Sharon Connelly
Producer	John Moore
Assoc producer	Alexandra Holt
Scriptwriters	Alexandra Holt Sharon Connelly
D O P	John Whiteron
Sound recordist	Mark Tarpey
Editor	Un Mizrahi
Other Credits	
Prod. manager	Susan Weis
Prod assistant	Elizabeth Huntley
Technical dir	Brian Sollars
Still photography	Poneh Hawkes
Government Agency Investment	
Production	Film Victoria

Synopsis. A documentary tracing the nightshift of Vicky and Gillian, two women amongst thousands working in the Victorian Sex Industry They work within the legal system in a Melbourne brothel but experience no benefits of other wage earners and suffer discrimination in a society which victimizes those who sell sex to 45 000 Victorians who buy every week.

RAINFOREST - THE AMAZING WORLD WITHIN

Prod co	Fortitude Productions
Dist. co.	Schindler Film International
Principal Credits	
Director	Glen Threlfo
Producers	Peter O Reilly Snr Glen Threlfo Terry McCarthy
Exec producer	John Schindler
Scriptwriter	Terry McCarthy
D O P	Glen Threlfo
Sound recordist	Glen Threlfo Max Bowring
Editor	David Halliday
Composers	Garry McDonald Laurie Stone
Production Crew	
Prod secretary	Margaret Kirwan
On-line editors	Keith Bennett Brett Straughan
Prod accountant	Hannan & Company
Legal services	Steindl Robertson McPherson
Investors Nominee	Tim Britz
Camera Crew	
Steadicam	Ian Jones
Aerial photog	Peter Pescell Brian Doyle
Addit. photography	Paul Tait Stephen Foster Ralph Marshall
On-set Crew	
Helicopter Pilot	Jeff McTaggart
Tech advisee	Professor Rogee L. Kitching University of New England
Accommodation	O Reilly s Mountain Resort
Post-Production	
Post-prod super	David Halliday
Sound editor	Michael Oakhill
Narrator	Kerry Francis
Recording studio	Hoyts Jumbuck Sound Studios
Mixee	Michael Oakhill
Laboratory	Atlab
Post-prod. facilities	Hoyts Jumbuck
Facilities manager	Suzanne Flannery
Paintbox artist	Sandy Matthews
Gauge	16 mm
Shooting Stock	Eastmancolor Negative
Video transfers by	Hoyts Jumbuck
Off-line facilities	Hoyts Jumbuck David Halliday Productions
Videotape operators	Glen Allen Peter Robinson Brad Howard

Synopsis The beauty of the rainforest is overshadowed by controversy The world is losing rainforests at such a dramatic rate the damage to our delicate environment could be irreparable What s so special about the rainforest? It has so much to teach us; so many secrets to tell From within one of the largest and oldest rainforests in the world comes the first film of the rare Rufous Scrub bird. Selected by the AFC as one of the first Australian documentaries to be shown on Russian television

For details of the following see previous issue:
BUTOH AND THE JAPANESE NEW NORCIA PERCEPTION OF PAIN

SHORTS

A SUBURBAN TRAGEDY

Prod co	Stuck Pig Productions
Budget	$4000
Principal Credits	
Director	Glenn Watson
Producer	Glenn Watson
D O P	Glenn Watson
Sound recordist	Cindy Mikul
Editor	John Laing
Other Credits	
Camera operator	Dean Merchant
Camera asst	Peter Carty
Animation assts	Dean Mercant Paul Spreeman
Sound editor	Janine Hewitt
Community	Tracey Steele
Music performed by	Ad Lib Swing Quartet
Laboratory	Atlab
Length	5 mins
Stock	7248

Synopsis: A puppet-animated look at a little boy who vents his grudge against his mother in comic-book fashion, but who discovers that love is more important than hate

For details of the following see previous issue:
MOMENTS OF CRUELTY

AUSTRALIAN FILM TELEVISION & RADIO SCHOOL

YELLOW

Prod. company	AFTRS
Principal Credits	
Director	Pauline Chan
Producer	Mariel Beros
Scriptwriter	Alec Morgan
D O P	Roman Baska
Sound recordist	Anthony Partos
Editor	Andrew MacNeil
Prod. designer	Terri Kibblee
Composer	Anthony Partos
Planning and Development	
Script consultant	Paul Thompson Helen Carmichael Mario Orsi
Casting consultant	Joy Sargant
Dialogue consult.	Larry Buttrose
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Martha Coleman
Prod coordinator	Leonie Reynolds
Unit manager	Anne Darghal
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Roman Baska
Focus puller	Tim Thomas
Clapper loadee	Sue Thwaites
Camera type	Panavision
Key grip	Tony Bosch
Asst grip	Philip Lamont
Gaffer	Tony Mandl
Asst electries	Mandy Hanak
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	John Reddin
2nd asst director	Carolyn Swan
3rd asst director	Lisa Hoppe
Community	Annette Davey
Boom operator	Nicole Lazaroff
Make-up	Tina Cowper-Hill
Still photography	Ricardo Farago
Catering	Gail Creswell Buchanan s Catering Services
Art Department	
Art director	Terri Kibbler
Standby props	Brendan Boys
Construction Department	
Studio set super	Kieran Usher
Carpenter	Brent Taylor
Set Dresser	Warren Fields
Post-production	
Asst editor	Janine Hewin
Sound editor	Anthony Partos
Musical director	Anthony Partos
Laboratory	Atlab
Print stock	Fuji

Cast: Geoff Morell (Sax Ethan), James Steele (Shorty), Roger Ward (Mr Hat), Peter Corbett (Glen), Julie Godfrey (Baba) Desiree Smith (Tiffany), Brian Gutts (Showhand)
Synopsis *Yellow* is a black comedy about one man's destiny Sax Ethan is an unsuccessful musician, rejected by his girlfriend, a refugee from the innocent. One burning Wednesday he finds himself beside a highway in the outback, waiting for a lift, contemplating his future It arrives in the form of a beat-up Volkswagen with a wardrobe tied to its roof.

FILM AUSTRALIA

AFTER THE WARMING

Prod companies	FA-Maryland Public Television Principal Film Co.
Dist. company	FA
Principal Credits	
Director	Mike Slee
Producers	Richard Sattin Glen Talbert
Co-prod.	Principal Film Co (UK) Maryland Public TV
Exec producer	Ron Saunders
D O P	Noel Jones
Sound recordist	Greg Smith
Other Credits	
Researcher	Alison Strasser
Prod. manager	Kim Anning
Prod secretary	Sandie Morris
Prod. accountant	Megan Gilmour
Shooting stock	Betacam
Market. consult.	Kim Henderson
Inter sales agent	Helen Thwaites
International dist.	Film Australia
Publicity	Lesita Thomas

Cast James Burke (Presentee)
Synopsis: It is the year 2050 Mankind and the Earth have survived global warming In this innovative new television project social journalist James Burke looks back from the future at several scenarios of global warming and their possible effects on continents countries and mankind.

THE ARTIST, THE PEASANT

Prod company	FA
Dist. company	FA
Principal Credits	
Director	Franco di Chiera
Exec. Producer	Paul Hmmphreys
D O P.	Simon Smith
Sound recordist	Victor Gentle
Editor	Wendy Chandler
Other credits	
Prod manager	Ron Hannam
Prod secretary	Lori Wallace
Prod accountant	Elizabeth Clarke
Camera asst	Paolo Ferrari (Italy) Alison Maxwell (Perth)
Asst editor	Heidi Kennessey
Laboratory	Atlab
Lab liaison	Kerri Jenkins
Shooting stock	16 mm E/Col. Negative
Market. consult.	Kim Henderson

Inter sales agent Helen Thwaites
International dist. Film Australia
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Poster designer Antart
Cast: Giuseppe Mercuri (as himself)
Synopsis: A documentary about Italian communist Giuseppe Mercuri - poet, novelist, short-story writer, historian and more recently, painter. His writing and artwork captures the density of knowledge handed down through generations. His nephew Franco di Chiera, is the filmmaker.

BABY BOOMERS

Prod. companies FA
ABC
Principal Credits
Director Stephen Ramsey
Exec. producers Janet Bell
Andrew Clarke
Scriptwriter Steven Ramsey
Based on *The Baby Boomers Book*
Written by Helen Townsend
D O P Rob Trendall
Sound recordist Rob Mackay
Editor Peter Vile
Other Credits
Researchers Jenny Middlemiss
Michael O Rourke
Budgeted by Frank Haines
Anne Chivas
Prod. managers Frank Haines
Anne Chivas
Prod. secretary Jane Benson
Assembly editors Peter Vile
Doug Howard
Prod. accountant Carmelita Aquino
Camera operator Rob Trendall
Camera type Arriflex S R.
Camera maintenance ABC
Post-prod. supervisor Brian Hicks
Asst editor Richard Paine
Sound editors Margaret Benson
Michael Nettleship
Music performed by Various
Mixer George Hart
Mixed at Film Australia
Laboratory Atlab/ABC
Lab liaison Kerry Jenkins
Neg matching Barry McKnight
Gauge 16 mm
Screen ratio 15/1
Shooting stock Kodak Eastman
Print stock Kodak Eastman
Video transfers by Video 8
Marketing consultant Michelle Weiss
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Synopsis: A loving and questioning look at the children of the1950s and '60s. What did they do? What are they doing? What will they do? The times they have changed!

COTTON

Prod. company FA
Dist. company FA
Principal Credits
Director Ian Munro
Producer Pamela Williams
Exec. producer Ron Saunders
D O P Steve Windon
Sound recordist Rob Stalder
Editor Robin Archer
Other Credits
Prod. supervisor Kim Anning
Prod. manager Marguerite Grey
Prod. secretary Sandie Morris
Prod. accountant Megan Gilmour
Gauge 16 mm
Market. consult. Kim Henderson
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
Inter. dist. FA
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Cast: Louise Coleman Ben Coleman Sam Coleman.
Synopsis: Similar to Film Australia's *Custody* and *Prejudice, Cotton* is based on real cases combining actors with actual people. Louise, a young mother from a cotton growing town, is concerned for the health of her daughter and starts investigations.

FILM AUSTRALIA'S AUSTRALIA BLACK AUSTRALIA

Prod. company FA
Dist. company FA
Principal Credits
Directors Michael Brogan
Darrell Sibosado
Exec. producer Paul Humfress
D O P Ross King (ACS)
Sound recordist Kirk Creaser
Editor Kim Moodie
Other Credits
Researcher Judith Adamson
Editr. advisers Ted Myers
Karen McLean
Prod. manager Roz Hannam
Prod. secretary Lorraine Wallace
Prod. accountant Elizabeth Clarke
Make-up Deborah Lanser
Post-prod. supervisor Brian Hicks
Mixer Robert Sullivan
Mixed at Film Australia
Shooting stock Betacam
Print stock Kodak Eastman
Video transfers by Film Australia
Off-line facilities Film Australia
Video master by Acme Photo Video
Market. consult. Kim Henderson
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
Inter. dist. FA
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Cast: Annette Shun Wah (Presenter)
Synopsis: [No Details Supplied]

KOALAS

Prod. company FA
Dist. company FA
Principal Credits
Director Paul Scott
Exec. producer Chris Oliver
D O P David Lourie
Jim Frazier
Lindsay Cupper
Editor David Lourie
Other Credits
Prod. manager Hilary May
Prod. coordinators Sally Price
Sally Tyson
Prod. secretary Fiona Schmidberger
Music performed by Andy Grey
Steve Roach
Peter Rundle
Animation Nick Coe
Laboratory Atlab
Marketing coord Michelle Weiss
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Synopsis: *Koalas* takes a dramatic and often amusing look at the plight facing these extraordinary animal, and the lengths to which some people will go to help.

MINI-DRAGONS

Prod. companies FA
Maryland Public TV
NHK Enterprises
Principal Credits
Director Geoff Barnes
Presenters Geoff Barnes (FA)
David Rabnovirh (MPT)
Nobuko Akiyama (NHK)
Exec. producers Ron Saunders (FA)
Leo Eaton (MPT)
Sosuke Yasuma (NHK)
D O P Tony Wilson
Sound recordist Leo Sullivan
Editor Denise Hunter
Other Credits
Prod. manager Kim Anning
Prod. secretary Sandie Morris
Prod. assistant Di Webster
Prod. accountant Megan Gilmour
Gauge 1"
Shooting stock 16mm
Market. consult. Kim Henderson
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
International dist. Film Australia
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Synopsis: Taiwan, Singapore, Hong Kong and South Korea are the new young mini-dragons which have sprung into the economic and cultural life of the West. This four-part series looks at these economies their long-term strategies the main players in their political powers and their social structure, traditions and culture.

PROFESSORS NEW CLOTHES

Prod. company FA
Dist. company FA
Principal Credits
Director Stephen Ramsey
Producer Janet Bell
D O P Phillip Bull
Sound recordist Paul Finlay
Editor Doug Howard
Other Credits
Prod. manager Julie Cottrell-Dormer
Prod. assistant Clare Edwards
Prod. secretary Jane Benson
Prod. accountant Carmelita Aquino
Market. consult Michelle Weiss
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Synopsis: Documentary which explores science fraud.

A REAL MAN'S PORSCHE THE STORY OF A WARSHIP

Prod. company FA
Dist. company FA
Principal Credits
Director Sonia Humphrey
Producers Frank Heimans
Sonia Humphrey
Exec. producer Paul Humfress
D O P Greg Low
Sound recordist Graham Wyse
Editor Linda Kruger
Composer Guy Gross
Other Credits
Prod. manager Ron Hannam
Prod. secretary Lori Wallace
Prod. assts Jennifer Middlemiss
Geraldine Crown
Prod. accountant Elizabeth Clarke
Clapper-loader Peter Coleman
2nd unit D O P Michael Ewers
Post-prod. supervisor Brian Hicks
Asst editor Dimity Gregson
Sound editor Linda Kruger
Asst sound editor Dimity Gregson
Foley George Hart
Mixed at Film Australia
Laboratory Atlab
Lab liaison Kerri Jenkins
Neg matching Chris Rowell
Shooting stock 16mm E/Col. Negative
Video transfers by Film Australia
Off-line facilities Film Australia
Video master by Pro-Image
Funded by Department of Defence
Market. consult. Kim Henderson
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
International dist Film Australia
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Cast: [No Details Supplied]
Synopsis: [No Details Supplied]

SELLING NOTES

Prod. company FA
Dist. company FA
Principal Credits
Director David Ogilvy
Producer Janet Bell
Exec. producer Janet Bell
Scriptwriter David Ogilvy
D O P Kym Vanlekus
Sound recordist Syd Butterworth
Editor Mark Perry
Prod. designer Will Soeterbeek
Composers Geoff Ayling
Jenny Ayling
Planning and Development
Researcher Mary Colbert
Shoot. schedule Carrie Soeterbeek
Budgeted by Julie Cottrell-Dormer
Production Crew
Prod. supervisor Brian Hicks
Prod. manager Frank Haines
Prod. secretary Jane Benson
Location manager Frank Haines
Prod. accountant Carmelita Aquino
Complet. guarant. Film Australia
Camera Crew
Camera operator Kym Vanlekus
Focus puller Tim Thomas
Camera assistant Jason Rickards
Camera type Betacam SP
Gaffer Peter O Brien
On-set Crew
1st asst director Carrie Soeterbeek
Boom operator Sue Kerr
Still photography David Adams
Catering The Catering Co
Art Department
Art director Will Soeterbeek
Post-production
Post-prod. supervisor Brian Hicks
Sound transfers Film Australia
Musical directors Jenny Ayling
Geoff Ayling
Music performed by Jenny Ayling
Geoff Ayling
Recording studio Wam Studios
Mixer Geoff Sutt
Mixed at Film Australia
Animation Nir Coe
Gauge Betacam SP
Screen ratio 16/1
Shooting stock Betacam SP
Video transfers by Film Australia
Off-line facilities Film Australia
Marketing
Market. consult. Michelle Weiss
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Cast: Sarah Spillanen (Natalie), Piers Gorton (Scott), Bob Baines (Councillor Smythe)... Brian Vriends (Constable Thripp), Jason Browle (Boris Brkic)
Synopsis: Two children decide to make a video advertisement to save their local block of land from developers. Wam Studio lends a hand.

TO ABSENT FRIENDS

Prod. company FA
Dist. company FA
Principal Credits
Director Ronnie Taylor
Exec. producer Paul Humfress
Scriptwriter Ronnie Taylor
Original concept Peter McLean
D O P Ross King (ACS)
Editor Ronnie Taylor
Other Credits
Prod. manager Ron Hannam
Prod. secretary Lori Wallace
Prod. accountant Elizabeth Clarke
1st asst. director Robert Lawrence
Make up Jacob Valentin
Eric Renshaw
Sound editor Ronnie Taylor
Asst sound editor Bob Burns
Narrator Bill Dowsett
Mixer George Hart
Mixed at Film Australia
Laboratory Atlab
Lab liaison Kerri Jenkins
Neg matching Chris Rowell
Shooting stock Betaram
16mm E/Col Negative
Off-line facilities Film Australia
Video special fx Videolab
Video master by Videolab
Market. consult. Kim Henderson
Inter. sales agent Helen Thwaites
International dist. Film Australia
Publicity Lesna Thomas
Cast: Paula Dawson (Holographic artist), Natalie McCauley (Mermaid)
Synopsis: Paula Dawson is an important artistic pioneer and is considered Australia's leading holographic sculptor. Her work is known both in Australia and abroad. This is an arts film art in an Australian pub documenting the making of her current project and exploring her philosophies of time and space shift.

For details of the following see previous issue
GIRL FROM TOMORROW
JOHNSON & FRIENDS (formerly Toynine)
THE LAST CROP

FILM VICTORIA Pre-production

SHOWING A LITTLE RESTRAINT

Exec producer	Lucy MacLaren
Scriptwriter	Dennis K. Smith
Length	10 mins

Synopsis An entertaining look at how a family copes with the different restraints needed by different-aged children, and suggests how to keep them amused on long boring car trips

FILM VICTORIA Post-production

A DOCTOR S RESPONSE

Prod co	Hips Film & Video Prods
Principal Credits	
Director	Fiona Cochrane
Producer	John Hipwell
Exec producer	Lucy McLaren
	Film Victoria
	CSV
Scriptwriter	Mark Poole
D O P	Zbigniew "Peter" Friedrich
Sound recordist	Philip Healy
Editor	Zbigniew "Peter" Friedrich
Art director	Margaret Eastgate
Composer	Sam Mallet
Other Credits	
Prod. manager	Franziska Wagenfeld
Prod. secretary	Kelly Chapman
Location manager	Sue Roberts
Camera assistant	Kathy Chambers
Key grip	Ken Conner
Gaffer	Rory Timoney
1st asst director	John Hipwell
2nd asst director	Paul Moder
Continuity	Salli Engelander
Boom operator	Jim Dunwoodie
Stills photography	Samantha Carter
Catering	Hel s Kitchen
Asst art director	Polina Osherov
Sound editor	Zbigniew Peter Friedrich
Laboratory	Cinevex
Video transfers by	Pro-Image
Gauge	16mm/1" video

Cast: Bruce Myles, Sarah English, Jillian Murray, Mike Bishop, Ian Scott, Elspeth Ballantyne

Synopsis: A 24-minute docu-drama on child sexual abuse. This production is specifically directed towards GPs, and focuses on the dilemma involved when recognising sexual abuse of children and the best action to be taken to protect the child.

GUNS AND ROSES

Prod company	Open Channel Prods
Budget	$89 000
Principal Credits	
Director	Carole Sklan
Producer	John Moore
Exec. producer	Rachel Dixon
	Film Victoria
Assoc. producer	Helen Bowman
Scriptwriter	Carole Sklan
D O P	Vladimir Osherov
Sound recordist	Gretchen Thornburn
Editor	Yuri Murahi
Prod designer	Susan Weis
Other Credits	
Researcher	Carole Sklan
Prod. manager	Andrew Wiseman
1st asst director	Susan Weis
Gauge	1" video
Offline facilities	Open Channel
Video master by	Open Channel
Gov investment	Film Victoria

Synopsis: Melody a warm intelligent woman has been in a turbulent and sometimes violent relationship with Brian for some years. The news that her friend Christine had been killed by Kevin confirms Melody s fear that this would also be her fate.

For details of the following see previous issue:
GET RREAL
GRASS FED BEEF
THE LAW DECIDES
THE MAN IN THE BLUE AND WHITE HOLDEN
RIVER MANAGEMENT
THEIR LIVES IN OUR HANDS

NSW FILM AND TELEVISION OFFICE

For details of the following see previous issue:
BIOTECHNOLOGY NOW
DRIVING FOR KEEPS SAFE SENIORS
PHOTO LICENCES AN INTRODUCTION
REHABILITATION WORKS
SALT OF THE EARTH
STEP BY STEP
VITAL POINTS AN INTRODUCTION TO SELF DEFENCE FOR WOMEN
WALKING TO LIVE SAFE SENIORS
THE WHAT AND WHY OF FOI

AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN'S TELEVISION FOUNDATION

For details of the following see previous issue
SKY TRACKERS

TELEVISION PRE-PRODUCTION

BRIDES OF CHRIST

Prod companies	Roadshow Coote & Carroll
	ABC
Pre-production	9/7/90 – 17/8/90
Production	17/9/90 – 21/12/90
	7/1/91 — 25/1/91
Post production	25/1/91 — 27/7/91
Principal Credits	
Director	Ken Cameron
Producer	Sue Masters
Business Affairs	Kim Vecera
Exec producer	Penny Chapman
Assoc producers	Adrienne Read
	Ray Brown
Scriptwriters	John Alsop
	Sue Smith
D O.P	James Bartle
Sound recordist	Nicholas Wood
Editor	Tony Kavanagh
Prod designer	Marcus North
Art director	John Pryce-Jones
Costume designer	Annie Marshall
Composer	Bill Motzing
Planning and Development	
Casting	Maura Fay
Extras casting	Irene Gaskell
Production Crew	
Prod manager	Joanne Rooney
Prod. coordinator	Sandy Stevens
Prod secretary	Jane Symonds
Location manager	Patricia Rothkraus
Unit manager	John Downie
Production runner	Polly Job
Prod accountant	Michelle D Arcey
Insurer	Hamond Jewell
Complet guarant.	Film Finances
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Russell Bacon
Key grip	Gary Burdett
Gaffer	Tim Murray-Jones
Best boy	Pierre Drion
Genrue operator	Bob Woods
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Adrian Pickersgill
2nd asst director	Karin Kreieers
Continuity	Rhonda McAvoy
Make-up	Gary Stutt
	Jenny Barham
Still photography	Barry Gaunt
Unit publicist	Virginia Sargent
Catering	John Faithfull
Art Department	
Asst art director	Helen Baumann
	Kerrie Reay
	Lon Pitterino
Art dept coord	Lee Bulgin
Set dresser	Robert Hutchinson
Propsperson	Don Page
Props buyers	Mervyn Asher
	Susan Glavich
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe coord	Wendy Falconer
	Colleen Wolfe
Standby wardrobe	Terry Lamera
Wardrobe asst	Joanne Baker
Construction Department	
Scenic artist	Paul Broeklebank
Construct. m ger	Laurie Dorn
Post-productioo	
Asst editor	Nirole La Macchia
Laboratory	Atlab

Cast. BrendaFricker (Agnes) SandyGore (Ambrose) Josephine Brynes (Sister Catherine) Lisa Hensley (Sister Paul), PennyStehli (Sister Patrick) NaomiWatts (Frances) Kym Wilson (Rosemary), Melissa Thomas (Brigid)

Synopsis: The women who pledge their lives and their virtue to God are called brides of Christ by their Church. To the world they are known as nuns. This is the story of Catherine, Paul and Ambrose. The tales of *Brides of Christ* provide an affecting encounter with a group of unforgettable women.

THE CROCODILE ON TRIAL
(tele-feature)

Prod company	Australian Pacific Films (Cairns)
Dist. co	Beyond International Group
Pre-productioo	Aug. – Sept. 1990
Prodnction	Oct. 1990 – Jan. 1991
Post production	Feb. – April 1991
Principal Credits	
Director	Mark Eliot
Prodnrer	Mark Eliot
Planning and Development	
Researcher	Rick Rogers
Script editor	Mark Eliot
Shoot g schedule	Monica Mesch
Budgeicd by	Monica Mesch

Cast. [No Details Snpplied]

Synopsis. This 2 hour tele-feature puts the crorodile on trial and investigates attacks from all over the world. The crorodile, the world s oldest creature has survived the Dinosaurs and although savagely hunted by man for the past million years, of the 21 original species, not one has yet been made extinct. But how much longer can the crocodile hang ant?

GOLDEN FIDDLES (mini-series)

Prod. rempany	SAFC-Wacko Entertaioment
Pre-productioo	28/5/90 – 22/7/90
Production	23/7/90 – 16/9/90
Post-productioo	17/9/90 –
Principal Credits	
Direetor	Claude Fournier
Produeer	Stanley Walsh
Exec producers	Jock Blair
	Wendy Wacko
Supervising prod	Gus Howard
Assoc producer	Barbara Allinson
Based on novel by	Mary Grant Bruce
Scriptwriter	Sheila Sibley
D O P	Ron Hagen
Sound recordist	Totvo Lember
Editor	Yves Langlois
Prod designer	George Liddle
Costume designer	Jean Turnbull
Planning and Development	
Story editor	Peter Gawler
Casting consultants	Maura Fay and Assoc.
Production Crew	
Prod manager	Terrie Vincent
Prod. coordinator	Lesley Tomson
Prod secretary	Sally Clarke
Location manager	David Lightfoot
Unit managers	Charlie Kiroff
	Gary Buss
Prod runner	John Doherty
Prod accountant	Sharon Jackson
Accounts asst	Val Smithers
Completion guarantor	Film Finances
Camera Crew	
Focus puller	Laurie Balmer
Clapper loader	Lyddy Van Gyen
Key grip	Robin Morgan
Asst grip	Robbie Van Amstel
Gaffer	Tom Moody
Best boy	David Smith
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Philip Hearnshaw
2nd asst director	Catherine Griff
3rd asst director	Michael Bau
Continuity	Carmel Torcasio
Boom operator	Des Keneally
Make-up	Fiona Rees-Jones
Hairdresser	Sash Laney
Asst hairdresser	David Vauser
Stunts coord.	Zev Eleftheron
Safety officer	Zev Eleftheron
Publicity	Beth Kindler, 9 Network
Unit Publicist	Teresa Luca, NWS 9
Catering	Er Indoors
Tntor	Chris Tugwell
Art Department	
Art dnertor	Vicki Niehns
Design asst	John Axe
Art dept coord.	Deborah Wilde
Art dept runner	Stuart Polkinghorne
Set dresser	Roger Laney
Props buyers	Chris Webster
	Tony Cronin
Standby props	John Santucci
Vehicle coord	John Blaikie
Wardrobe	
Costumiers	Denise Strawhan
	Tracey Richardson
	Standby wardrobe
& buyer	Anita Seller
Asst standby ward	Andrea Hood
Cutter	Sheryl Pilkinton
Animals	
Animal wrangler	Bill Willoughby
Construcnoo Department	
Construction sup	John Moore
Scenic artist	John Haratzis
Carpenters	Kevin Jarrett
	Brenton Grear
	Arthur Vette
Painters	Christine Wood
	Penny Price
Brush hands	Liam Liddle
	Linda Wong
Studios	Hendon
Government Agency Investment	
Prod	FFC and Telefilm Canada
Marketing	
International dist	RPTA

Cast: Kate Nelligan (Anne) John Bach (Walter) Rachel Friend (Kitty) Charles Mayer (Philippe) Pippa Grandison (Elsa) Cameron Daddo (Norman), Hamish Fletcher (Bob), David Reyne (Jack), Justine Clarke (Liddy), Emma Fowler (Rose)

Synopsis: It is the height of the Depression and a dirt-poor family is fighting a losing battle of scratching a living from an arid marginal farm. Just when things are blackest, they inherit a massive fortune and their lives are transformed. But with wealth and privilege comes a cruel lesson of the transience of love.

PRODUCTION

BEYOND TOMORROW (series)
[See issue 77 for details]

BEYOND 2000 (series)
[See issue 77 for details]

BOYS FROM THE BUSH (series)

Prod. companies	Entertainment Media Cinema Verity
Dist. company	BBC Enterprises
Producers	Verity Lambert Jane Scott
Exec. producers	Peter Beilby Robert le Tet Fred Schepisi
Scriptwriter	Douglas Livingstone
Prod. manager	Tony Leach

Synopsis [No details supplied]
Cast. [No details supplied]

A COUNTRY PRACTICE (series)
[See previous issue for details.]

THE FLYING DOCTORS (series)
(Series VI)
[See issue 77 for details]

GP (series)
[See previous issue for details.]

THE GREAT AIR RACE (mini-series)

Prod. company	Dimsey Grigsby
Dist. company	Consolidated
Production	30/4/90 – 1/6/90
Principal Credits	
Director	Marcus Cole
Producer	Ross Dimsey
Co-producer	Howard Grigsby
Exec. producer	Penny Chapman
Exec. prod. (tv drama)	Jill Robb
Scriptwriters	Shane Brennan Michael Brindley
D O P	Chris Davis
Sound recordist	Ian Cregan
Prod. designer	Colin Gersch
Planning and Development	
Script editor	Bill Garner
Casting	Dina Mann
Casting asst	Jane Hamilton
Extras casting	Cameron Harris
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Marion Pearce
Producer's asst	Kiki Dimsey
Prod. co-ordinator	Jenny Barty
Prod. secretary	Lyndel Osborne Harriet Wesmore
Location manager	Neil McCart
Unit manager	Neil Proud
Aircraft co-ord	Bill Watertoo
Prod. accountant	Debra Cole
Prod. runner	Helen Francis
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Russell Bacon
Focus puller	Campbell Miller
Clapper loader	Trevor Moore
2nd unit D O P	David Eggby
Key grip	Max Gaffney
Grip	Tony Woolveridge
Gaffer	Andrew Holmes
Electricians	Darryn Fox Graham Crawford
Colour grade op	Peter Henshaw
On-set Crew	
1st asst. director	Bob Donaldson
2nd asst. director	Paul Brooke
3rd asst. director	Martin Green
Continuity	Emma Peach
Boom operator	Tony Diekeoson
Make-up-hair	Ian Loughnan Jacqne Bhavnani
Special fx design	Terry Barrow
Asst special fx	John McCulloch
Still photography	Lindsay Hogan Tibor Gonczol
Catering	Backdoor Catering
Art Department	
Art director	Dale Mark
Asst designers	Penny Southgate Nick Hilligoss
Design asst	Mem Alexander
Art dept co-ord.	Paddy Reardon
Set dressers	Mark Reynolds David Norman
Graphics designer	Jndy Leech
Props buyers	John Caskelly Sue Vaughan Marita Mussett
Props maker	Peter Turley
Standby props	Rod Beaumont
Wardrobe	
Costume designer	Alexandra Tynan
Ward. Co-ord	Anne Fennington-Brown Joyce Imlach Jube Kruger
Costume maker	James Watson
Construction Dept	
Construct. m ger	Geoff Brodie
Construct. costing	Jack Moran
Standby carpenter	Ned Visic
Scenic artist	John Trebilco
Staging assts.	Peter Andrews Errol Bazely Bill Whiteside Paul Stevens
Post-productioo	
Post prod super	Tony Stanyer
VT editor	Ken Tyler
Marketing	
Inter. distributor	Consolidated
Publicity	Marian Page ABC Front Page
Government Agency Investment	
Development	Film Victoria
Productioo	FFC

Cast Tim Hughes (Charles Scott) Robert Reynolds (Tom Campbell-Black) Josephine Byrnes (Florence Desmond) Jonathan Hyde (James Mollison) Gary Day (Ray Parer) Anthony Hawkins (Thomas Perrin) Gosia Dobrowolska (Thea Tasche) Jeff Truman (Geoff Hemsworth) Jim Holt (Harold Brook), Henk Johannes (Keone Parmeotier) Helen Slater (Jackie Cochran), Barry Bostwick (Roscoe Turner)
Synopsis Mini-series about the 1934 MacRobertson London to Melbourne air race

HOME AND AWAY (serial)
[See previous issue for details.]

RATBAG HERO (mini-series)

Prod. company	Ratbag Hero Prods
Budget	$3 6 million
Pre production	9/4/90 – 3/6/90
Production	4/6/90 – 10/8/90
Post-production	11/8/90 – 7/9/90
Principal Credits	
Director	Oscar Whitbread
Producer	Oscar Whitbread
Co-producer	Geoffrey Pollock
Exec. producer	Zelda Rosenbaum
Based on	*A Boxerman's Story*
Written by	Mick Kelsall
Scriptwriter	Sonia Borg
D O P	Dan Burstall
Sound recordist	John Wilkinson
Editor	Scou McLennan
Prod. designer	Robert Perkins
Costume designer	Rose Chong
Planning and Development	
Dialogue Coach	Kate Whitbread
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Geoff Pollock
Prod coord.	Stattie
Producer s asst.	Carol Matthews
Locatioo manager	James Legge
Unit manager	Daryl Sheen
Asst. coordinator	Sandi Revelins
Prod runner	Nicole Urmston
Prod. accountant	Amanda Kelly (Moneypenny)
Complet. guarantor	Film Finances
Camera Crew	
Focus puller	Harry Glynatsis
Clapper-loader	Walter Repich
Key Grip	Ken Connor
Gaffer	Rob Young
Best boy	Peter Maloney
Generator op	Richard Pritchett
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Brian Giddens
2nd asst director	Brendan Campbell
3rd asst director	Karen Mahood
Continuity	Jo McLennan
Boom operator	Greg Nelson
Make-up-hair	Sue Kelly-Tait
Asst make-up-hair	Sarah Whitbread
Special fx	Peter Stubbs
Stunts coord.	Chris Anderson
Unit publicist	Kerrie Theobald
Catering	Sweet Seduction
Art Department	
Art director	Steven Jones-Evans
Art dept coord.	Brunetta Stocco
Set dressers	Hamish Anderson-Hicks Colin Robertson
Props buyer	Martin Perkins
Standby props	Graham Blackmore
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe buyer	Rachel Nott
Animals	
Horse master	John Baird
Horse wranglers	Ben Halls Ray Edmunds
Construction Dept	
Construct. manager	Jim Gannon
Leading hand	Andrew Walpole
Post-production	
Laboratory	Victorian Film Laboratory
Gauge	16 mm
Government Agency Investment	
Development	Film Victoria
Productioo	FFC Film Victoria

Cast Cameron Nugent (Mick) Elaine Smith (Mum) Peter Fisher (Pop) Marcus Graham (Uncle) Marion Edward (Gran), Matthew Ketteringham (Frizzy) Simon Chilvers (Baldy), Reg Evans (Cocky Brown) Robert Morgan (McIntosh), George Mallaby (Benson) Darius Perkins (Dave)
Synopsis The story of Mick s adventures with his family in rural Australia in the 1930's and his growing resentment of his father and the expectations placed on him It reaches a climax when his mother dies after a long illness.

RESCUE (series)

Prod. company	Southern Star Xanadu
Dist. co	Southern Star International
Principal Credits	
Directors	Various Michael Pattinson (ep. 1) Michael Carson (2) Karl Zwicky (3) Michael Jenkins (4) Rie Pellizeri (5) Graham Thorburn (6) Ann Turner (7) Mike Smith (8) Geoffrey Nottage (11) Peter Fisk (13)
Producers	John Edwards Sandra Levy
Line producer	Stephen O Rourke
Exec. producers	Penny Chapman Kim Williams
D.O P	Steve Windon
Sound recordist	Peter Grace
Editors	Mike Honey(ep 1) Chris Spur (2,4 6 9) Lindsay Fraser (3) Bill Russo (5 7) Tony Kavanagh (11,13)
Prod designers	Leigh Tierney (eps 1, 4 7,10) Col Rudder (2,5,8 11) Robyn Williams (3,6,9 12)
Planning and Development	
Script researchers	Gary Maddox
Casting	Liz Mullinar
Extras casting	Irene Gaskell
Production Crew	
Prod manager	Sally Ayre-Smith
Prod coordinator	Annette Gover
Prod secretary	Kern Mainwaring
Location manager	Bevan Childs
Unit manager	Fiona Maloney
Prod accountant	Marianne Flynn
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Marc Spicer
Focus puller	Brendan Shaw
Clapper-loader	Matthew Temple
Key grip	Gary Burdett
Grip	Benn Hyde
Gaffer	Ken Pettigrew
Electrician	Bruce Young
Generator operator	Bob Woods
On-set Crew	
1st assist directors	Scott Hartford Davis Michael Faranda Peter Fitzgerald
2nd asst directors	Clinton White Russell Burton David Young Rod Oliver
3rd asst director	Ross Giannone
Continuity	Suzanne Brown Louise Johnson
Boom operators	Dave Pearson Fiona Mellam
Make-up	Christine Ehlert Penny Clements
Special fx	Peter Leggett
Sp fx asst	Greg Bush
Stunts coordinator	Grant Page
Still photography	Gary Johnston
Unit publicists	Victoria Buchan (Xanadu) John Woodward (ABC)
Catering	Johnny Faithful David Marshall
Runners	Adam Woolhams John Vitaletis
Art Department	
Art dept. admin	Marion Winser
Set dressers	Richard Kennett Leanne Bushby
Props buyers	Ian Andrewartha Colin Bailey
Standby props	Tim Westcott Russell Long Peter Fitzgerald snr
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe coord	Michelle Letters Miranda Brock
Wardrobe assts	Nina Farsons Lorraine Verheyen
Construction Dept	
Construct. manager	Laurie Dorn
Post-production	
Asst editors	Liz Walsh Margaret Goodwin Jenny Scott Linda Gahan Martin Connor
Sound editors	Ann MacInolty Philipa Cristaudo Jackie Bedlan
Asst sound editors	Nicholas Cole Margaret Goodwin Kathy Chase Mike Nettleship
Musical director	Martin Armiger
Laboratory	Colorfilm
Lab Liaison	Simon Wicks Martin Hoyle
Marketing	
Publicity	Victoria Buchan (Xanadu) John Woodward (ABC)

Cast Gary Sweet (Steve "Mickey" McLintock) Marshall Napier (Sergeant Fred "Frog" Catteau) Tim McKenzie (Peter "Ridgy" Ridgeway) Steve Bastoni (Yiannis "Angel" Angelopoulos), Sonia Todd (Georgina Kattray) Peter Browne (Senior Constable Trevor "Scottie" Coledale) Doug Scrooge (Senior Constable Percy "Plomaine" Warren), John Clayton (Inspector Bill "Adams" Adams)
Synopsis Rats, roaches a dead drunk, a busted marriage and a kid lost under the city streets, that's just another day at the office for Sergeant Steve McLintock.

TJAPUKAI THE WORLD AT OUR FEET (Tele-feature)

Prod. company	Australian Pacific Films (Cairns) Tjapukai Dance Theatre (Ausheatre Film Productions jointly)

Principal Credits
Director — Mark Eliot
Producer — Mark Eliot
Sound recordist — Alan Andrewartha
Editor — Bruce Redman
Other Credits
Budgeted by — Eve Lewiston
Producer's asst — Monica Mesch
Prod. accountant — David Goodman
Insurer — Far North Insurance Brokers Cinesuce
Travel coordinator — Australian Tourist Commission
Camera Operator — Dietmar Kuhn
Post-prod. supvr — Bruce Redman
Music performed by — Tjapukai Dance Theatre & David Hudson (Dwura)
Shoot. stock — BVU U matic 3/4 inch
Offline facilities — Mark Eliot Production
Government Agency Investment
Production — Queensland Film Development Office
Marketing
Marketing consultant — Beyond International Group
Cast: Dancers of the Tjapukai Dance Theatre
Synopsis: Twelve Aboriginal dancers from a rainforest village near Cairns, a city now besieged by international tourists, depart on a world tour of some 14 countries. In the form of traditional and contemporary dance, they give graphic expression to a living culture that has existed for some 40,000 years. Some have never ventured beyond their village, nor flown in an aeroplane, yet through 58 shows in 8 weeks their professionalism, their natural humour, and those attributes of sharing, caring and belonging which defines Aboriginality are an inspiration to us all.

WHICH WAY HOME (tele-feature)
Prod. co — McElroy and McElroy
Dist. company — Southern Star Group
Principal Credits
Director — Carl Schultz
Producer — Hal McElroy
Line producer — Tim Sanders
Based on novel — *Which Way Home*
Written by — Michael Laurence
D O P — Ellery Ryan
Sound recordist — Mike Westgate
Editor — Henry Dangar
Prod. designer — George Liddle
Planning and Development
Casting — Faith Martin
Casting consult. — Joselyn Morton
Cast manager — Susan Jowsey
Production Crew
Prod. supervisor — Murray Francis
Prod. coordinator — Naomi Joseph
Producer's asst — Bronwen Stokes
Prod. secretary — Anna Rasmussen
Location manager — Paul Grinder
Unit manager — Martin Walsh
Unit asst — Les Doar
Location coord. — Tami Sinclair
Financial director — Rob Fisher
Prod. accountant — Christine Robson
Accounts asst — Michelle D'Arcey
Travel coordinator — Hady Alt (ASPAC Vacations)
Freight coordinator — Mondiale
Camera Crew
Camera operator — Alleo Guilford
Focus puller — Allan Annand
Clapper-loader — Phillip Prendeville
Key grip — Terry Fraser
Asst grip — Alistair Anderson
Gaffer — Don Jowsey
Best boy — Bindy Crayford
Electrician — Neil Taylor
Generator op — Brendan Shadbolt
On-set Crew
1st asst director — Chris Short
2nd asst director — Victoria Hardy
3rd asst director — Michelle Coventry
Continuity — Jenny Quigley
Boom operator — Steven Buckland
Make-up — Viv Mepham
Hairdresser — Francia Smeets
Special fx — Kevin Chisnall
Ken Drury
Stunts coordinator — Peter Bell
Safety officer — Peter Bell
Unit nurse — Rohan Holdsworth
Still photography — Ken George
Unit publicist — Victoria Buchan
Catering — Bonifante Olivet
Runners — Sasha Haskell
Michele Diedrich
Art Department
Art director — Dave Cooke
Asst art director — Janette Goode
Art dept coord — Merran Bacon
Set dresser — Kirsty Griffin
Props buyer — Kirsty Griffin
Standby props — Al Ford
Armourer — Kevin Chisnall
Wardrobe
Wardrobe designer — David Rowe
Standby wardrobe — Gavin McLean
Construction Dept
Construct. manager — John Williams
Carpenters — Mike Sidholtez
Mike Poole
Peter Dorian Brown
George V. Stumpf
Robert Barton
Trevor Tritte
Post-production
Post-prod. supervisor — John Hollands
Editing asst — Basia Ozerski
Laboratory — Colorfilm
Marketing
Publicity — Victoria Buchan
Cast: Cybill Shepherd (Karen Parsons), John Waters (Steve Hannah), Peta Toppano (Annie), Marc Gray (Billy), John Ewart (Ferguson), Kiet Lam (Haing), Mark Ngo (Narun), Anna Ngo (Bopha), Alma Kwan (Suthy), Adrian Kwab (Khai)
Synopsis: Karen Parsons, a dedicated and courageous American nurse sets out with five young orphans on an epic journey from a Thai refugee camp to freedom to Australia. She is rescued by an Australian charter boat captain Steve Hannah and love blossoms against impossible odds.

For details of the following see previous issue:
RING OF SCORPIO
SKIRTS
SOUTH PACIFIC ADVENTURES

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CENSORSHIP LISTINGS

APRIL 1990

PG (PARENTAL GUIDANCE)
Hunt for Red October, The M Neufeld, U.S. 131 mins, United International Pictures. Occasional violence and low-level coarse language. V(l-m) L(l-g)
Lambada - The Forbidden Dance R. Albert/M. Fischer. U.S. 94 mins. Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films. Occasional low-level violence and sexual allusions. V(l-g) O(sexual allusions)
Love Is Love (main title not shown in English) J. Lau, Hong Kong. 94 mins, Chinatown Cinema. Occasional low-level coarse language. L(l-g) O(adult concepts)
Waiting for the Light C. Chubb-R. Bezman. U.S. 101 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films. Adult concepts and low-level coarse language. L(l-g) O(adult concepts)
Zero Town (main title not shown in English) Mosfilm Studios U.S.S.R. 95 mins. Ronin Films. Adult concepts, O(adult concepts)

M (MATURE AUDIENCES)
Arirang P. Pakyaraj. India. 154 mins. B. Prabhakharan. Occasional violence and adult concepts. V(l-m-g) O(adult concepts)
Cold Summer of 1953, The (main title not shown in English) Mosfilm Studios, USSR. 95 mins. Ronin Films. Occasional violence. V(l-m-g)
Coupe de Ville L. Brezner-P. Schiff. U.S. 94 mins, Village Roadshow Corporation, Occasional coarse language. L(l-m-g)
Encounter of the Spooky Kind II (main title not shown in English) Bojon Films. Hong Kong. 95 mins. Chinatown Cinema. Occasional violence and horror. O(horror) V(l-m-g)
Handmaid's Tale, The Daniel Wilson. U.S. 108 mins. United International Pictures. Occasional coarse language and sexual scenes. L(l-m-g) S(l-m-j) V(l-m-j)
I Love You To Death J. Lurie-R. Molec. U.S., 94 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films, Occasional coarse language and adult concepts. L(l-m-g) O(adult concepts)
Jesus of Montréal R. Frappier-P. Gendron. Canada-France. 119 mins. Newvision Film Distributors. Occasional coarse language and adult concepts. L(l-m-g) O(adult concepts)
Love At Large D. Blocker. U.S. 97 mins. Village Roadshow Corporation. Occasional coarse language. L(l-m-g)
Trop Belle Pour Toi Cinc Valse-Orly-TFI, France. 91 mins. Palace Entertainment Corporation, Sexual allusions. O(sexual allusions)
Why Me? M. Jarsel. U.S. 87 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films, Occasional coarse language. L(l-m-g)
Zanzibar (rumoured said to be) French Production-SGGC-Film France. 96 mins. Premium Films. Drug use and occasional coarse language. O(drug use) L(l-m-g)

R (RESTRICTED EXHIBITION)
Hard To Kill (a) G. Adelson-J. Simon-B. Todman. U.S. 93 mins. Village Roadshow Corporation. Frequent violence. V(f-m-g)
Just Heroes Tsui Hark, Hong Kong. 96 mins. Yu Enterprises. Feqnent violence. V(f-m-g)
Return Engagement K.C. Tang. Hong Kong. 111 mins. Chinatown Cinema. Frequent graphic violence. V(f-m-g)
Wild Orchid M. Damoli-T. Anthony, U.S., 111 mins, Village Roadshow Corporation. Occasional sexual activity. S(f-m-g) (b) See also under "Films Board of Review"

FILMS BOARD OF REVIEW
Hard to Kill (a) G. Adelson-J. Simon-B. Todman. U.S. 93 mins, Village Roadshow Corporation. Feqnent violence
Decision reversed: Classify "R" by the Film Censorship Board
Decision of the Board: Confirm the Film Censorship Board decision to classify "R" (a) See also under "R (Restricted Exhibition)"

MAY 1990

G (GENERAL EXHIBITION)
James Baldwin - The Price of the Ticket K. Thorsen-W. Miles. U.S. 83 mins. Ronin Films
Space Firebird (main title not shown in English) Osamu Tezuka, Japan. 117 mins, Japan Informanon and Culture Centre
Unico (main title not shown in English) Shintaro Tsuji. Japan. 87 mins. Japan informanon and Culture Centre
Warren Miller's White Magic W. Miller, U.S., 87 mins. Simon Dickie Managem

PG (PARENTAL GUIDANCE)
All About Eve D. Zanuck. U.S. 137 mins. Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films, Adult concepts, O(adult concepts)
Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman, The R. Christiansen, U.S. 110 mins. Capricorn Pictures, Occasional low-level violence. V(l-l-j)
Back to the Future Part III B. Gale-N. Canton. U.S. 110 mins. United International Pictures. Occasional low-level coarse language and violence. V(l-l-j) L(l-l-g)
Birds Of Prey A. Armer. U.S. 81 mins, Capricorn Pictures. Occasional low-level violence. V(l-l-j)
Dick Tracy W. Beatty. U.S. 111 mins, Village Roadshow Corporation. Occasional low-level violence. V(l-l-j)
Forest of Little Bear (main title not shown in English) Hisashi Yabe. Japan. 114 mins. Quality Films. Occasional low-level violence. V(l-l-j)
His Girl Friday Columbia Pictures U.S., 90 mins. Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films. Adult concepts O(adult concepts)
I Heard the Owl Call My Name D. Duke, U.S./Canada, 78 mins, Capricorn Pictures. Adult concepts O(adult concepts) level violence, O(adult concepts) V(l-l-j)
Museum Visitor, The Lennfilms U.S.S.R. 129 mins. Premium Films. Sexual allusions. S(l-l-j) O(sexual allusions)
Saga of the Phoenix (main title not shown in English) Golden Harvest, Hong Kong. 91 mins. Chinatown Cinema, Mild horror. O(mild horror)
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles R. Dawson-S. Fields-D. Chan. U.S. 93 mins. Village Roadshow Corporation, Feqnent low-level violence. V(f-l-g)
To Spy With Love Producer not shown. Hong Kong. 97 mins. Chinatown Cinema, Frequent low-level violence. V(f-l-g)
Treasure Island F. Heston, U.S., 131 mins, Village Roadshow Corporation. Occasional violence. V(l-m-j)
Wendy Cracked a Walnut J. Edwards. Australia. 86 mins, Hoyts Distrn, Adult concepts, O (adult concepts) L(l-l-g)
Whampoa Blues (said to be main title not shown in English) Producer not shown. Hong Kong. 95 mins, Chinatown Cin-

ema, Occasional low-level violence-occasional low-level coarse language, L(r-l-g) V(r-l-g)

M (MATURE AUDIENCES)

Believed Violent S Gobbs. France, 102 mins Village Roadshow Corporation Frequent violence and occasional coarse language V(f-m-g) L(r-m-g) S(r-m-g)

Bird On A Wire R. Cohen. U.S., 110 mins, United International Pictures, Occasional Violence V(r-m-g)

Blood Oath D Whitborn-B Williams-C Waterstreet, Australia 108 mins Village Roadshow Corporation Occasional violence L(r-m-g) V(r-m-g)

Blue Steel E Pressman-O Stone, U S, 101 mins, CEL Film Distribution, Frequent violence and coarse language V(f-m-g) L(f m-g) S(r-m-g)

Born Innocent B Curtis, U S 95 mins, Capricorn Pictures Occasional Violence, V(r-m-g)

Cadillac Man C. Roven-R. Donaldson U.S., 94 mins Village Roadshow Corporation Frequent coarse language and occasional violence L(f-m-g) V(f m-g) O(sexual allusions)

Crazy People T Barad, U.S., 89 mins, United International Pictures, Frequent coarse language L(f m-g)

Easy Rider P Fonda, U S. 95 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films, Drug use, O(drug use)

Fatal Passion (main title not shown in English) Simon Ko Hong Kong, 90 mins Yu Enterprises Occasional violence and sexual scenes V(f m-g) S(r-m-g) O(nudity)

Fiery Family A Attraction Films Hong Kong 93 mins Yu Enterprises Frequent viloence, V(f-m-g)

Glass House R. Christiansen-R Rosenberg, U.S 92 mins Capricorn Pictures Occasional violence and coarse language L(f-m-g) V(r m-g)

Guardian, The J Wizan U.S., 92 mins United International Pictures, Horror occasional coarse language sexual scenes, O(horror) S(r m-g) L(r m-g) V(r-m-g)

House Party W Hudlin U S 101 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films, Frequent coarse language sexual scenes, L(f-m-g) S(r-m-g)

Idaya Thamarai M. Veda, India, 145 mins, B Prabhakharan, Occasional violence, V(r-m-g)

Jail House Eros (main title not shown in English) Golden Harvest Diagonal Pictures, Hong Kong 86 mins, Chinatown Cinema, Occasional violence V(r m-g) O(nudity)

Madhouse L. Dixon, U.S., 90 mins, Village Roadshow Corporation, Occasional coarse language and adult concepts, L(r-m-g) O(adult concepts)

Max Mon Amour **Max My Love** S. Silberman U S /France 96 mins R.A. Becker & Co Adult concepts O(adult concepts)

Meet the Applegates D. Di Novi U.S., 87 mins, Village Roadshow Corporation Occasional coarse language and drug use, L(r m-g) O(drug use adult concepts)

Miami Blues J Demme-G Goetzman, U.S. 96 mins Village Roadshow Corporation, Occasional violence V(r-m-g) L(r-m-g) S(r m-g)

Muqaddar Ka Badshaah (main title not shown in English) Gul India 165 mins S. Dayalan Occasional violence V(r-m-g)

My Hero (main title not shown in English) D+B Films-Chun Sing Film, Hong Kong 90 mins Yu Enterprises, Frequent violence V(f-m-g)

Nuns on the Run M White U K. 90 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Occasional violence coarse language and nudity, V(r l-g) L(r-m-g) O(nudity)

Penn and Teller Get Killed A. Penn, U.S., 88 mins Village Roadshow Corporation Occasional coarse language L(r-m-g)

She Shoots Straight (main title not shown in English) Bo Ho Films, Hong Kong, 85 mins Chinatown Cinema, Frequent violence V(f-m-g)

Stage Door Johnny (main title not shown in English) Golden Way Films, Hong Kong, 95 mins, Chinatown Cinema Occasional violence V(r-m-g)

Swordsman (main title not shown in English) Tsui Hark, Hong Kong 114 mins, Yu Enterprises, Occasional violence V(r-m-g)

Take's Two to Mingle (main title not shown in English) Hatraci Film Hong Kong 91 mins, Chinatown Cinema Frequent violence, V(f m-g) L(r-m-g)

R (RESTRICTED EXHIBITION)

Dragon Fighter, The (main title not shown in English) Producer not shown Hong Kong 92 mins, Yu Enterprises, Very frequent violence V(f-m-g)

FILMS REFUSED REGISTRATION

Outlaw Brothers, The Eric Tsang Frankie Chan, Hong Kong 100 mins, Chinatown Cinema, 13 (1) (a) 13 (1) (c) O (gratuitous cruelty to animals)

SPECIAL CONDITIONS

Zina K. McMullen UK, 94 mins Australian Film Institute

FILMS BOARD OF REVIEW

Christy Canyon Starring in a Gourmet Quickie Gourmet Video Collection U.S., 29 mins G R. Hill

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board

Devil in Miss Jones 5 A New Beginning, The G Dark U S 76 mins, A. Newman

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board

Dirty Harriet F Ross U.S. 78 mins, J. Maltman

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board

Little Bit O' Honey, A J Malibu, U.S , 79 mins J Whittenbury

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board

Mai Lin Starring in a Gourmet Quickie Gourmet Video Collection, U S. 29 mins, G R. Hill

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board!

Naughty Girls Need Love Too (edited version) S Winters, U.S. 90 mins J Maltman

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board

Orgies J Tanner U.S. 83 mins G R. Hill

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board

Star Is Porn, A M. Kaplan, U.S. 87 mins, J. Maltman

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board

Vanessa Del Rio Starring in a Gourmet Quickie Gourmet Video Collection U.S., 29 mins A. Newman

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Censorship Board

Wizard of Ahh's Electric Hollywood, U S., 77 mins J Whittenbury

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Ceosorship Board

Working It Out J Williams, U.S. 77 mins, J Wittenbury

Decision reviewed: Refusal by the Film Censorship Board pursuant to Section 14 (1) (a) of the Victorian Films Act 1971

Decision of the Board: Confirm the decision of the Film Ceusorship Board

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JUNE 1990

G (GENERAL EXHIBITION)

Galaxy Express 999 Toei Animation Japan 124 mins Japan Information and Culture Centre

Jetsons The Movie W Hanna J Barbera, U.S. 75 mins, United International Pictures

Night of the Galactic Railroad Masato Hara Atsumi Tashiro Japan 104 mins, Japan Information and Culture Centre

PG (PARENTAL GUIDANCE)

Big Steal, The D Parker-N Tass Australia 99 mins Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Occasional low-level coarse language and sexual allusions L(r l-g) O(sexual allusions)

Dick Tracy (edited version) W Beatty U.S.A. 105 mins, Village Roadshow Corp. Frequent low-level violence V(f l-g)

Doll, The Mosfilm Studios, U.S.S.R. 128 mins Ronin Films, Occasional violence and sexual allusions V(r-m-g) O(sexual allusions)

Dreams Hisao Kurosawa-Mike Y Inoue Japan, 117 mins Village Roadshow Corporation Adult concepts O(adult concepts)

Freedom Is Heaven Mosfilms Studio U.S.S.R. 75 mins Ronin Films Nudity adult concepts, O(nudity adult concepts)

Fumbling Cops Producer not shown Hong Kong 90 mins, Chinatown Cinema Occasional low-level violence and coarse language, V(r l-g) L(r-l-g)

Gremlins 2 The New Batch M Finnell U.S. 105 mins, Village Roadshow Corporation, Mild horror O(mild horror)

Kerosene Seller's Wife, The (main title not in English) Mosfilm Studios, U S S.R. 96 mins, Ronin Films, Occasional violence V(r-m-g)

Films examined in terms of the Customs (Cinematograph Films) Regulations as States' film censorship regulation are listed below. An explanatory key to reasons for classifying non "G" films appears hereunder

	FREQUENCY		EXPLICITNESS/INTENSITY			PURPOSE	
	Infrequent	Frequent	Low	Medium	High	Justified	Gratuitous
S (Sex)	l	f	l	m	h	j	g
V (Violence)	l	f	l	m	h	j	g
L (Language)	l	f	l	m	h	j	g
O (Other)	l	f	l	m	h	j	g

Title	Producer	Country	Submitted length	Applicant	Reason for decision

Lady From Shanghai, The Orson Welles, U.S 85 mins Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Adult concepts,occasional low

Mysteries In Southwest China Cheung Sin Yin/Wong Seuhu Hong Kong 95 mins, Yu Enterprises Adult concepts, O(adult concepts)

Storia Di Ragazzi E Ragazze (A Story of Boys and Girls) A. Avati, Italy, 91 mins, Premium Films Sexual allusions O(sexual allusions)

Story of Asya Klyachina, The (main title not shown in English) Mosfilm Studios U S S R 95 mins Ronin Films, Adult Concepts, O(adult concepts)

Thelonius Monk, Straight No Chaser C Zweriu B Ricker U S 87 mins Village Roadshow Corporation Occasional coarse language L(t-m-g)

To Kill a Dragon (main title not shown in English) Mosfilm Studios U.S.S.R. 117 mins, Peuman Investment Occasional low-level violence V(t-l-g)

Tombstone For Fireflies (main title not shown in English) Ryoichi Sasu Japan 86 mins, Japan Information and Culture Centre Adult concepts O(adult concepts)

M (MATURE AUDIENCES)

Chattahoochee A. Schwab-F Schwab U.S., 95 mins Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films, Occasional coarse language and violence V(t-m-g) L(t m-g)

City of Sadness (said to be title not shown in English) Producer not shown Taiwan 154 mins Roum Films Occasional violence V(t m-g) L(t-m-g)

City Squeeze (main title not shown in English) Clifton C.S Ko Hong Kong 96 mins Chinatown Cinema Occasional coarse language L(t m-g)

Dancin' Thru The Dark A. Russell-A Molyneux U.K. 92 mins Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Frequent coarse language L(f-m-g)

Father D Parer T Cavanaugh-G Hardey Australia, 105 mins Barron Films Adult concepts and occasional coarse language O(adult concepts) L(t m-g)

First Power, The D Maddeu U.S. 95 mins Newvision Film Distributors. Frequent violence and occasional coarse language V(f m-g) L(t m-g)

Full Moon in New York Producer not shown Hong Kong 85 mins Yu Enterprises Occasional coarse language and sexual scenes, L(t-m-g) S(t m-g)

Ghost Producer not shown U.S. 118 mins, United International Pictures, Occasional coarse language and violence L(t-m-g) V(t-m-g)

Kill-Off, The L. Pilcher U S, 94 mins Premium Films Occasional violence coarse language and drug use V(t-m-g) L(t-m-g) O(drug use, adult concepts)

Lung Fung Restaurant (main title not shown in English) Producer not shown, Hong Kong 83 mins, Chinatown Cinema Occasional violence frequent coarse language L(f m-g) V(t-m-g)

Parents B Falef U.S. 79 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Adult concepts and occasional violence O(adult concepts) V(t-m-g)

Q & A A Millchan and B. Harris, U.S., 131 mins Village Roadshow Corporation Frequent coarse language and occasional violence. L(f-m-g) V(t m-g) O(drug use)

Queen of Temple Street (main title not shown in English) William Tam Wong Yat Fing Hong Kong 98 mins Yu Enterprises, Occasional coarse language and sexual allusions, L(t m-g) O(sexual allusions drug use)

Road to God Knows Where, The Mick Harvey-Uli M Shuppel W Getmany 104 mins, Acme Films, Occassional coarse language L(t m-g)

Society K. Walley U S., 96 mins Flat Out Entertainment, Horror, occasional sexual scenes and coarse language O(horror) V(t m-g) S(t-m-g) L(t m-g)

Total Recall (edited version) B Feitshans-R. Shusett, U.S. 109 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Frequent violence and coarse language V(f-m-g) L(f m-g)

Unbelievable Truth, The B Weiss-H Hartley U.S. 87 mins, R.A. Becker and Company Frequent coarse language L(f m-g)

Welcome Home M Ramsehof U.S., 88 mins, Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Occasional coarse language L(t-m-g)

R (RESTRICTED EXHIBITION)

Erotic Nights (main title not shown in English) Producer not shown Hong Kong 87 mins Yu Enterprises, Frequent sexual activity and explorative nudity S(f m-g) O(exploitative nudity)

Leatherface: Texas Chainsaw Massacre III R. Engelman U S., 80 mins Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Occasional graphic violence V(t-m-g) O(horror)

Total Recall II Feitshans-R. Shusett, U.S., 104 mins Hoyts Fox Columbia Tri Star Films Very frequent violence V(f m-g)

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